Outdoor America

DECEMBER, 1928

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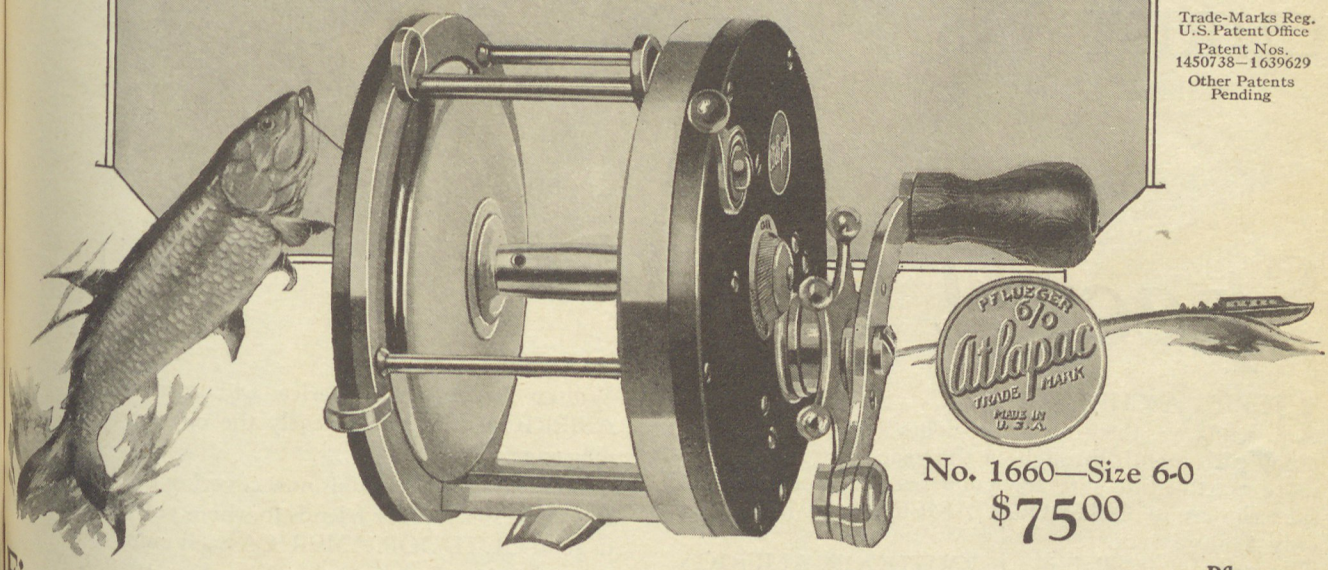

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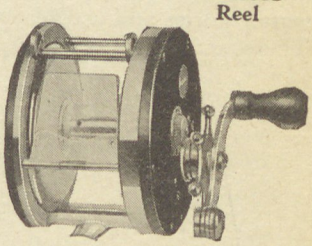

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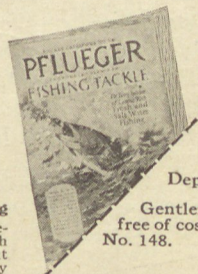

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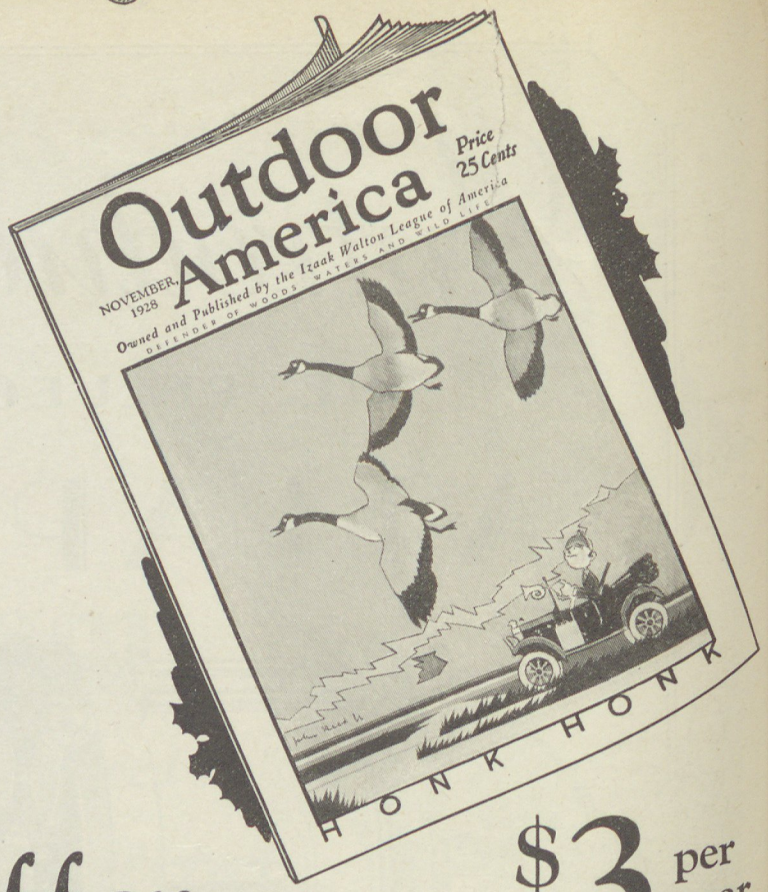
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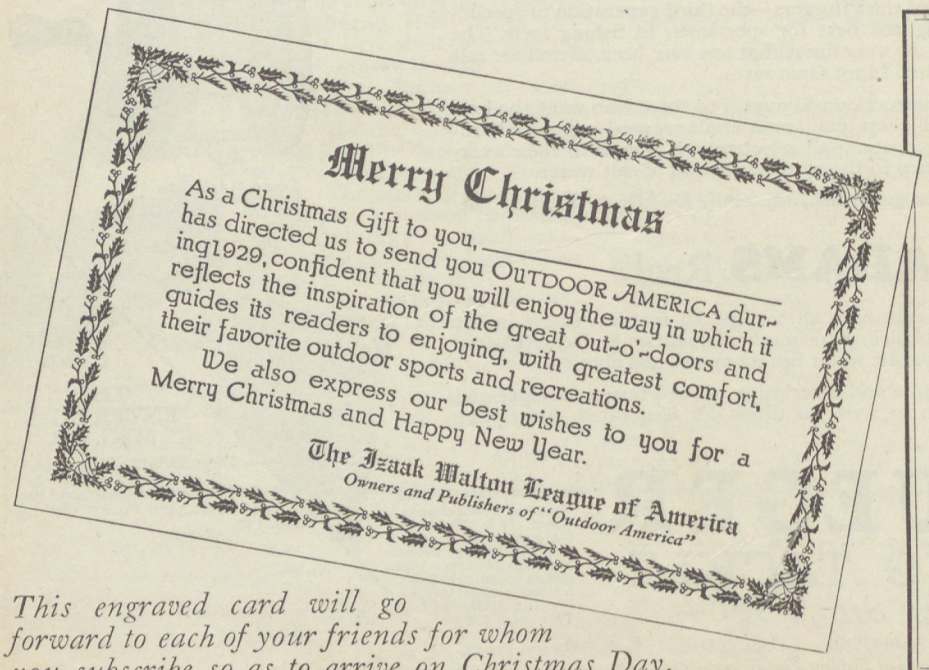
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Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

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Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

The Freeze-Up

The Brotherhood of Peter

By
FREDERIC VAN DE WATER

PETER, fishing from the shore of Galilee, looked up and saw the Christ. And straightway, he forsook his nets and followed Him.

Often thereafter Peter told the story. It was, perhaps, his best reminiscence. Many other tales of the Master were his, too, but they were shaken by the august thunder of Tragedy, or blurred by the bitterness of tears. This was so simple, so plain and bright.

He had been catching fish and there on the bank a man had stood. "Any luck?" Jesus had said. Peter had raised his head and known; and Andrew too. That was all.

To some of his hearers this seemed the most magical story of them all. There should have been, they could not help feeling, at least a little miracle to make it natural. Men fishing, and a few words and two lives broken sharply off, reoriented and begun again! Yet fishermen who heard Peter nodded and understood. They too had looked up from the water and seen divinity. They still do. There is mysticism in fishing. Most of us have known it. Those who have not are the lucky fishermen if one measures fortune by creel weight. They are the folk who get their reward from fish by the pound. It seems to satisfy them. Generally, you will find them truthful about their catches. The rest of us lie. We have to.

Otherwise we could not half explain our devotion. We row stubbornly all day about a lake or stalk for miles along a trout stream, returning wet of foot, burned of face and hands, dog tired and serenely happy, with little or no justification for our labor to show our wives.

How can we explain that for hours our souls have marched in step with the slow tread of the seasons; that mere association with free water has laved our spirits and made them sensitive to unutterable things; that our occupation, so futile to grown women, has brought us for a space into perfect harmony with the song of the spheres?

We know, we of the Brotherhood of Peter, that man, fishing, gradually is divested of the faint incongruity with which the unfeathered biped is doomed to walk the world. He merges temporarily into his background. He relaxes, becomes receptive, responsive to the world as God designed it. He absorbs tranquillity, half grasps, sun-steeped, wind-blown, water-lulled the inevitable Oneness of the Universe. Written words compass it only faintly. Speech itself is impotent to picture it. Yet we recognize it. Peter, who forsook his nets, never explained how he knew. Nor can we, who receive in feeble flashes bits of Peter's vision.

Straight Creek is a misnamed brook on the western marches of the Yellowstone. Thither we went one afternoon to fish, my wife and I, and she, after surveying the marshy meadow through which the stream wound, elected to remain in the car.

The water swarmed with trout, rising valiantly to any fly, and not one of them more than five inches long. Yet they had not the dark banded livery of trout adolescent. They were miniature adult fish, roseate and bravely spotted. The stream led away from the meadow and, through a pine forest, darkling, fragrant, virgin since the world's beginning, and where the sinking sun struck through the banks were turquoise with forget-me-nots.

The brook sang, plangent against that silence of utter wilderness grander and more moving than the deepest bass. Each rapid was a white gesture beckoning on to the still water above where must be trout larger than these nuptial hued four and five inchers, these fish children playing at weddings. The hard beaten path by the water's edge was discord until in a damp spot were stamped impressions of great cloven hoofs—elk or Pan himself.

No one else had come this way recently. Few would come, thanks to the midget fish. And, thanks also to an occasionally far-sighted government this dark patriciate of pines, this stream that had run through them since the First Judgment, should endure, calm, primeval, undisturbed until the Last. Here lay, here would lie forever, a bit of the pattern as designed by the Maker and unimproved by man.

Surf fishing on the Jersey coast, which its brotherhood say is without a parallel.

Dusk swept, like smoke, through the clustering boles of the pines. Here was one little patch of eternity in a changed and changing world. Far, far away a motor horn blatted querulously, and I hooked my fly on a dead limb overhead. I laid my rod upon the bank, scrambled up the tree, both of us losing bark by the operation, and reached for the offending branch. Stalwartly it had resisted my tuggings from below, but it broke now at my touch, slipped from my fingers and fell.

My reel screamed steadily as I fought my way downward through the urgently delaying

twigs, and ceased before I reached earth. I looked for my rod. It was gone. Then I saw the glint of nickel-work in the current.

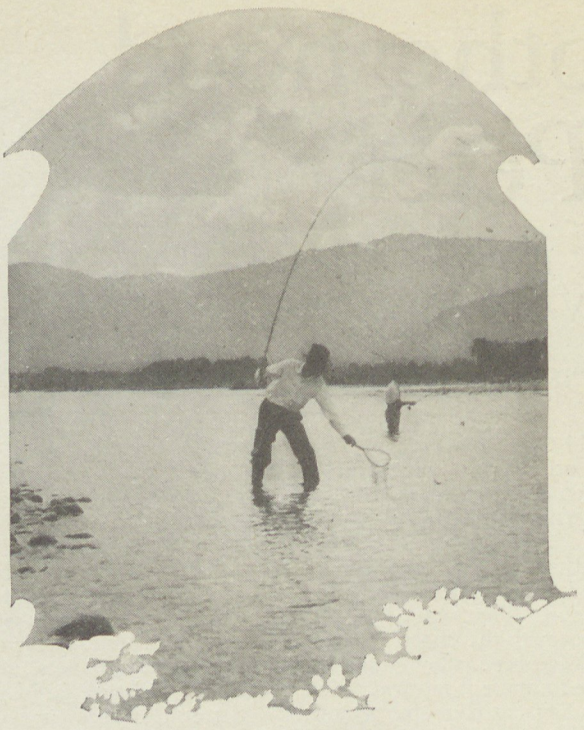
I pursued, sometimes ankle, sometimes waist-deep, in the stream and eventually overhauled it. With more difficulty I reeled in the line and the fly still affixed to the dead branch. This, having dropped into the current, had run away with my fishing tackle. The motor horn squawked its summons once more.

She looked me over. Even the thickening twilight could not conceal my disreputable state.

"Not a single fish?" she deplored. "You poor silly old thing."

I told her about the one I might have caught. It was the best I could offer. How could I make even her understand that, trout or no trout, I had stood for a space on Eden's threshold in the evening twilight of the Sixth Day?

We of Peter's Brotherhood are mute inexpressive folk. Glimpsing the unutterable, we have little trust in speech, wherefore our lies themselves are clumsy, rather incredible things, dealing with the dimensions of fish, as though these were actually of importance.



Trout fishing in the Rockies, on the "Western marches of the Yellowstone."

To many of us the form and substance of the fish itself makes surprisingly little difference. That is not chiefly what we remember of him. The illuminati of the Brotherhood welcome his rise, not alone for the thrill of the stiff line and the arc of the rod, but also and more particularly for what we shall find on our minds when the combat is ended.

For us, the fish we hook is guarantee of a memory imperishable. For some reason, known perhaps to mystics or psychologists, we find that the scene of his taking, the colors, the smells, even the feel of the air and the quality of the light has been stamped upon our minds undimmed forever.

The rise of the trout is a psychic flashlight photographing upon souls stimulated to sensitivity by excitement, memory everlasting. It is difficult to recollect how my biggest pickerel looked, but the dark October water, the withered and insect riddled lily pads, the maples ablaze on the far shore and the ribbon of green water weed, tangled in my moving line and rippling like a snake behind it, still are clear to me.

I have seen a man revisit a stream he had not seen in forty years and pointing to an eddy beneath a cliff say with the pleased voice of one greeting an old friend: "I caught my first trout there." Compared to fishermen, elephants have frivolous minds.

Something, I have found, slashes in the moment of triumph, through the veils of self, baring the naked soul and stamping thereon for everlasting this one high moment.

I was five and we sat in a flatbottomed, blunt nosed boat, my grandfather and I. The water about us was blue-deep and the willows on the shore bright with the dawn of spring. The paint on the gunwale was old and scaling, and the worm can was new with a scarlet tomato blazoned on its wrapper. The pond, so recently freed from its shield of ice, was tremulous beneath the April sky and in its slow ripples, the willow's reflection tossed like a banner. A song-sparrow dabbled at the water's edge and hopped up into a bush to sing.

I can see the picture still, clear, and brilliant, because at that moment I caught my first yellow perch. I remember little of the fish himself except that I pricked my finger on his dorsal and wept, thus setting a record for emotional gamut running that I never have equaled since.

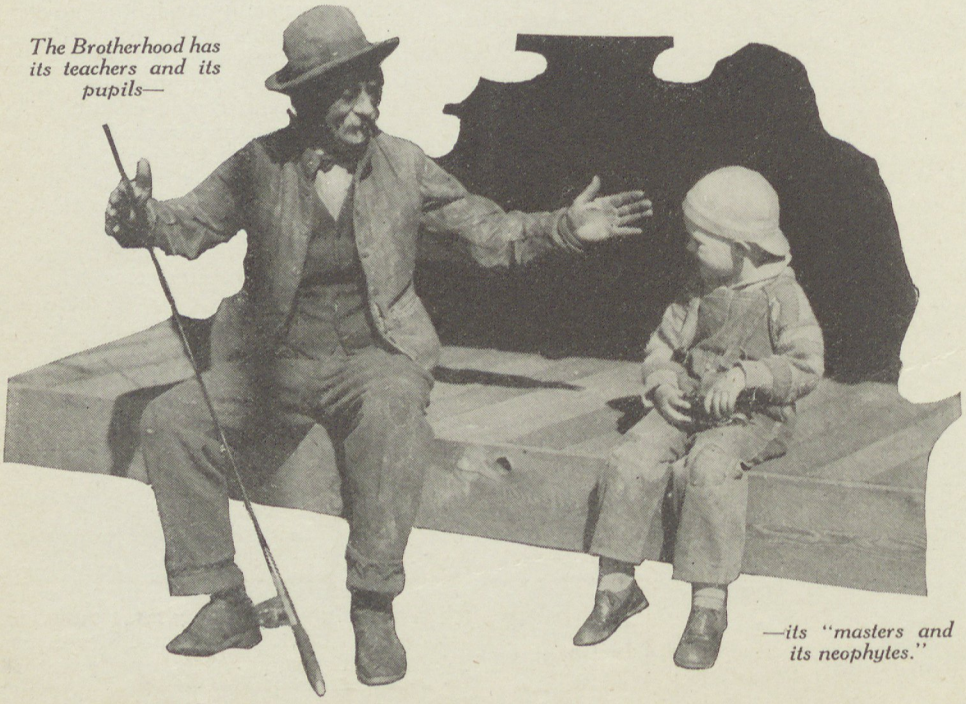
Likewise, my first deep sea fish, a grouper and nothing to boast about, is not what I remember. Instead it is the fierce blue and purple of the Spanish main with a sky that was wan by contrast, the clouds of the trade winds marching, the cold sting of spray and Salt Cay in the background, cream colored sand with a feathery bouquet of palms in its center.

And the word "bass" recalls not the squat, bronze armored warrior, but a daffodil sky of evening with daffodil stained yellow and blotted with lily pads and the jagged black of trees on a hillcrest against the sunset. For it was then, after a whole day's fruitless effort, I caught two of him in a half hour and went home triumphant with seven pounds of fish.

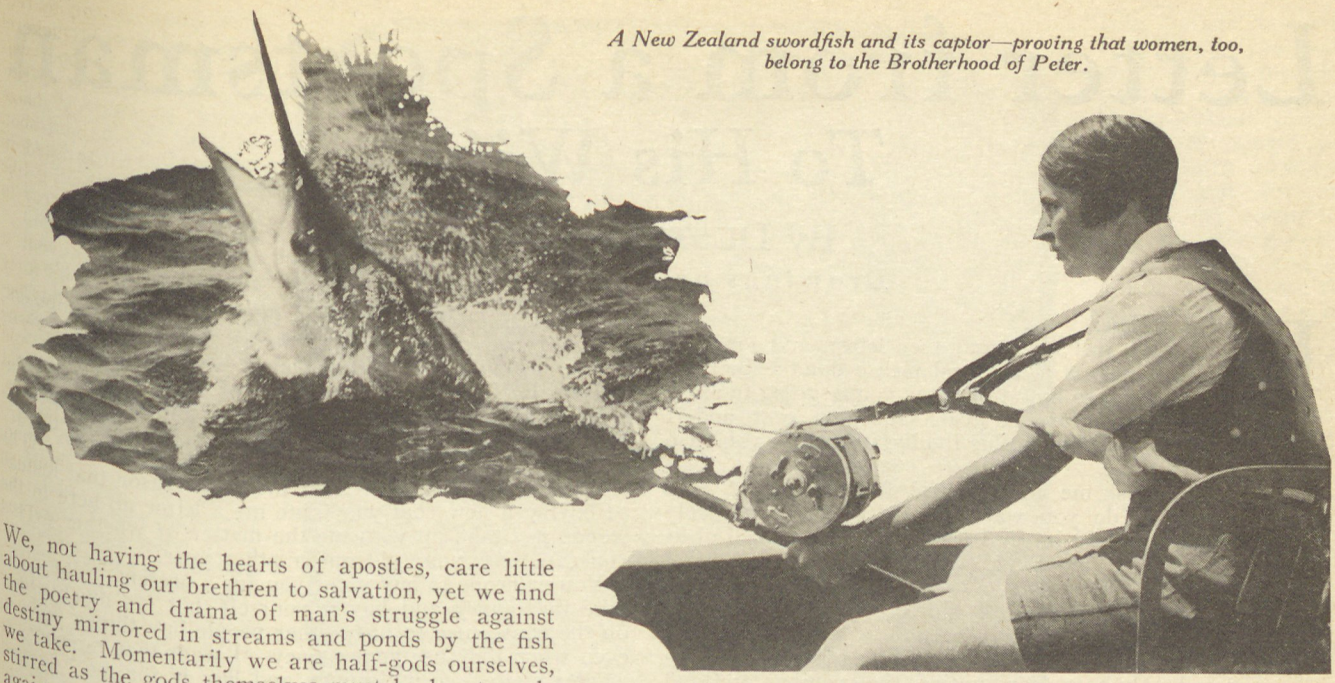
These are matters we cannot explain. Yet we accept them gratefully and fish the more, sure in the knowledge that however small the material result, we shall enrich thereby the slender volume of utter happiness each man treasures in his library of recollection. If we bring back but one more picture, pinned firmly to a page by a fishhook, it is enough. We understand how Peter told so vividly his story of that Meeting.

Peter deserted his nets, but only on the assurance that he might become a fisher of men. It was a persuasive promise.

The Brotherhood has its teachers and its pupils—



—its "masters and its neophytes."



A New Zealand swordfish and its captor—proving that women, too, belong to the Brotherhood of Peter.

We, not having the hearts of apostles, care little about hauling our brethren to salvation, yet we find the poetry and drama of man's struggle against destiny mirrored in streams and ponds by the fish we take. Momentarily we are half-gods ourselves, stirred as the gods themselves must be by struggle against the adversity of the hook and the doom of the bending rod.

Here in miniature we wake an echo of the valor and poetry, the drama and beauty of the world. Music and the magnificences of prose and painting, architecture and sculpture, heroism before the tribunal, the machine gun nest, the in-sweeping ends and tackles, all these are to be found in the leap of the hooked fish.

We who have seen the squaretail come out from beneath the spruce roots in a rainbow arc, we who have fought him up and down and back and across the brown, foam patched pool to the roar of rapids and the smell of trampled fern, we who have brought him to net so beautiful, so stirring in his green, silver and scarlet; we who have known this, have absorbed in a few breaths the distilled essence of Romeo and Juliet.

And the bass, surging up in a burst of spray, a square dark chunk of valor, boring away like a charging bull, plunging and wrenching and fighting the line, failing at last, not from a quailing heart but an exhausted body—here is "Prospice" and "Invictus" and Thermopylae's Three Hundred and Shinar's towers. We of Peter's brotherhood know the Glassy Sea is stocked to saturation with ghosts of small mouthed black bass and brook trout.

These are the high and valiant spirits, the great souls of fishing. The rest of life is here also. There is the pickerel, of great beginnings and weak endings, who fights like a champion for the first three rounds and then quits, tincans it when the crisis comes. The pickerel is a sonnet with a limping sestet. His first two acts are good but his third is deplorable. Observe him, towed in on his side, one fin wig-wagging propitiation above the surface.

The warm, weed-stifled ponds of purgatory are filled with pickerel as surely as the noisome fens of Hades contain only suckers and carp, who grip life with misgivings and surrender with an entire absence thereof. This we of the brotherhood believe. We also wonder, such is the heresy of this decadent age, whether, had our founder used a split bamboo instead of a net, he would have deserted his fishing with so little argument.

There is still another degree to our order which some achieve. I do not know whether its attainment marks climax or nadir.

On a stream in Ontario last Spring, I fought a trout. I stood on spray wet rocks beside an amber depth through which the current ran like wind blown ribbon and for minutes it was doubtful whether I should pull him out or he would pull me in. As he dodged and battled, all in deep water and far below the surface, my estimate of him mounted. When I netted him I found that mentally I had added a pound to his actual weight, a pound credited entirely to gallantry, and yet he was the largest fish of the day, and the hardest fighter I had taken in years.

Fair as Aurora he lay gasping in the net the grinning Adelard held toward me, a thumping deep bellied fish, beautiful past most things of earth. I lifted him out to disengage the hook.

"Sacré!" Adelard yelped in time to the splash and he had gone. I grimaced wryly, affected a disconsolate laugh. Had I told the guide the truth, he might have fled from a madman. He could not have understood, and yet some fishermen may, why I let a captured trout, a prize for a far better angler than I, flop back into his element. Even now, I am not quite certain of the reason. The surface cause, of course, was that he had fought so mightily that I had no heart to kill him. Below this lay something vague and mystical, or perhaps it was only sentimental.

Yearly as I fish, that something has grown stronger. For almost a decade now, I have never landed a bass without the yearning to let him go again. It is crass sentiment, I know, that makes me return to the water every sunfish I catch, but that rite is in memory of a small boy whom these sturdy little fish, hued like a pheasant's feather, lifted to ecstasy many years ago. There is no such memory attached to bass. Yet it is hard for me to creel them and it is growing difficult to keep the trout I catch. It may be that they desire violently, furiously to live and fight so gaudily for that privilege. I have no such qualms about pickerel.

Or it may be, that the imminence of deity the fisherman feels, half uneasily at times, works on the Brotherhood of Peter driving the members who play at Godhood on toward a clearer conception of God. Again, it may be merely good logic. Having caught your fish, you have had the best of him. The free and accepted brother among us never fishes primarily for something to eat. And since by the process of catching a trout or bass we have all but the dregs of the cup, why should we not pour him back into the stream—a libation?

Or it may be that hearts and heads both tend to soften as the years go by.

I am not sure, but I do know other fishermen who find themselves similarly afflicted, who return fish to the water, now and then, with expressions appropriate to sheepstealers caught red handed.

Peter, himself, might be able to explain it better, for he, himself—poor blundering, denying Peter—was once caught on the hook of circumstance and restored that he might make another and more splendid fight.

The Red-Throat Trout---Gentleman

In January **By Henry Van Dyke**

Letter from a Sportsman To His Wife

By DUSTY WATERS

Drawings by Donald Hough

DEAR Helen:

I have just read your nice letter, and I'm glad Billy's knee is better, and please don't bother me with trying to figure out how you're going to make your winter coat do for this year. It's your coat, and if anybody's got any money in this family, it must be you. Go the limit.

But you also ask me what I want for Christmas. You just say, "What do you want for Christmas?" probably with a vision of $1.50 in the back of your head, and ordinarily I'd say, "Oh, anything," and that's exactly what I'd get. More than likely a yellow tie with red angels flying around on it that I'd have to mortify myself to wear a couple of times just to please you.

This time the stuff's all off. I'm going into this question in detail. Up here deer hunting, the evenings are kind of long and I'm going to use up this one telling you just how I feel in the matter of Christmas presents.

I wonder how long it will be before women will wake up to the fact that no man ever wears a tie he gets for Christmas, that he always gives his Christmas cigars to the mail man, (which probably accounts for the early age at which mail men die), and that "useful" presents, such as winter underwear, do not breathe the spirit of Christmas at all, and that when they get their husbands a new candlestick for the piano or a new chair for the sewing room *nobody is fooled.*

Wise people know that everybody has a hobby, that a person's hobby is the thing closest to his heart and thus provides the nearest entrance thereto. The thing to do when you want to please somebody is to find out what his hobby is and then play your cards accordingly. Every life insurance salesman and every barber knows that.

Now I take occasion to remark that my hobby is not ties, and that the greatest ambition in my life is not to collect striped pyjamas. As you may have observed from time to time, I am fond of taking days off for the purpose of inviting my soul by the side of a brook in which fishes live, or of pitching a tent under pine trees and letting the mosquitoes hold a carnival, or sitting in a blind and observing the flight of out-of-range ducks. Those things, my dear, constitute what is known as a hobby. Hasn't this ever occurred to you? Does it ever occur to you around Christmas time?

Of course it has. And you haven't bought me presents which I could really grin over without hurting my face for two reasons, which I shall enumerate:

1. You thought I had enough outdoor equipment already.

2. You wouldn't know what on earth to pick out.

In the first place, permit me to advise that I haven't got enough equipment. There's no such a thing as enough equipment. And for every bit I've got, there's something better—or newer. Don't you think equipment ever wears out?

Take last year. I wanted one of those alligator raincoats—the kind you can roll up and put in your pocket. I mentioned it a number of times, especially along toward winter. You said "Uh huh" and let it go at that. Why didn't I buy one myself? For the same reason that instead of buying a new coat you write me a letter up here in the woods and take up with me the matter of whether or not you can wear your old one another year.

You want me to buy it for you for a present. You could take the money and buy it yourself, but it's much easier on the conscience to have other people buy things for you even when they use your money. I want that raincoat. I want you to take my money and buy it for me. I can't afford to buy it myself.

Do you get my point?

If I were to go and buy it you'd point out that I had three raincoats already. I have. I want four. I want this new kind. Please get this in your mind—I don't need it, but I want it. I can live to be 84 years old without it. But I don't want to. If you buy it for me we're both tickled to death.

Now for the second point—you wouldn't know what to pick out. Listen, Helen, and get this in your head, if you can. There's nobody in any sporting goods store who's going to bite you when you go in. Sporting goods stores are not dens of iniquity, they are not for men only, and all of the clerks and most of the customers have seen women before. You know where I usually trade. But perhaps you don't know that the clerks in these places, like guides, are friends and counsellors as well. Jim Joyce, down at Kennedy's, knows exactly what rods, what lures, what lines, what guns, I have fondled lovingly during the past year and then regretfully put back in the case. And even if I didn't trade at any particular place, you could explain to the clerk what I like to do, and about what equipment I've got, and he'll fix you up. He's just as reliable as the girl at the pyjama counter who can tell you what kind of pyjamas I want. Anyway, I'll take the risk.

And another thing. Don't you suppose that if you called up Ken Wright he could tell you precisely what I would love to have? He knows what I need, what I want. Give him a ring some day. And there are other fellows I go fishing and shooting with, too. Dick Winger, Paul Burress, Charlie Heddon. You'd ought to know them—they've tracked enough mud into your house. It wouldn't take much of a detective to think of asking any of them what I want for Christmas.

Please take some of my money

LOVERS of the outdoors are familiar with the widely known writings of Dusty Waters and readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA will remember with pleasure his "Fishing with Irvin Cobb."

EDITOR.

"Remember the time I bought a new pair of boots and had to walk over the Teton mountains because I was out of stage fare?"

and buy me something that I want, but can't afford to buy myself. Don't you know that every time a fellow stands in a sporting goods store and wiggles a Leonard rod he's hoping the clerk will blackjack him, knock him cold, and take the money out of his pocket? As he stands there wiggling the rod he's trying to find an excuse for buying it.

And he's wondering how he can get it into the house by the back door.

And that isn't all. I would rather have one plug, especially if it has a nice rainbow stripe on it some place, than six dozen assorted ties or one new oriental rug for the living room. The plugs cost about a dollar. And they don't bite. Walk into a sporting goods store some time and take hold of one. Get acquainted with my tough friends.

"When you and I and Billy parade down the street . . "

I suppose you remember the times I have come dashing home with a bundle under my arm, my face red, my speech stuttering, and have begun to alibi for having bought a new landing net or a new duck call before I was fairly inside the house. Sometimes you don't see why I want any more equipment. Or else you point out that I've "already got one of those things."

So have you already got a dress. And a coat—four of them. How do you like that?

Remember the time I came home with the new eider down robe and the air mattress and left them out in the hall in a new packsack, and when guests came before I could smuggle them in (after my speech to prepare you for the ordeal) they brought the pack in and dumped everything on the floor, and made me blush and stammer and finally spoiled the whole evening?

Remember the time I bought a new pair of boots and had to walk over the pass in the Teton mountains because I was out of money for stage fare? You laughed at me. But have you ever stopped to think that I still have the boots, and that the walk did me good?

Please get wise to the things a fellow wants, and help him get them.

And another thing. Don't you suppose that my outdoor activities have been largely responsible for my good health? There's a big difference between a hobby like outdoor sports and a hobby like smoking opium or courting thy neighbor's wife. This outdoor sport business is what keeps me well, keeps me up to the mark in what I'm trying to do for a living, and keeps me—if you want to put it that way—out of mischief.

You get me a new tie, and then if it's really good looking I'm liable to try it out on some other gal. You get me striped pyjamas, and—but to come back to the point, don't you think it's clever to give a handsome person like me something that'll put him out of reach of civilization?

But don't take the raincoat too seriously. I just happened to mention that. You could get me just a duck call or a plug. You could get me a new fly rod, too. Don't think I insist on a duck call or a plug. The fly rod sounds real nice. And of course if you were to look up Ken Wright, he could tell you in ten seconds just what kind of a new double-barreled shotgun I want.

You can get things for a dollar, but you don't *have* to.

The more you pay for a thing, the better it is, and the more it will contribute to my general welfare and health. You want me to be well, don't you? When you and I and Billy parade down the street don't you want me to look as though I could walk another block without collapsing? Of course you do. You're always looking out for me. Giving me castor oil and Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and insisting that I eat the spinach because it's good for me, and the tomatoes because they have iron in them. You even look with magnanimity on gin rickeys because they've got lemon in them, which is good for the gall bladder or some other part of a person's depths.

You could do a lot better by getting me some outdoor equipment for Christmas.

You want me to be happy, don't you? Some people beat their wives. Just think of that. They do it because they're grouchy. Do you want to get beaten? Happy people don't beat their wives. You remember what George Morgan said when his divorce trial was on. "I just touched her on the shoulder," he said, "and she fell down and broke her arm."

The fact was that she had just given him a new bathrobe for Christmas, which he could use only on Saturday nights, and hadn't let him go fishing enough. He was suffering from lack of exercise in the outdoors, and he had so much energy stored up that he thought he merely touched her, when in truth he gave her the very hell of a push.

You want to look out. Even a kind heart, like mine, has no control over a fellow's muscles when he doesn't get enough outdoor exercise.

So you see giving outdoor equipment for Christmas is good life insurance. For both of us.

Another thing, if you give me the right kind of things for Christmas, it'll help you out on your meat bill. Perhaps you've forgotten the time I brought home those two ducks. You laughed when I pointed out that I was providing meat for the family, and figured that they cost me $57.80 each. Sure they did. But the trip would have cost me just as much if I had missed the ducks, so you see the ducks were scot free after all. You saved on your meat bill. And then when I bought a new shell box the next day on the money we would have had to pay for a steak, pointing out that the shell box was free, since I used the steak money, you looked funny at me.

I'm not at all sure you appreciate me. You don't appreciate what I'm trying to do for my family. The real trouble, of course, is that you may not appreciate what I'm trying to do for myself in writing this letter. Get wise. Try to get my message. See if you can ferret out what I'm trying to get at. What do I want for Christmas? Summon all your faculties, think hard, ponder over it, and then, as they say in the advertisements which tell you how to Increase Your Income, ACT NOW.

Your Dear Husband,

Dusty

P. S. If I haven't pointed out to you the way to get a new coat for Christmas, then you're not half as smart as I think. Tell Billy I'll bring him a stick of gum if he'll undress himself all alone every night until I get back.

—With Virginity Unimpaired

By

PAUL BROWN

A fishing story with the distinction of having lots of action but no fish!

WHILE on active duty with the U. S. Marines in Hayti a few years ago I was stationed far in the interior of that little known Black Republic, in the town of Las Cahobas, not so very far from the San Domingo frontier. We kept small outposts in the mountains at various places as protection for the peaceful natives against the marauding raids of the savage cacos, as the semi-barbarous bandits were called. One of these little outposts of mine was located at the village of Savanette, on the Fer a Cheval river.

In the usual course of events I rode the difficult eight miles or so from Las Cahobas to Savanette twice a month to visit and inspect my outpost. The trail follows the same valley—or rather, gorge—down which the Fer a Cheval flows, and crosses that substantial stream eighty-two times. There would always be a question in my mind when I got to Savanette whether I had just ridden over the trail, or whether I had swum up the stream. But one clear recollection persisted for years, and that was the memory of big fish, plainly seen from the trail all along the river. They behaved exactly like a rainbow trout would be expected to, and although I was not at all interested in fishing then, the spectacle of these big fish was too remarkable to be forgotten.

Recently I returned to the Republic d'Hayti. And I took all my fishing tackle with me. I have as fine a collection of rods, reels, plugs, flies, hooks, floats and lines as a man could want, and I left nothing behind. I even bought some very light sea fishing tackle to use in the Artibonnite, for I knew that there are big fish in that large river which rises in San Domingo and flows across Hayti on its way to the sea. When we wanted fish for the mess, years ago, we would give any of the natives an old Krag which we kept for the purpose, and three or four cartridges, and send him out to shoot fish. They all used the same method of crawling out on an overhanging limb and waiting for a big fish to swim under them, shooting as they passed. Never did the natives fail to return with two or three big fish, fish that were big enough to supply a mess of one hundred hungry Marines. Four to six feet was not an unusual size.

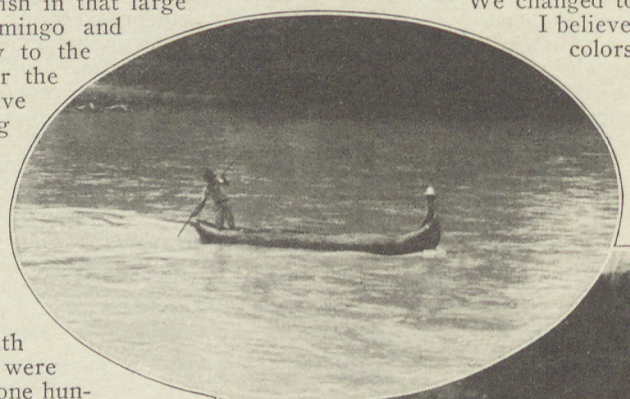
When I got to the Port (as the capital city of Port au Prince is called by everyone), I promptly made inquiry about transportation to Las Cahobas. I knew that there was no possible public accommodation for travelers at Las Cahobas, but I also knew that there is a post of the Gendarmerie d'Hayti there, with white officers in command. I intended inviting myself out to go fishing.

I had been in the Port but two days when the Gendarmerie furnished me transportation. There was a truck going out with the weekly supplies on board, and I was sent along. When I left Hayti there were no roads of any consequence in the entire country. Now there are motor roads all over the island, and one of them goes to Las Cahobas. It winds up the side of Morne Cabrite, clinging tenaciously to the mountain, and eventually spills over the top on the long, long descent toward Mirebalaise. We left the Port at six o'clock, stopped eight times for water for the overheated motor, and reached Las Cahobas just before one o'clock, making in eight hours a trip that formerly needed three days. Captain Peter Hartmann, the Gendarmerie officer in command of the post of gendarmes there, behaved just like every other white man in the tropics and made me as welcome as though I had accepted a long standing invitation, instead of regarding me in my true guise, an uninvited total stranger.

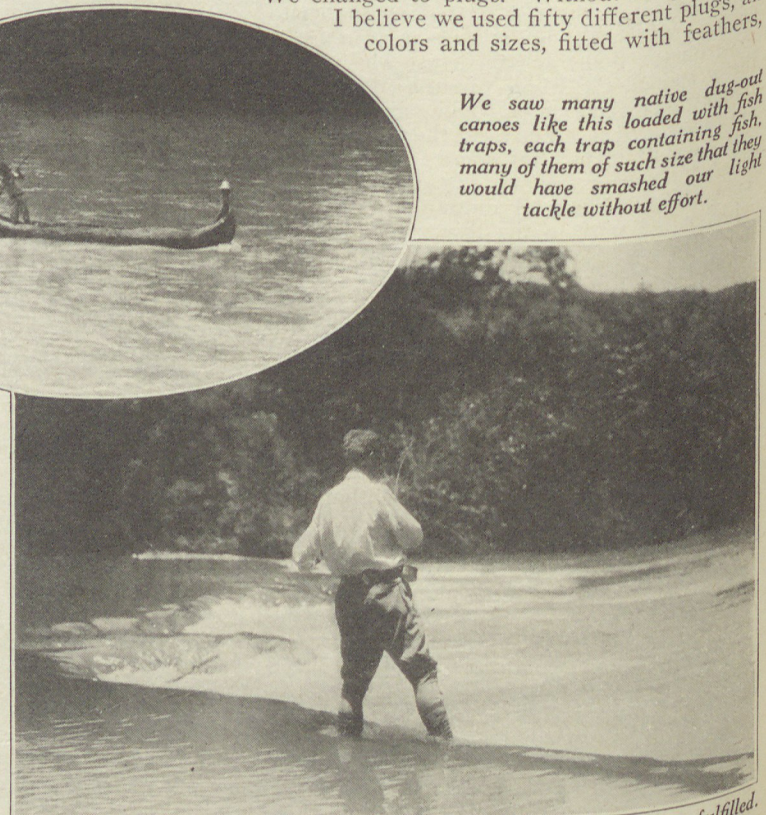
He and his junior officer, Lieutenant M. C. Bowden, Jr., no sooner discovered that I came out for fishing than they began to make it possible. They arranged for a dug out canoe. They procured native boys to carry everything we would need, and they abstained from discouraging me. Later on—several days later, in fact—Captain Hartmann told me that there had been a number of people fish the streams about Las Cahobas, and that so far not a single one of them had ever caught anything. He knew, as well as many other officers who were familiar with the region, of the big fish which could be seen, and could advance no reason why they could not be caught.

Bowden and I went down to the Las Cahobas river that very afternoon, immediately after lunch. We fished with flies, and whipped every likely looking pool for a mile or so in each direction from the camp. We covered the ripples, and cast behind the rocks in the fast water. Not a strike.

We changed to plugs. Without exaggeration, I believe we used fifty different plugs, all colors and sizes, fitted with feathers,



We saw many native dug-out canoes like this loaded with fish traps, each trap containing fish, many of them of such size that they would have smashed our light tackle without effort.



I had one heavy strike which promised a large fish, but the promise was never fulfilled.

When there were no bridges we attempted to ford the streams and did not always succeed. Then the native boys hauled the car out.

with spinners, with everything that we could think of that would prove an enticing lure. We tried little spoons, both bare and with pork rind. We did not get a single strike.

The only encouraging feature of the entire expedition so far had been a big, brown shadow which followed one of my yellow bass flies up the ripples above a deep pool, as I was reeling in to change my lure. Bowden saw it at the same time that I did, so I am sure that we were not being deceived. He refused to take the fly, although I did everything I knew or had ever heard of to induce him to do so. That fish looked fully two feet long.

Finally, after everything else had failed, we decided to resort to worms. We sent some natives for worms, but they had never heard of modern fishing, or fishing of any other kind except getting fish with a rifle or in their traps. Worms, for fishing, was something which was unique in their experience. I do not know just where they got the worms they finally brought us, but they were unquestionably the most distinctive worms I have ever seen. They were covered with whiskers! All over their entire bodies there were little clusters of quite easily seen hairs, manifestly the same as the bristles of our northern earth worm, with which he grips the sides of his burrow, but much longer. Our northern worm's bristles cannot be seen without a powerful glass. These bristles were so long that they could readily be called whiskers. Not only that, but these worms had a tongue! The larger ones could protrude it more than an inch, and they did so. In fact, I felt at the time that it was done in derision, and now I am quite sure of it. And I feel that the worm, low as he is in the animal kingdom, had a perfect right to stick out his tongue at us.

Almost immediately, when we changed to worms, we began getting bites. And we began catching fish—five inches long, some of the longest ones were. Bowden won the honors for the day with one of about seven or eight inches. The bigger ones looked considerably like our yellow perch, while the smaller ones were very like a sun fish in size and shape, but quite colorless. They were nearly a uniform gray all over their bodies. The native boys said they were good to eat, so after catching a dozen or so of them, we gave them to the boys and quit for the day.

However, the Las Cahobas river was only one of the many streams of the vicinity. Had I not seen big fish in the Fer a Cheval, and in the Juan de Verre? Had we not gotten big fish from the Artibonnite? Tomorrow was another day; we should see.

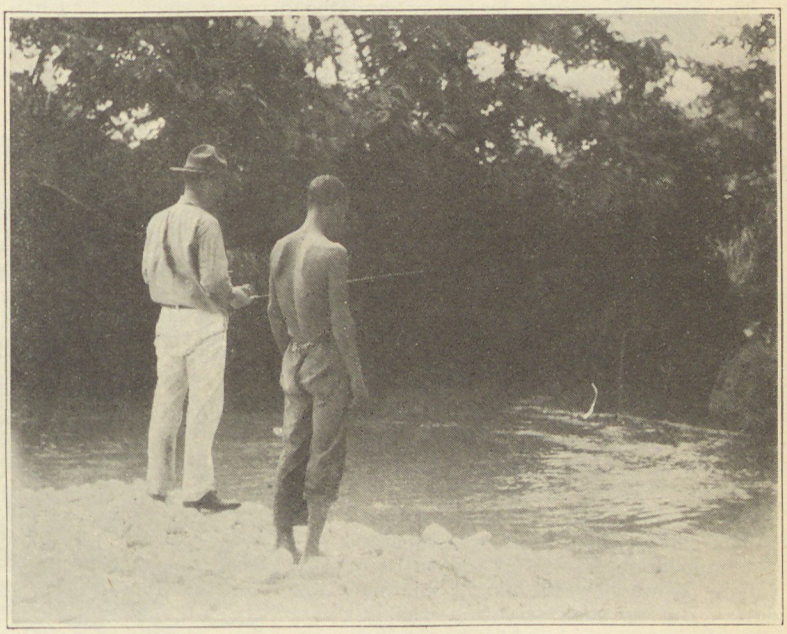
We did see. The following day we drove over to Belledere, near the San Domingo frontier. We left the road and plunged into the tropical jungles of the valley through which the Juan de Verre flows, and headed for the river. I remembered where there had been a series of water falls, with big, deep pools below each little cataract. If there were fish in the Juan de Verre, and I had seen them often, surely there would be some below those falls.

Well, there may be. Any which were there still are, for we tried every blessed means at our command to get fish, but we did not get a single one.

We fished every stream in the vicinity of Belledere, Las Cahobas, Mirebalaise and Savenette. We cast flies, plugs, spoons, spinners; we still-fished with heavy lead; we used worms and butterflies; we tried to snag some big fish which we saw lying near the bottom, but we got no fish, except the few little ones which didn't count.

Yet there are fish and big fish in every one of those streams which we fished. The natives trapped them. We could see them. From time to time they would be shot. But they did not bite. I had not the time to devote to a study of the thing. Certainly the fish must eat, and if they eat they can be caught. But what the method is which will be successful has not yet been ascertained.

To all intents and purposes the waters I fished are virgin waters. But my efforts, after a trip of three thousand miles more or less have left them with their virginity unimpaired.



We had one gigantic strike, and as the bait did not seem to be hurt to any extent, the boys were all of the opinion that it was an evil spirit.

One day when we were fishing one of the deep pools of the Chemin de Fer a couple of miles from its mouth I saw a tremendous commotion in the water close to the opposite shore. An enormous fish was almost completely out of water. He evidently had rushed a smaller fish, and the impetus of his attack had carried him almost ashore. He had teeth as big and as pronounced as a barracuda, and looked much like the northern carp. A fish like that, on a usually arranged tackle would smash it without the slightest effort.

However, it gave me an idea. We had not used live minnows. We had tried the artificial minnow, and the preserved minnow, but if that fish had been chasing his food, why not suppose that it was a smaller fish which he had been after? We rigged up a minnow net out of an old mosquito net, and caught fifty minnows or so in no time at all. Enthusiastically we baited our hooks and started with the new bait. After three hours, during which we cast, still-fished, used floats and lots of strong language, we had

(Continued on page 46)

On the Trail of Old Dan Patch

The story of a man's debt and how he paid it.

By
ANSON HILLS

Drawings by Tom H. Morton

UP above, the hemlocks rocked and swayed, shaking great hoary arms and tossing in angry defiance to the gale. The great boles creaked and groaned in protest to the added strain, and the crashing of the weaker among them could be heard on every hand. Overburdened, and overstrained branches, from the size of a pencil to the girth of a man's body, snapped, and burst, to hurtle earthward in long slanting sweeps. Death seemed stalking on every hand, and I wondered in a dull way how much longer I would be permitted to exist. My escape seemed phenomenal as I stumbled ahead, breasting the spume of the windswept forest, stunned, and bleeding in a dozen places, but always escaping, sometimes by a hair's breadth from the heavier pieces that would have meant instant death.

The roar above was deafening, and the drive of the snowflakes cut like a knife. My own back tracks which I had attempted to follow, had long ago been lost in the drift; the darkness of night was upon me.

Down below the crusted surface I could feel rather than hear the dull snap at the parting of straining roots, and adding to the bedlam was a conviction that I had become hopelessly lost.

The jewel studded hand of my compass seemed suddenly to have become animated as it danced about over the phosphorescent face. It hopped and skipped from point to point as if electrified.

Gladly would I have sought the shelter of some great bole, or a windfall, but I was chilled to the marrow, and with the mercury at a point which I judged to be below forty, I knew I must keep moving or perish.

To "Shoot a man in," was a custom of the camp, when, as it occasionally did happen, that some of our unfortunate hunters were caught in the dark. But no such salvation was in store for me on this night when a rifle shot would be swallowed up in the roar.

I had been penetrating deeper into the danger zone all day. The snow had fallen constantly, and the wind risen by degrees.

I knew I should have turned back before entering the great timber, but this was the tenth day of the season. Nine days I had hunted diligently without avail. Not one fleeting glimpse of that great shadowy old form which during the previous season had crept into my gaze so constantly. Old Dan Patch had come to seem more like an old friend than actual quarry, and I was becoming perturbed. And the taunting of Doc' had added zest of another order, for "Mind you, now," he had breathed with an evil twinkle: "Old Dan Patch is a mighty wise old deer. He always picks his pastures where no sensible hunter would look! That's why he is only seen by the bum hunters and tenderfeet!"

Doc's taunt had seemed absurdly true, for during my outing of the year before I had not only been dubbed a "Tenderfoot," but had actually lived the part as I could now see, by stumbling through the woods haphazardly. And strangest of all, I had come to consider no day as complete until I had fired one fleeting shot at least, at Old Dan.

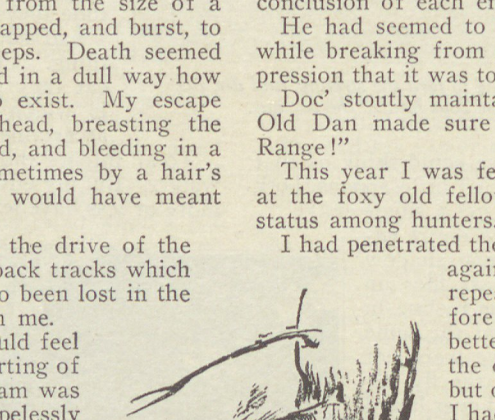
It had seemed to me that the old fellow was rather expecting it also, and trotted away, far more at ease, with the conclusion of each encounter.

He had seemed to be subjecting me to a close scrutiny while breaking from cover, and I somehow gained an impression that it was to be sure of my identity.

Doc' stoutly maintained that it was a means by which Old Dan made sure of being on the right "Tenderfoot Range!"

This year I was feeling the slight. I was thrilled also, at the foxy old fellow's evident new classification of my status among hunters.

I had penetrated the old haunts. I had blundered around again haphazardly. I had attempted to repeat my performances of the year before by going through places where my better hunting judgment now warned me, the deer would not be found. There was but one portion of our previous range that I had not yet visited, and on this morning, in spite of the storm, I had set out to explore the place.



"I had intended holding to my present position until the coming of day."

The storm seemed to have increased to real hurricane violence with the coming of darkness, and I had become so numbed by the blast that I soon found myself pitching headlong over the slightest obstruction.

A stupor crept over me as the hours passed, and with each succeeding fall I found the inclination to just lie still and rest, becoming more dominant. I was driving ahead by will power alone.

The fact that the storm had abated and that the moon was rising had not yet crept into my dulled senses when I at last became aware of a loud baying, approaching from off to the left.

The fact that I was in such close proximity to no small band of timber wolves aroused me as nothing else could.

My senses became fully alive, and I sprang for the opening of a small glade just ahead with renewed vigor. The wolves were coming on at a rapid pace, and I knew by the character of their baying that it was a numerous pack, and in full chase.

A large fallen trunk occupied the center of the clearing, and I scrambled to its top, determined that some few of the marauders would pay the penalty while crossing the moonlight. I realized while fumbling my gun for action, that I was not the intended quarry; it was some luckless animal, a deer no doubt, which they had started.

I pounded my hand on my thigh, and rubbed my numbed fingers in an attempt to restore circulation. A sudden panting of breath, accompanied by a pounding of heavy feet was borne to my ears, and the next instant a long uncertain form lumbered into view; staggered across the few intervening paces, and turned at bay, beside a protecting

trunk, and that, not a hundred feet from where I was standing.

I flashed my piece to attention and settled for the ordeal, and at the commotion, slight though it was, the deer sprang back to the fringe of the timber. His pursuers were close now, and after a hasty appraisal of his new danger, the deer again returned to his stand beside the log with every attention turned to the baying of the pack.

The wolves paused in the edge of the opening, and started spreading fanwise. They had sighted the quarry at bay, and were scattering for the attack. Seven of them I counted, skulking for position, and although they sprang wildly for cover at the first sounding of my piece, three writhing forms evinced the accuracy of my aim.

During the next hour the remainder of the pack made the night hideous with their wails. I had intended holding to my present position until the coming of day, and take a chance on being able to resist the cold.

The deer, however, seemed of a different mind for he grew restless and started edging away from the protection of the log, a few inches at a time. Then he took several strides toward me, and I discovered his identity at last.

"Old Dan Patch!" The words burst involuntarily.

Old Dan continued to show signs of departing and I decided to follow his lead.

My nerves, I expect, were badly shaken, and in a more rational frame I might have resorted to something more reasonable. Be that as it may, I seemed somehow to feel that I was expected to follow. I was, in fact, endowing Old Dan with qualities beyond his kind. Dan was a very old deer, that was attested by his long occupancy of the same range. And the fact that he had successfully eluded the rifles of such men as George Smith, and Old Bukko McCloskey for several years in succession, in addition to outsmarting his predatory enemies went a long way toward proving his cunning. But the fact that he had dashed into the little opening and taken his stand near the place I also had chosen as a refuge, could be attributed to nothing but chance.

The old fellow had been badly winded and stood in greater fear of the snarling pack than of me or the report of my rifle.

His final determination to move is beyond my explaining, but I followed his lead without question.

The fact that he paused frequently, and kept but a few feet in advance, I can explain in no other way than that he felt some sense of the protection I afforded him.

At the edge of the opening he paused, threw up his head and with a whistle of fear bounded off to one side. My nerves were keyed to the highest pitch. I had been carrying my gun at attention, and even at this late date I oftimes wonder if the shot which sent another of the venturesome marauders to his death was but the result of an involuntary start, or fired by actual design.

Old Dan, although exhibiting every sign of fear, seemed nevertheless, determined to leave the place. He stomped and whistled, but showed no inclination to turn back, and after another backward glance, seemingly to be sure of my near presence, circled the form of the last victim and again led off through the forest. Nor was his pace beyond my powers of endurance. He paused ofttimes to inspect some suspicious place; turned aside frequently, but held to his course as near as possible, and the next half hour I believe, was one of the most anxious of my life. My time was divided between attempts to penetrate the gloom on either side, and the problem of following my guide.

"I dragged my weary feet across the threshold just as the anxious crowd was about to go in search of me."

The wolves were still punctuating the night with their howls, and I fired into the darkness from time to time, but our march otherwise was uninterrupted.

After a distance which to me seemed interminable, my guide led me out into an old chopping, and there I was pleased to discover the first faint streaks of dawn.

The light was still uncertain and Old Dan quickened his stride until I was no longer able to keep him in sight. I followed his tracks however, and at the end of another hour, found myself on familiar ground. Old Dan had led me to a trail much in use by our crowd, and had crossed it less than a half mile from our camp.

Another half hour, and I dragged my weary feet across the threshold just as the anxious crowd was forming into groups to go in search of me, "The Tenderfoot."

I related my experience while bolting down the remainder of their meal, Doc' dosed me repeatedly with copious draughts of his famous "Snake Toxine," and after I seemed sufficiently recovered, asked me in a rather queer tone to "Kindly repeat the statement."

That drew my attention to the air of constraint and solicitude—pity, perhaps would be the better word—born of that which to me had appeared a simple rendition of my adventure. I expect I was easily irritated.

"Say, Doc', if you fellows are joking, you show poor taste! If you are not joking I'll make you a proposition. You skeptics follow my trail—you'll find Old Dan's tracks also! Go back to the place I described and look for further signs. If you prove my tale a fabrication, even in the slightest detail, then I am to stand the expense of a banquet, served right here in this camp, and from the hands of a chef and waiters imported from New York City! That seems a large order, and on the other hand, as an alternative, if you find the four wolves, together with the other evidence, I am demanding something equally as stringent."

As I studied the varying expressions, I came gradually to realize that while all were incredulous, my offer had nevertheless been voiced with such conviction that my audience was impressed. That crowd, to a man, would soon be stringing out along my trail to prove, or disprove the veracity of my statement. And in visioning that, my thoughts swept automatically to the place where I had

(Continued on page 63)

"Woman's Sphere"

By
MARGUERITE IVES

THE outdoors is surely woman's sphere as well as man's. And here is an outstanding example of a woman who has attained prominence in that sphere. I regret that owing to Mrs. Procter's extremely modest and retiring nature I am not able to publish her picture with this interview.

EDITOR.

ONE of the most interesting outdoor women I have ever known is Mrs. Sanford Procter. She is so gentle, so modest and retiring in her manner that it is difficult to imagine her as a big game huntress, an aviatrix and a fisherwoman of prodigious experience.

Hearing often of her spectacular feats with rod and gun, I used to vision her as the breezy, vivacious type. Instead, I found her to be deeply thoughtful, philosophical, earnest, with a certain spiritual luminosity about her.

She is passionately sensitive to the beauty of nature, reacting with poetical intensity to all outdoor loveliness. As she talks in her soft, gentle, rather halting way of experiences in the open, one feels almost a sense of awe at the realization of the profound meaning the outdoors has for her.

She imparts to one a sense of the sacredness of the open places, a breathless reverence for the marvel of dawn and sunset, marshes and clouds. Her sincere love of the outdoors reaches one's heart, even as do bits of Thoreau, like deep organ tones.

Talking with her I could forget that we were in New York, irritating, treeless, dear old New York with its gaiety, its squalor, its rush of flashing motors beyond her windows on Park Avenue, its tragic far-awayness from a wilderness. I could believe we were somewhere "outdoors" and that is a great thing to happen to you if you are awfully tired of cities and yearning for the green places.

Mrs. Procter's apartment is conducive to this illusion. I have known many men who were outdoor enthusiasts and whose studies plainly indicated their hobbies, but rarely have I known a woman whose surroundings so consistently proclaimed her outdoor interests. Nothing so blatant as mounted trophies, but a subtle blending of conventional beauty of furnishing with countless evidences scattered throughout of the prevailing trend of her thoughts.

Valuable old prints of wild fowl and fishes, beautiful etchings of streams, woodlands and meadows adorn the walls; here and there odd carvings of fish in ivory, jade, crystal and bronze. Three or four small aquariums exquisitely arranged with moss and foliage contain tiny Paradise fish, and the famed, almost legendary Fighting Fish of Siam. And everywhere are wonderful editions of books on the outdoors and outdoor sports.

"I have so little room here but in my brother's laboratory at Bar Harbor there is every sort of strange trophy imaginable. Everything from shark's spines and jaws to tiger's teeth," she said laughingly. Then very seriously,

"There is more to fishing than fish, you know."

Though many true lovers of angling have quoted those well known words to me, never, I think, have I sensed so full an understanding of them.

Yet Mrs. Procter's is not merely a contemplative and theoretical viewpoint. She is one of the best shots in America and one of the most experienced and skillful anglers. Each of these accomplishments requires more than a sincere love and understanding of outdoor conditions, as every sportsman knows. While her heart beats faster at the beauty of the woods, she is ready with unerring trigger finger for her bird; while her soul muses over the mystery of the sea, she is ready to strike her fish with strong, efficient wrist.

She is a truly remarkable sportswoman. She has hunted and fished all over the world, spent much time in Africa and India, caught every known fish in every known sort of manner from trout and salmon on the dry fly to the harpooning of sawfish.

"Tell me," I urged, "about harpooning sawfish. It sounds exciting."

"Yes, it is," Mrs. Procter agreed, "and it is quite difficult too. It intrigues me by its resemblance to the old Roman sport of spear throwing. I have a harpoon made of bronze that my friends laughingly call my Million Dollar Harpoon. It is so perfectly balanced that it is a joy to use it. Ordinarily I don't approve of harpooning fish, certainly not warm-blooded animals like seals or porpoise, but sawfish, like the shark family, are legitimate prey. They are destructive creatures, a sort of sea-banditti."

Mrs. Procter's record sawfish was 19 feet long. Van Campen Heilner, that hardy outdoor rover, had told me many stories of Mrs. Procter's hunting experiences, and naturally I yearned for details.

"I shudder," she exclaimed, "to think of the impression Van gives of me. I am sure that anyone would judge from his description that I was a bloodthirsty creature, dashing around with a fishing rod in one hand and a gun in the other."

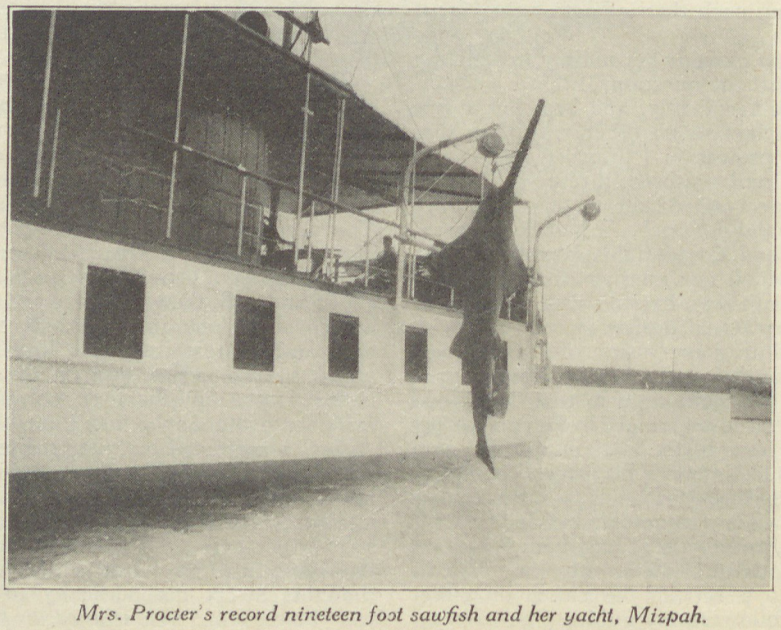
"Oh, no," I protested, "but he says you have had thrilling adventures both elephant and tiger hunting."

I knew positively that she had indeed had many experiences of that sort, but her answer was evasive.

"Well, I have hunted big game, but I don't like it. The hunter is usually perfectly safe, you know, protected by a regiment of coolies. I think the poor natives who act as beaters are the real sportsmen of the expedition. I really don't like any hunting for animals. I love shooting ducks, and wild turkeys and geese—and clay pigeons."

Mrs. Procter has a remarkable collection of guns and fishing rods. She showed me what she called her "Bluebeard's Closet."

"The only place in the house I keep locked," she said. "I couldn't bear to have anyone disturbing my guns, and I'm almost ashamed of the number of rods I own."



Mrs. Procter's record nineteen foot sawfish and her yacht, Mizpah.

"How many have you?" I asked.

"Oh, many more than I need, I know," she evaded, "but I just can't resist them."

I saw in the closet huge leather cases filled with every conceivable type and size of rod. A tiny 2½ ounce Hardy fly rod reclining in a velvet lined bamboo case literally made my mouth water. Trout rods, salmon rods, tarpon rods, heavier rods for deep sea fishing. I gazed entranced and shameful as it is to confess, I wanted them all. There were several large tackle, reel and fly boxes of leather and a number of gun cases.

"I had a wonderful Christmas present," announced Mrs. Procter in much the engaging way a child would say it, eager to be questioned further.

"What was it?" I promptly asked.

"A new gun," was the gleeful answer, "a 16 gauge Daly. I have always used a 20 gauge but I like this one immensely. I went duck shooting with it two weeks ago."

She put it together, lifted it to her shoulder, sighted it. Indeed, whoever gave it to her must have known well that here was a woman whom no "pearl without price" could have so pleased.

"I won't get any more real shooting with it until next fall," she said regretfully, "but," brightening, "I'll do a lot of target shooting."

Returning the gun to the closet a bundle of flannel fell from a shelf.

"Do you clean your guns yourself?" I asked, making a wager that her answer would be in the affirmative.

"Of course," she replied, "I always do."

That alone would have convinced me that in the matter of guns and shooting she knew whereof she spoke.

"I have known even good he-hunters who relegated that task to others," I remarked.

"I like to take care of them myself," she said, "and of my tackle and rods too. You know, I like fishing much better than hunting. I am more of a fisherman than a hunter. At least I am at heart. I do not claim to be a real fisherman. I call myself a fish lover."

"And I call that the highest type of angler," said I.

"You should talk with my son," said Mrs. Procter. "He is really a splendid sportsman."

"I should love to," I said, "but in the meantime I am very happy talking to you. I do wish you would tell me about your fascinating journeys in India and Africa."

"It seems to me now," she said reflectively, "that they were only interesting from a tourist point of view. Those who go out to procure pictures of big game and actually risk their lives to get exciting close-ups of charging game are the ones who get the thrill. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, for instance, have marvellous experiences.

"For myself, I repeat that I much prefer a duck blind and the stars overhead, and the flight of a few ducks sailing in and out of the unknown—the exquisite grace of wild geese flying over—and perhaps a lone white swan. Do you know, I actually hate to get my limit. I'd like it to take hours and hours longer. There is something so intimate and satisfying out there in the semi-darkness of very early morning, or the mist of a grey, cloudy day."

"Don't you mind the discomforts?"

"Why, there aren't any outdoors, are there?" she said ingenuously.

There spoke a nature lover, not a weather lover, terms which are often confused. I remembered reading somewhere that to those who truly love nature, life itself is a luxury.

"Cold and wet and wind," I recounted.

"Oh, one doesn't feel those. Of course, one is warmly clothed. One completely forgets the body, I think. There is just the sense of one's innermost being, outdoors like that. I get the same wholly satisfying, bodiless feeling in flying, a sense of freedom, of detachment from the encumbrances of the flesh and from all physical limitations."

"Van Campen Heilner told me he took his first flight with you," I said.

"Yes, he did," she laughed. "It was on Biscayne Bay. I was flying around and saw him out in a boat and swooped down near him. I asked him to go up with me, and he did. He has told me since that he didn't really want to go, that he felt considerable trepidation, it being his first flight, but he was too polite—and too game—to refuse, so he went. Afterwards, of course, he became very keen about flying, and extremely proficient, and he did a great deal of it. It pleases me to know that I initiated him into its joys."

Mrs. Procter is as enthusiastic over the elusive bonefish as are all anglers who have met those incredibly swift game fish.

Two tarpon and a whipray.

"Van is certainly an admirer of yours," I said. "He told me he would rather go hunting or fishing with you than with anyone he knew."

"That is dear of him," beamed Mrs. Procter. "And I return the compliment. He and Fritz, my son, and three or four other boys and I did have a wonderful trip together once. It was in Florida. Fritz had a funny, flat scow of a launch on top of which he himself had built a cabin. The boys planned a 'cruise' down the keys, and I wanted to go with them. They were bound for a shack they owned about a day's voyage away, and as it boasted of but one room, it was decided that I should remain aboard ship and occupy the cabin in solitary grandeur.

The design of the bunks was Fritz's own. I remember distinctly that the one I occupied was constructed of a plank exactly 5 feet long and 15 inches wide. But I was perfectly happy. I could see the stars and hear that incomparable sound of the soft lapping of water.

"Towards morning I awoke noticing a strange accentuation of the sound of the lap, lap of the water. It sounded extraordinarily near. On investigation I discovered there was a leak, and that the old boat had partially sunk. So I went out on deck and waited for the boys to rescue me."

"Van has told me that story," I said. "He thought it was marvellous of you to wait there placidly until morning. He said there wasn't a woman in a thousand who wouldn't have been frightened to death and howled aloud for help."

"Oh, I was safe enough," said Mrs. Procter, indifferently. "The boat was not likely to sink much further. I never saw the sunrise more gorgeous than it was that morning," she added raptly.

I was silent, visualizing the old, partly sunken boat and the slight, lonely figure of the woman gazing rapturously at the beauty of the dawn.

Mrs. Procter laughed suddenly.

"I wonder," she said, "if Van told you of my activities the next day. The exertion of getting the boat afloat certainly made those boys hungry. I got them steady relays of meals all day long."

"I think Van is perfectly right," I remarked, "when he declares you to be the best 'sportsman' in the world."

Propaganda On Trial

Member of the Board of Directors of the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation. Member of the National Conference on State Parks.

By
TOM WALLACE
Chief of the Editorial Staff of the Louisville Times

President of the Southern Forestry Congress, Honorary Vice-President of the American Forestry Association.

THE case of Cumberland Falls, which was called for a hearing by the Federal Power Commission for November 14, is to be more than the case of Cumberland Falls alone.

The effectiveness of utilities propaganda is on trial in Washington, which has been the scene of an investigation of utilities financing and publicity by the Federal Trade Commission, in response to the Walsh resolution, and in the United States.

The effort of utilities propagandists, in Kentucky and elsewhere, to convince the public, and officers of the Federal Government sitting as judges, that a power plant below Cumberland Falls and an impounding dam above the falls, would not mar the scenery in the vicinity of the falls, or injure the cataract itself, has spanned several years.

Major Harold Fiske, a Federal engineer who attempted to persuade Governor William Jason Fields—predecessor of the present Kentucky executive, Flem D. Sampson—that the power plant would be beneficial to the State denied the assertion of a newspaper that he had said the dam would improve the falls, stating that he had said it would be an improvement to the falls region.

O. C. Merrill, Executive Secretary of the Federal Power Commission, says: "The only effect upon the Falls, or the area immediately adjacent, would be reduction in the amount of water passing over the Falls."

Some persons might say reducing Niagara to a dribble would be injurious to its grandeur, but utilities propagandists, and Secretary Merrill, do not feel that way about Cumberland Falls.

The water of Cumberland River would be conveyed, through a tunnel above the Falls, to a point below the Falls, where it would operate turbines. A limited artificial waterfall, between a power dam and a power plant, is proposed as a substitute for the natural falls. The licensee would own the land and exercise rights over it which would make any individual visiting the Falls, or its surroundings, except by permission of the licensee, a trespasser, subject to expulsion.

The argument of propagandists is that, in these circumstances, a State Park, quite as desirable as the unmarred tract, which Senator T. Coleman du Pont, a former Kentuckian, has offered to buy, and present to the State, could be made.

> *President Coolidge,*
> *Washington, D. C.*
>
> *To you as a good fisherman and a true lover of the great outdoors I venture to appeal respectfully in behalf of the preservation of Cumberland Falls as an important part of the heritage of natural beauty which belongs to all the American people of whom you are the chief magistrate. These falls are the scenic pride of Kentucky and the natural centre of a great park for that state. I believe with the Izaak Walton League that it would be a public misfortune to permit them to be turned over to a private power company for commercial purposes. Free beauty is worth more than exploited electricity in a place of exceptional loveliness like Cumberland Falls.*
>
> HENRY VAN DYKE.

The power company has indicated that it would co-operate in making a park in these circumstances. I have no doubt that it would whitewash the trees on the land allotted to the State, and place iron greyhounds here and there to ornament it.

But there wouldn't be any water on the ledges over which Cumberland River's water now plunges, as I shall show by quoting the text of Mr. Merrill's proposal:

"That except when water is wasted past or over the dam, or is released by the licensee for its own purposes, at rates in excess of 100 cubic feet per second, the licensee shall release, for the purpose of the maintenance of the falls, such an amount of water, not in excess of 100 cubic feet per second, as may be fixed by the State Park Commission, or other appropriate authority of the State of Kentucky."

It will be noted that this provision of the contract which Mr. Merrill proposes would protect the licensee from running more than 100 cubic feet per second over the falls. The licensee might run any amount less than 100 cubic feet which might satisfy the State Park Commission "or other appropriate authority." For example, a pint a week.

Governor Sampson, in his message to the 1928 Legislature, recommended enactment of a law giving the State Park Commission power to condemn land, that the du Pont gift might be accepted without mentioning Senator du Pont's name.

After the power lobby had read his message, and had sent its best men to Frankfort to deal with the situation, Governor Sampson, apparently, underwent a change of heart. The condemnation bill was killed without the hand of the Administration appearing in its favor. The Governor procured control of the State Park Commission by removing Vance Prather, who had advocated the du Pont gift and

Cumberland Falls, Kentucky. 125 feet wide and 85 feet drop.

appointing in his place a woman, who is a pro-dam member. The head of the utilities lobby was indicted on a felony charge and convicted of misdemeanor, as a result of his activities on the floor of the Legislature.

Subsequently Mr. Merrill returned his report, favoring the power plant, without mentioning the circumstances in which pro-park legislation had been defeated. Governor Sampson came out publicly for the power plant in August representing the State Park Commission as being unanimously for it. The statement was untrue. Dean Thomas P. Cooper of the State College of Agriculture, ex officio a member of the State Park Commission; a statutory member whose vote Governor Sampson cannot control and whose removal he cannot accomplish, stands steadfastly for the State Park, and no power plant.

The State seeks to establish here a State Park of some 3,000 acres.

Mr. Merrill's report provoked from Dr. Wilbur Nelson, head of the Geological Department of the University of Virginia, and Secretary of the Southern Appalachian Power Conference, an interview in which he said it was "exceedingly biased in favor of the power applicants," and that it omitted mention of Senator du Pont's offer which was undoubtedly known to the Federal Power Commission.

The power company drive in Kentucky in behalf of the sacrifice of Cumberland Falls to the greed of a private interest is a part of the nation-wide utilities drive which, as revealed in the Federal Trade Commission's investigation presented itself to a leading conservationist, Gifford Pinchot, as being "wholesale debauchery amazing even in this age of propaganda."

"Subsidized writers, editors converted to 'sane views,' planted news and canned editorials broadcast by sweetened news syndicates, are successive chapters in the sordid story of wholesale civic debauchery which is unrolled from day to day," says Mr. Pinchot.

Features of the Kentucky drive include also submitting to weekly newspapers "for free publication," matter prepared by a Louisville advertising agency.

The entire State has been propagandized extensively, and in some of the mountain cities, where the fight to control local opinion has been especially hot, many business men and salaried men are afraid to express their views, lest business in the one case, and in the other case positions, be lost as a result.

The trifling 40,000 horse power which can be developed at Cumberland Falls is by no means the whole stake involved in this effort to control public opinion. The effort is to create the impression, popularly, that the power makers should be looked upon as benefactors to whom even the State's greatest scenic asset should be surrendered, willingly, because they will develop industrially the territory in which they create current.

The Kentucky case is a "cause celebre" in the outcome of which all utilities propaganda bureaus, and every utilities contract man; every lobbyist, throughout the country, is interested. If Cumberland Falls can be grabbed and destroyed, what scenic asset can present an obstacle to "development"? What argument against letting power companies have their way in all matters will be considered valid?

The cause of conservation throughout America will be to some extent affected by the ultimate fate of Cumberland Falls. With hundreds of millions of dollars behind them, the propaganda bureaus of more than two score utilities companies are making a drive to control national education and the press, in the interest of getting what they want in the way of scenic assets and, what is more important, in the way of rates. In the effort, schools, universities, newspapers, magazines are being honeycombed with propaganda.

Because the opposition to the ruin of Cumberland Falls has been such as to give the controversy national prominence the drive to win the case is out of all proportion to the value of the Falls to the power company. There is more horse power in the propaganda drive than there would be in the Cumberland Falls plant.

AS a native Kentuckian and as an American citizen, I'd like to add my voice to the chorus of voices lifted in protest against the proposed exploitation of Cumberland Falls for a so-called power development. To destroy a beautiful natural thing such as Cumberland Falls, under the guise of industrial development—where no such development is warranted—would, so it seems to me, be about as great an example of greed and vandalism and pure hoggishness as the history of an already ravished and despoiled country could show.

I hope to God the raping of Cumberland Falls may be prevented. **IRVIN S. COBB.**

THE country needs water power and water falls. That there should be a conflict between the two is mystifying to the conservationist, for there is plenty of falling water that is not notable for its attractiveness.

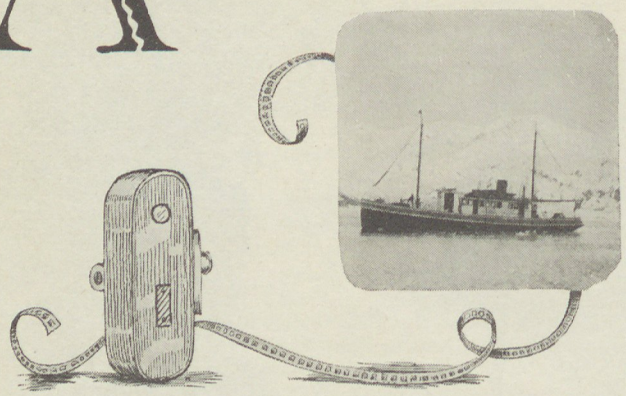
A beautiful falls, once destroyed, is gone forever like an extinct bird or animal species.

Existence for most people is drab enough at best. There is a spiritual value and mental stimulus in beautiful things. The source of the beautiful in art is the beautiful in nature. Wipe that out and you wipe out much in life.

Conservationists welcome the wise use of water for power. But the beautiful falls, the rapids, the lakes set in wooded hills, they would approach with reverence.

PHELPS WYMAN.

Adventures in...



FOR years Irene Finley has accompanied her famous naturalist husband, William L. Finley, on camera hunting trips in the wildest countries. Mrs. Finley has written many stories of her experiences, but none more interesting than these thrilling and fascinating adventures in Aleut Land.—EDITOR.

Aleut Land

Photographs by William L. Finley and the Author

By
IRENE FINLEY

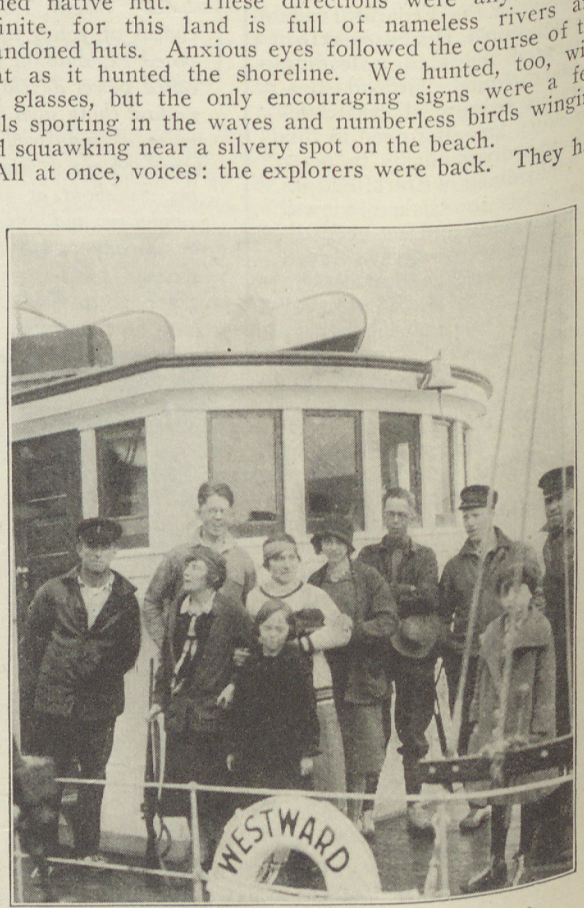
MANY an expedition starts off in a bravado spirit, but does not reach its goal except through various degrees of discomfiture. We had boarded the big white ship, the Catherine D. at Bellingham and were on our way to the yacht "Westward," to cruise in Alaskan waters and the Bering Sea, under the auspices of the American Nature Association and the Bureau of Fisheries of the United States Department of Commerce. This is a region of big fish and big game. We were after motion and still pictures of Kodiak bears, Kenai moose, barren-land caribou, mountain sheep and fur seals of the Pribilofs. Almost in the beginning a trifling accident came near wrecking the expedition and the summer's outing. We had to be initiated with an icy ducking in the Bering Sea, and take a dose of discouragement before we met with Lady Luck, who seems fond of eluding a cameraman in the north.

By noon of the third day we had said farewell to the big salmon ship and were now bedded and boarded on the little yacht. Now I could feel sure Kodiak bear, moose and caribou were waiting for us on lonely shores ahead. Tethered to her twin, the Morzhovoi, that was built for wild winds and waters, the Westward was provisioning and sniffing the sea for signs of a chance to make a spurt through the twisting, tricky tides that battle between the end of the Alaska Peninsula and the long line of Aleutian islands, False Pass. The water gurgled like liquid through the narrow neck of a bottle. Time and tide ruled, and not till the appointed hour did the boat plow her nose into the Pass where the currents of two oceans pushed and wrestled with each other, shoving and shifting the shallow sand bottom into shoals and bars barely under the surface. Bump! Bump! Grind! Grind! came the groaning sound as the boat scraped. The engines were still in the act of slowing down when the bow heaved into the air, the tide caught under her and she lurched over on her side, stuck tight on the sand. The air was filled with the hissing and swirling of the water around her as she reeled helplessly in a wide channel increasing in its boisterousness as the wind rose. For three hours the boat stuck in a maelstrom of white-caps. Then gradually as the incoming tide rose, she righted herself. The engines rumbled again. We edged cautiously out.

All at once we were in the Bering Sea, but how we got there I don't know, for I was seasick and off in another country. It was night. The lights went out. In the dark pilot house, the captain stood grimly at the wheel with eyes lowered upon the lighted well that held the compass. The slickered crew moved methodically about unmoved by the complaining of the wracked body of the boat as she rolled from side to side, great seas smothering her decks, in the sixty-mile gale. Far into the night we climbed the crests and settled shivering into the troughs with the sickening sensation of falling, falling into the bottomless space of a bad dream.

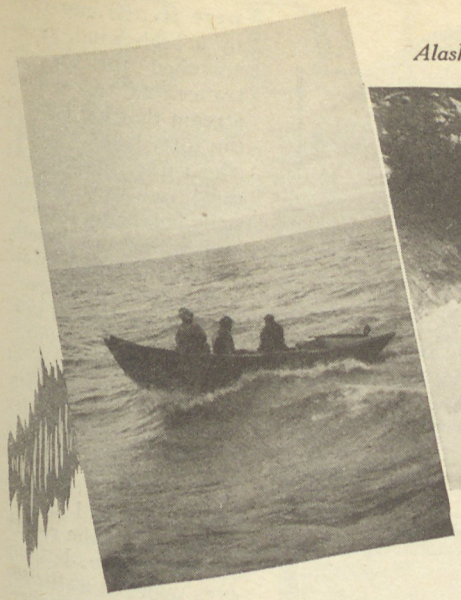
Anchored in a little bay which was not more than an indentation of the coastline of Unimak, the first big island of the Aleutian chain, the ship met a morning that was still wild. A vivid picture hung before us. We rocked on an indigo sea under the white dome of a volcano with rolling, green hills sweeping down at our feet. We scrutinized those lifeless, Robinson Crusoe shores with curiosity, and not a little doubt. They were lonely and fearsome, but we persuaded ourselves that this was the land of adventure, Aleut land where the caribou and the great brown bear roamed. A dory with four men put off to scout along the coast for the entrance of a nameless river near an abandoned native hut. These directions were anything but definite, for this land is full of nameless rivers and abandoned huts. Anxious eyes followed the course of the boat as it hunted the shoreline. We hunted, too, with the glasses, but the only encouraging signs were a few seals sporting in the waves and numberless birds winging and squawking near a silvery spot on the beach.

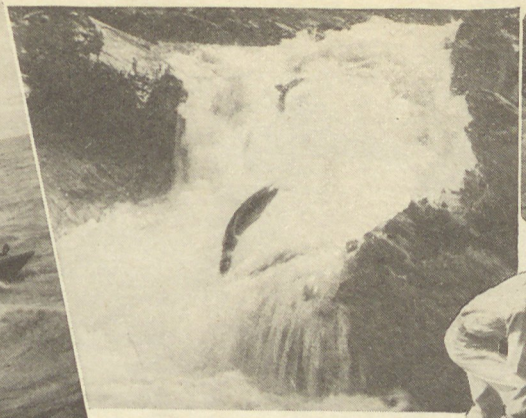
All at once, voices: the explorers were back. They had

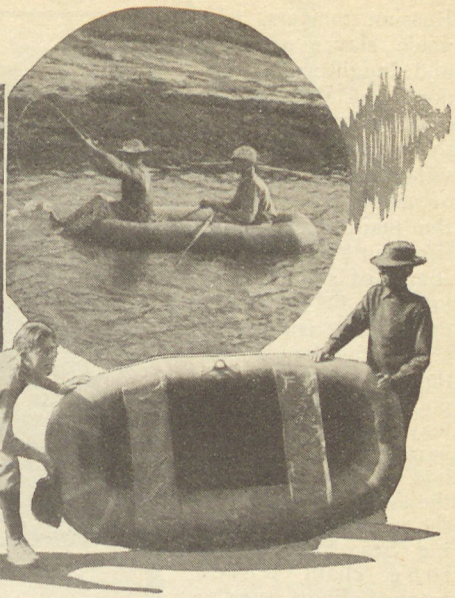


The members of the expedition and the crew of the yacht Westward

Exploring the coastline (left). Alaska Salmon jumping at the Falls (below).







Our little pneumatic boat (right) was the joy of the fishermen.

found a beautiful camping place on a little stream running close under the shelter of a hill, two Alaska brown bears on a slope, and some caribou asleep and unconscious of intruders. The words tumbled out for waiting ears. Hurry, so camp could be pitched before night! There was a day's work for everybody. White tents had to be set up for the commissary department, and oiled silk tepee tents for sleeping; and there was moss to be pulled from the thick tundra for carpets and pads under the beds, for the ground here was eternally sodden. There was instant stir of excitement. We looked with new interest on these wild shores of Unimak Island.

One evening we climbed the steep river bank where the greedy stream persistently ate it away, and wandered over the higher fields picking flowers in the luminous twilight. Beds of blue violets softly tinged the hills ahead of us, splashed with the strongest tones of purple orchids in spotted, tiger-like leaves. On up the ridge of the sandy headland that banked itself boldly above the beach, with its face swept clean and bare by the wind, we tramped, to look down on a big band of birds rocking on the water of a sheltered curve of the coast. They showed the slim heads of harlequins, bluish-black with white cheek patches and collars. These richly barred and spotted ducks summer in the cold regions of eastern Asia, Greenland, Iceland and northern North America, going south to the middle states in winter. They are rollicking sprites of these white streams born of snowy summits, where they bob and dive as they fish in the rough water. How does such a great, tempestuous mother as this arctic sea protect and nourish these countless, frail children of the wild? Surely she inspires them with unbounded courage and love of life.

Wading in wild grass to our knees on our way home along the roof of the sand dunes, suddenly we came upon the habitations of men, but not of today. I wondered why the coarse grass was so tall, and was looking for a way around some large patches that blocked my way almost to my shoulders, when I stumbled against something hard. It was too much smothered for me to even guess what it was, but when I tried to avoid it in several directions, I found I was struggling along an overgrown wall of some kind. The tale of an old barabara village on this island flashed into my mind, and I began to search excitedly. Soon I found myself at the entrance of a doorway, and although it was almost entirely choked with grass, I felt along the edge and found the wall to be several feet thick and made of sod. As I pushed my way down into a square room through the tangle of grass that covered the floor and walls, the spirit of its builders came up about me, swarthy Aleuts with dull faces and slant eyes of the early days when the Russian invaders ruled here with a hard hand. I went softly and gingerly about, feeling the hard floor tramped and baked for more than a century, perhaps, until I was bewildered and lost in this ancient town. One room opened into another, with thick walls and foundations welded together like a fortification with narrow passageways between, until I had counted thirty or more. All at once I came out into the center of the village where a circular sod structure stood, a community gathering place, I thought. Searching about, I picked up a spear head, and then another. Were they early weapons? Certainly they were primitive in their clumsy hewing.

Our landing on the wild shores of Unimak Island.

I stood at the top of the crest looking down on the bulging mounds of tall grass that buried this early human fort, for that was what it had been. Why had it been built on the top of this windblown slope, the coldest and stormiest place on the island? I turned and looked down on the sea, crashing and pulling against the shore. Yes, these dark hunters and fishers had scanned the ocean in all directions. No invaders could land without being seen. And behind them on the island, they again were high above the river and the lower reaches which spread away on all sides. For all this, I remembered that they had been easy victims to their strong, cruel

Russian masters, who made slaves of them and slaughtered at random. As I looked off over the green stretches there was not a native village or human being of any kind living in the main extent of this large island. A couple of salmon ports brought fitful life to the eastern end, and a lonely lighthouse held the other. A native population was gone, leaving only buried barabaras. And this had been the history of the Aleut race in all of the islands of the Bering Sea, and on this long chain which reached almost over to Asia as stepping-stones for foreign explorers and adventurers.

The next day on Unimak was one of high adventure with a bounding, buoyant ending. There was subdued haste among the group that sat upon sawed-off wood blocks in front of the cook tent in the frosty morning. Cups of coffee and bowls of rolled oats were handed from the red-hot stove inside. Trickles of steam ascended into the air. The aroma of this bourgoo (as the Captain called hot porridge) mixed with butter and sugar, will always bring back to me the misty moors of that morning under a pendent volcano, and the muffled roar of a boreal ocean waiting for us.

Captain Church, owner of the Westward and a baby gull and bear, mascots of the expedition.

We had been on these lonely shores for six days, and still no bears. Those wanderers of island nights had softly passed us by. Food was low in camp, but no one wanted to leave. There was still rolled oats—which meant three times a day now—perhaps a dozen hardtacks, which tasted as good to us as dog-biscuits do to canines, and a little package of raisins. The rice (may the gods be praised for growing it!) was gone. Still each morning we lingered for just one more exploring trip, just one more hunt for the big bear, persuading ourselves that sufficient unto the day would be the food thereof. The scarcer it got and the smaller the portions, the better it tasted. It only served to draw us closer together, this subtle sharing.

This morning three small boats were loaded, the motor cruiser, the rowboat and the little canoe. Cameras, film cases, knapsacks, a water-proof bag of frugal lunch, with odds and ends for a day's trip were packed in. In the lead boat towing the other two, were Campbell, the captain and the engineer, with the camera man, ten-year-old Betty and I in the rowboat behind, and Cam bringing up the rear in the canoe. For four or five miles we slanted eastward along the coast, bobbing dizzily over the waves which were fretted into froth by a high wind, as we searched for the entrance of a salmon stream that led back to the forty lakes. Towed sharply up-hill and down, we were continually balancing the load and bating our breath, for the next moment we pulled up in the face of a green wall just in time to slither down its towering crest before it combed over us. The singing of the water against the sides of the boat filled my ears joyously. As we topped a surging crest, I caught a glimpse of the mouth of the stream, but my eyes widened at the sea of tumbling breakers between, piling one upon another. I looked at the nearing shore and instinctively braced my feet against it. All at once we were tossed this way and that: we were in the midst of an immense, roaring tumult. The waves broke over us faster than we could right ourselves, the lead boat still snaking us along. We cut loose, and jerked spasmodically as the rope gave way. Behind us the canoe did the same. It was each one for himself now. All three boats were pitching about like tooth-picks.

The three men in the motor boat ahead all wore slickers and rubber boots. The latter were ponderous and would soon fill with water and drag them down if they had to swim. As I watched, I saw one boot come off, and then another. Campbell peeled off a heavy sweater. Confusedly I heard Cam calling behind us. He was standing up in the rolling canoe, gesticulating wildly. I looked. The cruiser, which was heavily loaded, was settling slowly. She was long and slim and inflexible. Instead of jumping the waves, she plowed her pointed nose down into the green depths as if trying to commit suicide. Soon the men in her were sitting in water up to their arms. The next plunge submerged them. They were struggling in the breakers while the boat floated bottom up nearby.

Frenzy seized us as a green bank poured down upon us and churned us shoreward. We back-paddled away from that seething sargasso where boat, bundles and human beings were boiled back and forth. Picking the least maddened spot between the crashing breakers, we rode helplessly to shore and were sprawled upon the beach like wreckage. The canoe had fared the same. Emptying the remaining camera stuff out of the boats, back went the camera man and Cam to the rescue. The three men were still tossing about in whitecaps, trying to swim and pull off their cloth-

(Continued on page 46)

READ the continuation of these thrilling adventures in the far northland told so graphically by IRENE FINLEY.

FEBRUARY NUMBER

EDITORIAL

I ENTER "Count the Refuges" as a slogan for America's duck hunters. Some people think the methods pursued by some other people for the continuance of our game to be ineffectual and time wasting. They don't believe in the "counting" of ducks. What shall we do about it? Continue to count ducks, continue to shift the blame from shoulder to shoulder as to whose fault it is that our game is scarce and getting scarcer? Continue to recriminate, to argue, to delay?

The fact remains that we have not enough ducks to go around. What we need is *countless* ducks. It is not a question of how many ducks have we, but of how many shall we have? It is futile to blame with acrimony or attack with sarcasm. The matter has become one to be dealt with from the restoration rather than from the preservation angle.

How shall we get more ducks, plenty of ducks? The answer is undeniable. Build refuges and establish feeding grounds everywhere.

At least one refuge for wild life in every county is the goal of the Izaak Walton League. This goal is being reached through the efforts of many of the League's Chapters throughout the country. If all other conservation and sportsmen's organizations will also strive for this goal, it will be quickly reached.

"Count the Refuges!"

THE best plan in the world is no good if it cannot be gotten beyond the status of a plan, if it cannot gain concerted approval and co-operation.

It is useless to decry past unsuccessful efforts of governmental or other agencies. It is more than useless to criticize and delay newly planned efforts because former plans did not pan out.

Many a second choice in this unsettled old world has turned out extremely well. No disappointed supporters of the original Game Refuge Bill should become sulkily passive or pessimistically prejudiced against a new plan with the same objective.

The candidate or the bill that gets the most general and undivided support wins.

The old Game Refuge Bill got plenty of support, but it was not general, organized, undivided or co-operative support—hence the tragic delay.

The objectives of the old bill and of the proposed new one are identical.

Therefore, to attain this much desired end let's bury our individual opinions, eliminate all personal rancor and prejudices; be of one mind, stick to the main issue and pull together.

The recently organized National Committee on Wild Life Legislation is an encouraging example of this sort of practical teamwork.

The men on this Committee are avowed to be swayed by no thought of personal credit for themselves or the organizations they represent.

Their objective is to get the job done, *get the refuges and supply the ducks.*

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MARGUERITE IVES
Editor

THE question of a fifteen or twenty-five duck bag limit should never be considered solely from the angle of sportsmanship.

As far as true sportsmanship is concerned, who shall decide what certain number of ducks a day, *when there are plenty,* is an unsportsmanlike number?

The only unsportsmanlike number is more than can be consumed without waste, or more than can be killed with the certainty of there being no danger of extinction.

Many believe, to be sure, that there is danger at present of the extinction of some species, so then the question should be decided on the grounds of necessity, not on the grounds of sportsmanship.

The non-hunting bird lover demands no shooting. The sentimentalist whose ambition is to put game birds on the song list and protect them perpetually is as harmful from the good sportsman's point of view as the abominable game hog.

The good sportsman desires to kill game in reasonable quantity, and he desires to do so decently and fairly.

He will yield to the necessity of reduced bags or even to no shooting at all for a time if he is convinced of the need.

Many professional statistics, however, are misleading and not calculated to breed confidence as to their accuracy.

The multiplication, for instance, of the number of licenses issued, by the number of ducks per day allowed each hunter, is, to say the least, a too flattering estimate of the skill and opportunities of each individual hunter. It must be remembered that a comparatively small percentage of the seven million licensed hunters in the United States actually hunt wild waterfowl.

The crux of the matter is to eliminate the necessity for worrying about bag limits by supplying more ducks.

MARGUERITE IVES.

A STEP-LADDER CAN BE USEFUL ON A TOUR IF ONE IS FOND OF SCENERY
DON'T LET A DULL FINGER NAIL CHEER YOUR ROMANCE. USE GLITTER GETTER NAIL POLISH

Courtesy of the Chicago Tribune

IT has always struck me as funny (everything does, for that matter) that the makers of our game laws, as well as the makers of our other laws, overlook the most vital element in law enforcement and law making, and the only one that amounts to a row of peanuts.

This is the human equation. Example: At a given distance, in a given kind of cover, the human eyes can distinguish horns four inches long on the head of a running deer. The catch lies in the word *can.* Of course this *can* be done. But the efficiency of the law rests, not on whether it *can* be done, but on whether it *will* be done.

I do not mean to question the good intentions of the hunter. It is perfectly reasonable to suppose that many hunters could not distinguish the horns of a deer at the scientific distance, even when blessed with keen eyesight and an urge to obey the law, because of the presence of excitement, instinct in shooting, or any number of similar human failings and idiosyncrasies.

This accounts for what I feel is (in spite of statistics to prove otherwise) the failure of the buck law. I base my estimate of failure not on any figures or on any facts. but on my judgment of human nature and on intuition.

We base our laws on mathematical or scientific certainties, then toss them into the arena where the abstract laws of human nature prevail.

May I humbly (and not so *darned* humbly) suggest that we draft a few psychologists and students of human nature into the business of making laws?

It seems to me that our game laws are based on too many figures and not enough imagination.

DONALD HOUGH.

ONE of the most serious problems of the hunting season is the vandal element which sallies forth in gaudy raiment, usually armed with machine guns. Many of these vandals are not American citizens and don't understand American customs; they care nothing about valuable farm stock or other property, and are not concerned whether they take legal game or not—so long as they shoot something!

This element, and the few native-born game hogs in our midst, have caused the posting of thousands of farms all over the country. Many states do not allow alien residents to hunt at all, and most states are now punishing the game hog and pre-season shooter by revoking his license and putting him on a "black list" for a term of years.

Real sportsmen never try their skill about farmyards, or pastures filled with stock, or pattern their guns on some trespass or other advertising sign. Real sportsmen always ask for permission before hunting upon enclosed privately-owned property. Real sportsmen constantly fight against these deplorable practices and, like many chapters of the Izaak Walton League, offer cash rewards for the apprehension and arrest of hunters destroying private property or violating the laws while hunting.

A clean conscience at the end of the trip and an invitation to return next year always beats a full bag. Each must do his duty to stamp out unsportsmanlike practices, to save human life and to give the landowner a square deal always.

SETH E. GORDON.

Memories of a Quail Hunter

By
OZARK RIPLEY

FOURTH INSTALLMENT

TO get at tangible facts of value, assertiveness of self must be smothered at some stage of its development. If we see things only from our own viewpoint, errors of visioning are bound to creep in, because all the time we are trying to allocate matters and conditions to conform to our whims; and everything is a whim when we use solely our own experience at home to demonstrate affairs in which we are most interested. The expansion of fallacies is created by ourselves, for we will admit no entry into our opinions except that which pleases us. It is a state of ego in which we are likely to become submerged. Egoism in game laws is a charming ingenue, always trilling songs and dancing so delectably before you that you absolutely fail to recognize what is going on elsewhere and eventually believe that you are right irrefutably in everything. The worst thing about this is that if egoism maintains personal dominance after you pass the twenties you become incurable, and are eternally a pest to your friends instead of the beacon of enlightenment which you think you are.

I discovered these thoughts through suggestion. All through my youth old time hunters laughed at my longing for quail knowledge and, though their lanced ridicule often penetrated, I saw the benefit of it. On my guard against a certain thing it set me. In my very midst I knew men locally and met men from elsewhere of a high order of intelligence who had hobbies, just like myself, but their lack of education prevented them from analyzing themselves. They were instinctively intolerant of the opinions of those who differed with them. Nothing was true except what occurred within their seeing or hearing. They expressed their ideas as incontrovertible facts—for no other reason than their lack of education, though they were surpassingly good hunters and intensely observant. They were sharp in discovering locally things that were concealed from the man of ordinary acumen, but they were absolute failures at introspecting the personality or works of those they regarded as authorities.

The plenitude of game seldom caused comment, except a self-satisfied reference to what the sport would be during the open season. When scarcity occurred, the remarks of my acquaintances were a-plenty, but, except when the cause was outstandingly obvious, explanations usually emanated from the realm of conjecture. As I started to investigate thoroughly the habits of the quail, I felt sure all I learned would be incomplete if I permitted conditions in my own locality to establish all my precedents. I had before me a humorous example of a lecturer whose subject was trees. He was a very entertaining talker, as well as a close student of trees, but unfortunately he made his local findings do for everywhere. He was lecturing in our town on trees, and the absolute necessity of the winter snows for maintaining their growth. Snow, snow, snow was the thing upon which he dwelt as the essential to tree life and its support during all the growing period. Trees could not exist without snow. All his audience was quietly laughing. Immense, unparalleled forests of yellow and white pine, oak, ash, hickory, elm and gum were covering every mountain around, and yet all these stately sentinels rarely had seen snow, for such only visited our region about every twelve years, and, when it did, never remained on the ground more than a few minutes.

Strangely, I thought of this after numbers of Illinois farmers came to our country and pursued the same intensive methods of cultivation as they had at their former homes. Clearing more and more land as they were doing, I imagined it predicated the appearance of a greater number of quails increasing *always* with the augmenting of farm lands, and that the farmers were the friends of the quails.

Such thoughts dwelt within me only temporarily, however, and that a number of years ago. Palpably, the contrary exists, from the North to the South, all over the United States, though the appearance of the quails temporarily on farms was deceptive. Today I cannot change the opinion I began to form then, unalterable from experience. What actually is happening is this, the modern farmer is the greatest enemy of the quail it has ever had.

As far as destructiveness is concerned, he exceeds in every way a predatory creature, and is as bad as the activities of sportsmen who use pump guns and every other sort of arms. Even the reprehensible quail trappers of erstwhile times never did half so much damage to the supply of game birds as the modern farmer. The contemplation of this causes a humorous situation to obtain in many states; in fact, the government itself, where game conservation and game law enforcement are under a department of agriculture. What a joke! What a travesty on the protection of game birds, though those who are appointed to protect game birds can not be surpassed for doing their duty! But every department of agriculture is insisting on the value of the quail to the farmer, and, while the advice is still lingering in the utterance, it is telling the farmer to destroy everything, every condition, which makes possible a quail's existence on his premises.

Take the situation in one of our best agricultural states—the quail on the song bird list! A department of agriculture, in charge of game administration! Well meaning, it is true, but game conservation and the department of agriculture have different objectives, more or less opposed to each other. Nothing tangible for the quail hunter will ever develop from such cooperation. How can improving agriculture and the chances for quail increase become compatible?

During the last three years, while on lecture tours, I have mingled a great deal with sportsmen and farmers of that state who are in favor of quail hunting, and others who are in favor of keeping these game birds on the song bird list perpetually.

In the southern part of that state I discussed the matter with a very intelligent land owner who cultivated every possible foot of ground of his large acreage. He was well educated, which meant that he was extremely tolerant of others' opinions and, therefore, a gentleman, too. He had recently finished reading some articles on quail conditions written by a local sportsman and his expressions are worth repeating.

He had no exalted notions about the help of quails to actual farming. Such a theory he regarded as exploded, and nothing more than worn-out propaganda to keep quail on the song bird list. His farm machinery and work he depended on, as well as spraying. On close questioning, he admitted that he could not tell whether quails helped his crops or not. Unless he tilled them, he had no yields, and formerly when quails were abundant, crops were not as good as when he adopted intense cultivation methods, which caused quails to disappear. He was opposed to sportsmen because he believed their attitude toward quails was but vapid utterance. He had a list of Ohio sportsmen who shot on his place years ago and now. One or two of them wrote for various magazines and newspapers on the side, but not one of them had he ever seen out feeding the birds regularly in winter where they had shot for years. This was his first charge against them.

His second pronouncement against them —which was palpably obvious—was that at present thousands of farms were unfit for quail propagation. This he regarded as his minor finding, and not nearly so important as the deportment of sportsmen and field trial men, who, he declared, lacked backbone to help enforce conservation measures through this failure. They lost the biggest chance of bringing farmers over to their way of thinking.

Here is what caused his ironic outlook. He declared that a writer-sportsman of note had publicly announced that the sportsmen's lack of interest in quails was attributed to the law that prevented

YOU men who go hunting and fishing,
Or long to live in a camp,
Have you ever slept in the open
Tired from a long day's tramp;
Then just as the day is dawning,
And you lie on your bed awake,
With only the trees as an awning,
As still and as calm as the lake
For even the birds are silent
Asleep in their lovely nest;
A silence that God alone has sent
To sweeten and deepen our rest.
Awed by the beauty of nature
That comes at this hour of the morn
To fill every living creature
With a thanks that he was born?

By W. C. Shewmon

shooting them; yet he knew many of them had killed quails in violation of the law, because they told him that they, and others, were encouraged to continue, as the other fellows shot. This is the juncture when the farmer's vehement denunciation of sportsmen occurred. "To think of it! This fellow not having the guts to bring the violators to justice and make them pay the penalty at all hazards, even if he had to convict them on their own testimony!"

It was irreconcilable with him that any man could be a sportsman and fail his trust, though disclosures of violators came from his friends. Another angle of the situation he thought was no less contemptible was to quote hearsay transgressions without proof.

(Photo by Tracy Mathewson)

Judge, owned by Trammell Scott, Atlanta, who won a bet of a thousand dollars. The bet was on the dog which could find the greatest number of coveys during four days of eight hours hunting.

What applies to that state is of no less import in other parts where quails have been placed on the song bird list. The farmer is the only key to the door of future quail hunting, as my agricultural acquaintance expressed himself. With the Grange he clubs the sportsmen into submitting to his views of the game laws by holding the threat above their heads that, if sportsmen's organizations ultimately are able to bring about a short open season on quails, he will stop all other sort of hunting on his premises.

Sportsmen causing convictions of hunters or farmers violating the closed season on quails will be the biggest boost toward an open season, even though of short duration, and with a modest bag limit. Better still, by the sportsmen showing their willingness to feed quails during the cold periods will they display their interest in a manner which will make friends of the farmers and bring the latter into yielding something to the sportsmen in the way of occasional shooting. As it stands, the farmer of today is too sophisticated to believe that quails are of much help in his agricultural program. But, through the Grange and other organizations, he has a firm toe-hold on the situation. His opinion of sportsmen must be changed by their acts. Volumes of literature will never convince him that the sportsmen have any rights, that they have been the sole supporters in cash of conservation activities. Feeding the birds through the blizzards, doing it consistently and changing their deportment toward the tiller of the soil will do more to change this attitude than anything else.

There was one subject on which the large land holder and I agreed. It was that sportsmen everywhere charge that farmers are continually killing game birds out of season, even though they have no proof other than hearsay. Game clubs paying attention to hearsay violations and then repeating them to the public without a bit of convincing corroborating testimony are taking a step backward. If they are composed of he-men members, at all risks they ought to convict the farmer who violates, whether a member or not. The farmer, as a rule, from actual experience living among them for thirty-five years, may kill something out of season, but collectively he does less damage to game and hunts less than sportsmen, though the sportsman is always clamoring about the farmer's slaughtering game all the time, as though it were done so continuously he had no moments to devote to husbandry. And many farmers, too, err in the same manner, accusing sportsmen of wantonly killing game, because they heard shooting, when no violation was committed.

Personally, during a life in the open, I always felt positive that with the farmer acts speak louder than words where quail shooting is concerned. In my own country, my eyes were opened to this long ago. A rich farmer arrived from Illinois and bought up a large tract of what was known as flat woods land—land of poor fertility, but which had always appealed to the farmer prairie residents. The land was exceedingly cheap, and our local real estate agent dumped a load on the man who immediately, with the vast amount of acreage in his possession, began to feel that he was a land baron. As was his wont at home, he posted his land against hunting, declaring that he would shoot the first man who trespassed.

His threat of shooting had little effect on me. Had it been the verbal threat of an Ozarker, I would have been on my guard and made my approaches gingerly. I never shot in his locality, yet I was peeved at his attitude. Resentment waxed high against a man who would post his worthless "ole crawfish land" against quail shooting when nobody ever went there for that purpose, anyway. Rightaway, I vowed that I would shoot on his place, but only on his invitation, and, as I usually did with other landowners, give him the best part of the birds. Though I killed a lot of quails, very seldom did I bring home more than two or three. I was sure of one thing: I would not ask this land baron for the privilege of hunting.

The land baron talked a great deal about quails, especially stressing his fondness "fer them little pa'tridges," as he called them. He started right away with intensive farming, and, as was expected by me, soon did not have half the supply of birds on his ground that he had had on his arrival, though his injunction about shooting was meticulously obeyed by everyone. All at once a severe winter came into upper Dixie Land and unless something was done quails were threatened with extirpation. Sleet and snow, snow and sleet was the

(Continued on page 59)

Jug Lines and Ida!

By

HOWARD J. WOOD

Drawings by Ferd Himme

THE writer of this series of the amusing adventures of Satrun and Monsoon tells us that he has spent many enjoyable hours fishing side by side with those quaint ebony fishermen—and with jugs too! EDITOR.

TO Satrun J. Spooner fishing was a mere habit. He found, too, that narrowing himself down to one woman was interfering with that habit. In short, Mr. Spooner made it public that marrying Ida "was de crownin' blunder whut I brung on myse'f."

Indeed, Satrun had cause to complain. And the highlight of his lamentations was Ida's last command to him, which was, "shy 'way fum dat riber an' come back wid job on yo' han's."

The harassed husband sat on the river bank reiterating his misfortunes—to himself. And that isn't all! Satrun's fishing partner, Monsoon K. Porter, lay sprawled out nearby, unconsciously waging a losing war with gnats. Mr. Porter was only conscious enough to keep his willow pole balanced on a knee.

"Don't us fotch home some fishes," lamented Satrun, "I'se gwine need de su'vices of Doc Poth wid sev'ral undehtakers standin' by."

Which announcement caused Monsoon to wince. More, it snatched him from the arms of Morpheus! Monsoon, though, wasn't hamstrung by any nuptial knots, like his partner. But he recalled the last—the twentieth—time Ida had raked him over the coals for dilly-dallying around with her husband.

"Suffren toad frogs, Satrun!" mumbled Monsoon, yawning. "Rest yo' jaw! 'Minds me dat 'gator gar I ketched yestiddy . . . . all mouf."

"Dat's mor'n you is," shot back Satrun. "You looks like dat ole turtle loggin' on dat stump oveh yondeh . . . . all time sleep!"

Monsoon started a retort, but the jerking of his pole robbed him of speech—temporarily. What he did, was to get up and commence angling.

"Play him, Monsoon," yowled Satrun. "Dat's de way. B-b-boy, you is hook er whale!"

"Shut yo' mouf!" yelped Monsoon. "Anglin' am de bestest thing I's able do."

"Hol' him, Monsoon!" Satrun blanched around the ears. "Does you lan' dat whale Ida gwine let me fish fum now on."

"I hol's him!"

Monsoon was right—he did hold him. That is, until his line snapped! After which Satrun exploded.

"Dar now!" he boomed. "Ain't dat hell. Huccome you ain't angle dat fish proper?" Satrun grew boisterous. "Ef you ketch dat fish Ida ain't mow us down like she sho gwine do now."

"Hmph! Ida ain't gwine mow nuthin' down. 'Cause I has er scheme. An' nemmind 'bout dat whale, too . . . . dat fish on'y pull like ole hickory shad."

"Hickory shad!" Satrun was mad. "Hee! hee! hee! whut's ailin' you, black boy? Shovel-nose mudcat whut he was . . . . but whut 'bout dat scheme you has?"

Monsoon giggled, then inflated himself. "De scheme am dis: us has to tote home fishes, ain't us? Den us gwine jug fish."

"Jug fish?"

"Sho is."

"Tell me how kin us, Monsoon? I craves fac's."

With Satrun primed to listen, Monsoon continued. "Jug fishin' whut us gwine do, an' hit ain't no foolishment like dat 'stylish fishin' whut you git me into onct." Monsoon laughed, gigantically. "An' Ida greets us wid open arms do us git active wid dem jugs."

Satrun was puzzled. "But how is us gwine fish wid jugs?"

"You's plumb dumb, ain't you?" answered Monsoon hotly. "Lissen whilst you heahs.

"Us gwine up to Seguin whah us borrows sev'ral dem-johns whut ain't in su'vice. Afteh which us tie ouar lines to de jug handles, baits de hooks, an' den frows de outfit in de riber. Ketches us some baits an'—"

"Whoa!" cut in Satrun. "How us gwine rescue de jugs—an' fishes. Huh?"

"I is gettin' round to dat," answered Monsoon. "Baits de hooks wid 'helgomites' an' angle worms an' grasshoppers an' stuff, an' den when de fishes gits on de jugs us rows out in dat boat us gwine borrow fum Mist' Bryan, whut's all time fishin' wid whisky-bugs, an' puts de fishes in de boat."

Finished, Monsoon sprawled on the bank. Orating tired him out.

But Satrun was aroused. "Dem jugs li'ble sink when de fishes gits on dem, ain't dey?"

"Boy, you sho is dumb," laughed Satrun. "Fust us stops up de jugs wid corks."

"Hot dam!" Satrun grew toad eyed. "I gits de idee now. De fishes gits on de hooks whilst de jugs flow down stream. Ain't dat hit?"

"Nuthin' else but," agreed Monsoon.

A BIT later, which was about three hours, the ebony partners, tired of feet and laden with six one-gallon jugs, ambled up to their favorite fishing hole at Holloman's Bend. What's more, they were having words!

"Seguin fo'ks sho' mus' be usin' dey jugs reg'lar, fum de trouble us had findin' dese empties," argued Monsoon.

"Hmm!" mumbled Satrun. "Dawg-gone dem jugs, nohow. Whut's gwine happ'n do Ida ketch us wid dem on ouar han's?"

"Ida ain't gwine ketch dem on ouar han's," flared Monsoon. "Ida gwine swim do she ketch dem jugs."

The chocolate-hued fishermen argued on, and jug lines slowly took form.

The task of making ready the top-heavy fishing equipment finally finished, they shuffled into the nearby brush, bait hunting.

Satrun spied an insect—and lunged.

"Look out!" wailed Monsoon. "Dat ain't no grasshopper . . . . dat's 'er yellar jacket."

But Moonsoon's thick tongue worked too slow.

"O-o-o-ouch! W-o-w! Git 'way now, wasp. G'on, I ain't afteh you!"

A bit later Monsoon spied what he figured would be a choice bait. "C'mon li'l millum-leg worm, trouts lookin' for you."

"Chunk dat bug 'way!" shouted Satrun—one eye swollen shut. "He ain't no *leg* bug . . . . He's 'er center-pede!"

Monsoon dropped it as if it were an asp.

The partners then decided to wade out in the shallow water of the rapids, where they could obtain hellgrammites from the slippery rocks. They managed to uncover six of them.

Still arguing the fishermen returned to the jugs, baited the hooks, and then flung the jugs far out into the slow-moving stream.

"Us ketches some fishes now," prophesied Monsoon.

Hardly had he spoken when a jug bobbed to and fro, disappeared, bobbed up again, and went skimming over the water toward the opposite bank.

"Hot dam!" yelped Satrun. "Us is kotched er fish. Les' git active."

The excited fishermen rushed down stream, to where the borrowed row boat was tied to a tree. Quickly they untied the rope, selected seats, and embarked up stream.

"Look at dat jug!" shouted Satrun after a bit. "An' dar goes nuther scootin' oveh

"Whoa, Monsoon—reverse dem paddles—de rapids!"

de watah. Golly! Suffren' tadpoles! . . . . dar goes de third . . . . an' de fo'th!"

Four of the six jugs were now going through a series of crazy gyrations. Two drifted down stream with the current. The four others swished and swirled; bobbed and swerved.

At last the boat moved into a position, where the frog-eyed fishermen watched the tug-of-war between fish and jugs.

"Whut now?" demanded Satrun.

Monsoon grinned.

"Row down de jugs, dat's all," he said.

"But dey's jugs ev'ywhah! Nutin' but jugs!"

Monsoon pulled at the oars. "Us gwine run down er jug at er time," he said. Then: "Out o' my way, jug, I is comin'."

One jug, now bobbing, now circling, started off down stream. Monsoon, applying the oars, headed the boat for it.

Down stream they raced—boat and jug.

"Work dem oars," howled Satrun. "Us is ovehtakin' dat jug."

Down, down stream they raced.

"Keep up de good work, Monsoon. Us is . . . . Whoa!—"

Satrun's tongue balked. But he finally got it going again:

"Whoa! Monsoon—reverse dem paddles . . . . de rapids!"

Monsoon, who was facing the boat's stern, turned his head: then groaned.

"Lawd er muccy!" he groaned. "Say yo' prayers, Satrun!"

Which advice Mr. Spooner certainly would have heeded. But he didn't have time! For the boat now spun like a pinwheel, then pitched sideways, and went shooting into the swirling rapids—stern first.

Monsoon moaned again. "I jines de church do I su'vive."

Wham!

The frail boat hit something that sent it hopping, skipping and jumping over the rapids. Its cargo shivered.

The boat picked up speed. Satrun looked at Monsoon foolishly.

"You swims, kain't you, pale man?"

"Hmm! I floats!"

On and on sped the boat.

"Us goin' fas'," ventured Satrun. "And us goin' down ribber too close to de cabin—an' Ida to suit dis nigger."

"'Fraid-cat!" muttered Monsoon.

At a bend the boat struck a projecting log.

Crunch!

It listed to starboard, creaked, and then upended. In a bit it swerved into a whirlpool, spun like a top, and went under.

To their horror they saw Ida approaching.

A FLASH later the wreckage lodged on a gravel bar in the shallows below the rapids. After which two waterlogged fishermen untangled themselves from the debris and crawfished themselves to dry land.

Satrun stretched himself on the warm pebbles and spewed like a sea elephant. "Is you daid yit, jug fisher?" he ventured, heatedly.

"Naw, I ain't daid," retorted Monsoon. "But I is jes' on de verge."

"Den if you ain't daid, you is li'ble be," boomed a voice in the underbrush of the bank. Instinct told them it was Ida. "An' Satrun jines up wid you does you take de trip!"

After which Ida—Mrs. Satrun J. Spooner—scrambled onto the bar.

"Satrun!" she wailed. "Foolin' 'round wid dem fishes whut you never ketches, is you? Huh? Huccome you ain't git dat job?"

"Ida, honey, I gits de job," alibied Satrun. "I has been 'pointed custod'an dis heah rowboat for Mist' Bryan."

But it didn't do any good. For, as he spoke, a lone jug came bobbing over the rapids and lodged on the gravel bar.

Ida peered out at it. Then she picked up a sizable piece of driftwood and, with two swings, put both boys to sleep.

She then hauled in the jug, straightened, and her purple lips "O-ed."

"Hot diggity!" she beamed. "I sho' eats trout t'night."

COMING—
FURTHER ADVENTURES OF
SATRUN AND MONSOON

The boat went shooting into the rapids after the tumbling jugs.

The Autobiography of a Worm

By H. P. Dowler

More or less authentic nature notes on the fisherman's best and lowliest friend.

I AM of German descent. Worm history records the migration of our race to these grounds in the year 1521, when men assembled for the Diet of Worms in Germany.

My early education was not neglected; I was well grounded in many subjects for I always went to the root of things. I soon advanced to the position of cashier in a clay bank which adjoined a school of fish. One day I stuck my head out of the bank and each fish in the school wanted me to enter their anatomy course, saying I would pass through and come out into the world with a fertile mind, and body. They knew for they had digested similar subjects. I never took any worm medicine for it would not cure my ailment, which is curvature of the spine. I completed a course in vocal training and often sang my favorite so-low, "Massa's in the cold, cold ground."

I am not in sympathy with the Rockefeller method of abolishing the hook worm. They should begin at the source and abolish only the hook, it would be more to the point and could be straightened out, provided they could get a line on it. Just seems to go right through me when I see a fish hook. Eaters of fish should catch them on the fly.

We do not hold measuring worms in high esteem for they double up and give us short measure. We prefer to have our measuring done with a tape-worm. Had a deal on one time with another worm and I intended to pull his leg, but discovered it was a 100 legged worm and I didn't have enough pull.

In my youth I was fond of the sport called "tug of war." We always played against birds; they would try to pull us out of a hole and we would try to pull them in. The birds never won unless we were all in, with over-exertion. Worms like birds and often feed them.

Early in life I took to drinking and when I got canned it seemed I always went fishing with some man, but fortunately for me, the man usually got canned up, too, when fishing, and when he, nervously, tried to bait me on so he could throw his hooks into me, I fell from grace to the ground as he uttered a cuss word. Drink never went to my head, too far to go. Once I got caught with a hook that passed through my appendix, then I flew through the air, landed on the water, sank down to the bottom, came up in a sucker, felt like a Jonah and escaped when the man cleaned the fish. Some experience for an innocent young worm.

I was not what you would call a good worm; spent too much time in the bright light districts where the glow worm maidens would dance the crawl with me.

In my mature years I have followed but one course in life; not the straight and narrow path, only the narrow. I could never hold any position for any length of time, possibly because I always laid down on the job. I never prospered, but was always in the hole. Seemed that whenever I could see daylight ahead, a bird would present its bill and I would go in the hole again. Could never get on my feet.

Traps and Trails

By
REX BRASHER
Author of Secrets of the Friendly Woods

Drawings by the Author

REX BRASHER, naturalist, artist and author, is recognized as one of the greatest living painters of bird life. His information about birds and animals is amazingly intimate. Mr. Brasher has been working for years on a stupendous history of the Birds and Trees of North America, in twelve volumes containing seventy hand colored plates per volume, the first of which is soon to appear, at a cost of $100 a volume. EDITOR.

THE driver swerved in toward the path and stopped opposite a man from whose coat lapels showed two points of a star badge.

"Are you an officer?"

"Huh huh—sheriff."

"Are you deaf?"

"No."

"Don't you hear that shooting going on down below there?"

"Yes."

"Well, isn't that posted ground?"

"Say, young feller, you're as full of questions as a pig's tail!"

"Maybe. But if there's any game around here I want to get some of it. And he's cracking away at big white geese!"

"White geese, eh?—Well, now it's my turn: See him hit anything?"

"No, I didn't."

"You're the eleventh law-abiding citizen who's complained today. That's my deputy. Better go down and talk to Jim. He likes company; likes to gabble. And maybe you'll learn something."

The "pig's tail" found Jim a pleasant young fellow and also discovered "gabble" was entirely the wrong word to define his remarks. Out of doors glinted in his eyes, reflected from his tanned skin and expressed itself in the way he moved.

A flock of "white geese" wavered downward. Jim waited until they were almost ready to alight, then fired both barrels. The birds towered slowly and sheered off to the southward.

"Why, I believe you're not trying to hit 'em!"

"Good guess! I'm a life saver, not a killer—although the birds probably think a Chicago bandit has opened up on 'em when I turn loose this ten bore."

"I don't get the idea. Men with gray eyes like yours are usually good shots but you haven't stirred a feather. Ammunition costs money. What are you wasting it for?"

"This Niagara River runs at right angles to one of the migration lines of wild fowl. If you know anything about birds you understand they are very much like us in many ways. Some of these flocks have traveled far. They are tired and any sheet of water looks as enticing to them as our 'downy' does to us after a hard day. Heavy-bodied birds like geese and swans cannot rise easily from water. If flocks of either of these kinds alight here and drift down to where the current reaches a certain speed they go over the falls. I'm here to keep them from getting into this trap by frightening them off with shot. Do you think it's a waste of ammunition?"

"Of course not! How does it work out?"

"The Wild Geese leaders are wise old birds and seldom make the mistake of landing in this river. I think they know it is dangerous. Geese are wary and it is very unusual for them to be carried over the lip. Swans are not quite so wise, and though I've saved many of them, a few drop in between the cataract and me and are lost. They weigh up to twenty pounds and sometimes are so thoroughly spent that any water is irresistible. They've just *got* to rest. It is much more difficult for swans to get awing than it is for geese, and besides they seem to become panic-stricken when they are gripped by the increased speed of the water as it nears the falls. The terrific roar may add to their terror."

"I don't blame 'em! Anyone would be scared caught in that turmoil."

"That's right!" said Jim. "Late one afternoon, about a week ago, when I was going home a bunch of seven swans dropped into the river opposite me within three hundred yards of the falls. The noise of the water drowned my shots. I waved arms, hat and coat and they tried to get into the air but couldn't make it because they kept headed into the current. This brought the air pressure from behind against the upper surface of their beating wings and held them down.

"'Turn around, you chumps!' I yelled. 'You can still make it!'

"Maybe they heard me: I don't know. But I certainly yelled like a steam siren. Anyway, two of 'em *did* turn and swung off from the fatal edge in safety while the rest went down."

A flock of ducks alighted but Jim made no effort to scare them.

"You let the ducks chance it, eh?"

"Those fellows could climb straight out of a hundred foot smokestack. Ducks are never carried over. Watch 'em!"

He stood the shotgun against a tree, picked up a 30-30 rifle and nipped a bullet close to the swimming birds. Up they went like glass balls sprung from a trap.

"*Some* climbers, aren't they?"

"I'll say so! Are you paid for this?—Sounds impertinent but the question is not intended that way."

"I'm only deputy for a few weeks in spring and fall. There's a salary hitched to the job but the real pay comes in feeling I've kept quite a number of those fellows 'up in the air.' Giving them a lift

"Thousands of birds are found at the foot of lighthouses in migration paths. Anyone who has heard a duck or swan driving before a gale strike, and often break, the heavy plate glass surrounding a lens, knows these fellows cannot check their terrific flight."

isn't much trouble and I get more kick out of saving life than taking it. I've roamed a bit and found Nature sets snares enough for wild life without Man chipping in."

"Well, Jim, I wish there were more like you. I'll not forget what I've learned in this very interesting half hour with you."

"Maybe you'll pass the idea along."

Jim's interlocutor passed the idea along to me and his remark about Nature's snares started me thinking on the backward trail of my own roaming.

I HAVE found birds in many sad and strange predicaments; small birds ensnared in spider webs, orioles strangled by string when weaving their long pouched nests, tern and gulls caught by the legs in clam shells, ducks eaten by snapping turtles—tragedies all.

Ruffed Grouse have always exemplified the highest type of game bird, in my estimation.

They are wonderfully expert in guiding their brown feathered ships and yet these gallant quartermasters sometimes get far off the course.

At times they seem to go entirely blind. They will plump full tilt against solid objects in plain sight. They will strike the side of a house, tree trunk, rock or wire fence with equal abandon and fatal results.

The predatory cycle is, of course, the greatest enemy of life, but weather comes a close second. When a norther breaks and blows aside the southeast trade wind on the Florida shore during migration, innumerable birds are drowned. I have found hundreds of dead ones washed ashore on the Keys of southern Florida after such a wind. Bird life was far less in evidence around my home in eastern Dutchess County, New York, during the spring of 1926, than usual, due, doubtless, to the strong incessant northerly winds. Even the friendly robin was represented by only half a dozen. That was a sinister spring with frost holding on clear to the middle of May. Fox sparrows remained weeks after their train should have left for the north, and staged many a scrap with pugnacious male robins—a new picture on the avian jousting field. Migration dates were utterly upset. Juncos and hardy tree sparrows lingered until well into May, weeks after their usual time of departure. Trains on the Migration R. R. had to be rerouted, discontinued or added—a fine transportation mix-up!

Sea birds—auks, murres, ducks, gulls, which live in foggy environment, develop a sense which enables them to travel unhindered through this dangerous curtain. When fog and storm envelop flocks of smaller land birds, results are often fatal.

Wild geese often lose their bearings in fog and once the leader of a flock almost knocked me down. It was on Forest Hill Ridge within the limit of the then City of Brooklyn. I was trying to discern authors of wild honkings all around, when a black form (greatly magnified by the mists) headed directly for me. I ducked as swiftly as a prehistoric ancestor when a winged monster swooped at him. The instinctive crouch was all that saved my top piece for the downthrust from bewildered wings brushed my back.

A recent addition to the list of extinct birds is the Eskimo Curlew. We know less about causes leading to this catastrophe than we do about the passenger pigeon's elimination. Thirty years ago the bird was common on the Long Island beaches during August and September. I remember seeing a large flock on a sand spit near Ruffle Bar in Jamaica Bay, from the deck of an old side-wheeler which

spattered between Canarsie and Rockaway Beach. Suddenly the value of their skins ascended in collector's circles and almost over night they were posted on Lloyd's Avian Bulletin—missing!

Hudson tells of a terrific hailstorm on the Argentine Pampas which decimated entire flocks of Golden Plover. Eskimo curlews followed about the same lines of migration and it is possible a similar outburst extinguished them.

Grouse and Bob Whites can endure low temperatures if food is plentiful. Snow does not interfere with the former's menu for they make out very comfortably on a tree bud diet. Quail are less resourceful and need help when winters are long and snow deep. Bob is a universal favorite and the number of free restaurants arranged by friends and bird clubs is constantly increasing.

One of the hardest-hearted old misers ever known always spreads breakfast for a bevy of quail which tend 'round his chicken yard. He lives on crackers and cheese, charges his sister a quarter to hitch up and drive her to church, would fight for hours over a few cents' difference in a deal, but Bob Whites are given plenty of grain!

As Darwin remarked (when a friend thanked him for his book on Evolution because it enabled him "to understand God"), "How queerly some minds work!"

Both grouse and quail seek shelter from cold winds in the snow. When sleet seals the covering with ice armor they never emerge.

One day in late November I saw the Frost King play one of his grim tricks: A king fisher rattled past and alighted a few hundred feet ahead on a limb above a small pond formed by the lethargic brook's expansion. The previous night had been cold enough to form new ice. Watching him with the thought in my mind that it would be wise to head southward, I saw him dive. Brush interfered with my view of the pond and when he did not reappear I went over to see what had happened. I found him flat on the ice with a broken neck.

Albatrosses are compelled to paddle some distance on water or to run on land before attaining momentum enough to rise. On Pacific Islands where Laysan Albatrosses breed, interlaced exposed roots cover certain areas. A bird alighting in this maze is tripped in attempting to rise. Repeated efforts fail and the birds become so discouraged they settle down to await the end by starvation.

Destruction caused by oil ponds and alkali poisoning has been so ably presented by Dr. Nelson in a recent article that repetition is unnecessary.

Man brings an ironic touch to the field of devastation when he erects lighthouses to aid his own kind—invaluable to man but deadly to birds. Thousands of birds are found at the foot of all these beacons in migration paths. Some English lighthouses are equipped with resting rails which are proving efficacious in saving many feathered lives. These racks help only the perching birds and are useless for ducks and similar species. Anyone who has heard a duck driving before a gale strike, and often break, the heavy plate glass surrounding a lens, knows these fellows cannot check their terrific flight in time to take a seat on the bleachers!

One December day I stood on the porch of the Shinnecock lightkeeper's dwelling, looking out over a feather-white bay. Long skeins of ducks came in from the north, circling uneasily. Some flocks hunted a lee and settled down, other bunches headed off over the beach and went on to the south'ard.

"She's makin' and come night it'll be right dusty. Better come down after supper. I'm on from sunset till twelve and this is goin' to be a regular snorter out of the nor'east. Things'll be lively up in the tower tonight!"

At the foot of the spiral iron stairway, wind tremors were scarcely perceptible but the structure's quivering increased with ascent. Halfway up the hollow shaft was shaking and when I entered the little room below the light, only Raynor's presence prevented a right about and down again! There he sat, smoking calmly while the room cavorted with an attack of *delirium Aeolius!* A pail, three-quarters full, threatened to slop the water all over the floor.—My mistake! Should have said *deck* for that's the way that floor acted.

"Say!" I began.

"O, you'll get used to it. 'Tain't nothin' to '88. If I'd a spit off the top that time it'd landed in the bay!"

A sound like a pistol shot cracked above the sleety uproar.

Raynor ascended the short flight of steps, opened the door and looked into the light room.

"That feller was goin' some but didn't smash anything. Let's take a peek outside a minute. Mind what I tell you—keep to lu'ard! If one of those bullets struck you there'd be a hole where he hit."

Ducks were streaming by on humming wings, each one a globule of gold as it shot into the ray arc. At intervals an unfortunate collided with the shaft.

"Don't worry as long as they hit below the glass but they're movin' so fast that they're likely to bust the outer plate if they hit it square."

"How fast do you think they're goin'?"

"Close to a hundred miles an hour."

A louder crash than usual, followed by sounds of breaking glass, brought us inside on the jump. Raynor's prophecy had come true. We hustled outside one of the heavy plate panes which had been brought up in readiness for such an accident.

While clearing away broken pieces from the iron frame, I glimpsed out of an eye corner a bird headed my way, and dodged.

"If one of those twelve inch shells has your name on it, dodgin' won't help."

"You're as cheerful as a morgue, skipper."

"Might as well grin as cry."

We played around with catastrophe on that swaying icy perch until the new glass was locked in the frame.

"You've got nerve. Not a bit scared."

"That's all you know about it! I was thinking all the hundred hours we were up there I'd certainly be put in the same basket with the ducks in the morning."

"Wall, no, we'd a given you a separate box."

The cold blooded cuss never let his pipe go out through it all.

What's Happening

Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

By SETH E. GORDON

Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

Refuge Prospects Good

AT last there are excellent prospects for passing a suitable migratory bird refuge bill! The Norbeck bill passed the Senate last spring after a bitter fight and is now pending in the House. When the smoke of battle cleared away it was scarcely recognizable, but out of it all has come something more vital than the refuge bill itself—real harmony and co-operation among the conservationists of America.

This bill has hung fire for ten years. It would have passed finally on two different occasions had it not been for most unfortunate accidents which befell leaders having the measure in charge. During the long fight quite a bit of bad blood was engendered; America failed miserably to keep her obligations with Canada; and the waterfowl supply kept getting into worse straits every year.

Refuges Are Greatest Need

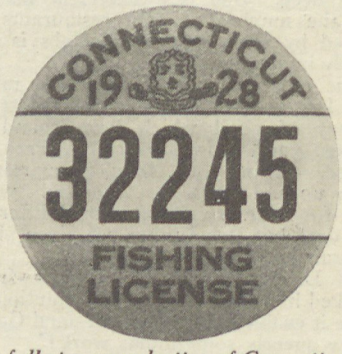
THE opposition to the original bill has come principally from those who objected to a special federal license and to the attempt to guarantee the average citizen a place to hunt. Nearly everyone has had some well defined ideas on these two phases, but others objected to the measure because they feared it would give the federal government more power to interfere with state rights, which was entirely without foundation in fact. Others insisted that a reduction in bag limits and seasons was of paramount importance, and injected that issue into the fight. Things went from bad to worse.

Those who know the facts in the case have always agreed that many properly administered refuges and feeding and breeding areas are the greatest need, and have used their influence to bring about the enactment of a refuge bill as quickly as possible, even though the details might not be perfect.

National Committee Organized

ON October 12, 1928, "Columbus Day," a National Committee on Wild Life Legislation was organized in Washington. The organization of this committee is recognized as the most advanced step ever taken in behalf of the wild life of America.

This Committee was organized in compliance with a resolution passed at a joint convention of conservation officials and leaders of organizations at Seattle the latter part of August. The personnel of the committee consists of Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, President of the National Association of Audubon Societies, New York City, Chairman; Carlos Avery, President of the American Game Protective Association, New York City, Vice Chairman; Seth E. Gordon, Conservation Director of the Izaak Walton League of America, Chicago, Secretary; Dr. John C. Phillips, President of the American Wild Fowlers, Wenham, Massachusetts, Treasurer; and Messrs. George D. Pratt, President of the American Forestry Association, New York City; E. Lee LeCompte, State Game Warden of Maryland, representing the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners; R. G. Parvin, State Game and Fish Commissioner of Colorado, representing the Western Association of Fish and Game Commissioners; I. Zellerbach, President of the California Game and Fish Commission; I. T. Quinn, State Game and Fish Commissioner of Alabama; Keith McCanse, State Game and Fish Commissioner of Missouri; and Gustavus Pope, a well known conservationist of Detroit.



A full-size reproduction of Connecticut's fishing license button. Note how the numbers stand out.

"The members of this committee," said the press announcement, "are all recognized leaders in conservation affairs, and because of their geographical distribution throughout America will bring together the best thought of the entire nation on this very important subject.

"In addition to perfecting an organization and laying plans for future activities, the committee decided to make the Norbeck Migratory Bird Refuge Bill, which has passed the Senate and is now pending in the House, its first order of business.

Refuges to Produce—States to Harvest

"AFTER due deliberation the committee decided to support the Norbeck Bill in principle as it now stands before the House, but will recommend such minor amendments as may be desirable to make it effective.

"In effect this means that the plan is to secure from Congress *an annual appropriation of one million dollars for the creation of inviolate migratory bird refuges* throughout the entire country rather than ask the sportsmen of America to contribute the funds through a federal hunting license. It also means that the government will not undertake to supply and administer public hunting areas adjacent to these refuges, but will leave these matters entirely in the hands of the several states."

This is a step for which many conservation leaders have hoped, and the prospects for real coordination of effort are now most excellent. *Let your Congressman know how you feel about this bill without delay.*

Southern Forest Education

NO part of the United States suffers so terribly from the forest fire menace as does the South. Burning the forests in the hope of eradicating the cattle tick and furnishing more grazing for the cattle has been a despicable habit for many years.

Through the efforts of the American Forestry Association a fund of $50,000 per year has been guaranteed and a three-year fire prevention educational program under the leadership of W. C. McCormick, stationed at Thomasville, Georgia, has been launched which will reach into every village and hamlet in Florida, Georgia and Mississippi. In this effort the Association is emulating the wonderful fire suppression work done by the Canadian Forestry Association which through lectures, exhibits, and motion pictures has carried the message to all the back country people of the Canadian Provinces.

National Game Conference

THE annual National Game Conference, held regularly during the past fifteen years under the auspices of the American Game Protective Association, will convene in New York City on December 3 and 4. Carlos Avery, President of the Association, is planning to have as many of the big conservation organizations as possible participate in the conference. Mr. Avery says the program will be very interesting and educational.

While the conference is devoted primarily to game matters, the program is so arranged that many other phases of our intricate and inter-related outdoor problems are discussed. Officials and sportsmen are expected in goodly numbers from most of the states and Canada.

These annual conferences have done much to bring about more uniformity in laws and in methods of handling game conservation problems. Get-together conferences like this are always helpful to both officials and laymen.

in Conservation

Seth Gordon is acknowledged as one of America's leading conservationists. His knowledge of conservation affairs is exceptional and nation-wide. Read his answers to queries concerning conservation problems on the following page

The Honor Badge

WHEN one joins a fraternity or similar organization the insignia of that fraternity usually becomes a highly prized possession and is proudly, even though probably inconspicuously, worn. A member would not think of attending functions where a number of fraternity brothers are assembled without his pin or button in place.

When we attend a convention and pay our registration fee we immediately wear the convention badge to show that we are participants in the convention and to serve as a means of identification.

When we receive our new automobile tags we proudly display them, on the first day they are legal, to show that we are law-abiding citizens; that we are paying our share toward good roads and good streets.

Insignia Is Prima Facie Evidence

FAILURE to display the approved insignia of the order, or the convention badge, or even the auto tag, is not necessarily a sign of modesty, but is usually ample evidence that somebody is trying to "crash the gate" without paying his share of the freight—or is a rank outsider who has been rejected for good and sufficient reasons.

Since hunting and fishing in America are now maintained almost wholly by license fees contributed by those who enjoy the sport, there are about ten million "fraternity brothers" who really belong to a select group. (I'll admit that in some states there are still far too many "deadheads" who are not paying their share.) About one-third of the states have recognized the desirability of issuing a tag or button, or both, to the hunters and fishermen of their states. This emblem is a badge of honor among dyed-in-the-wool sportsmen. It is prima facie evidence that the wearer has contributed his bit to the cause—that he belongs!

Benefits Far Exceed Cost

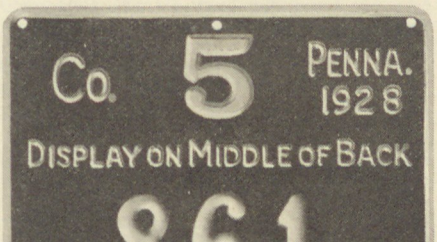
A NUMBER of states have proved that such a button or tag pays dividends in many ways. It costs from two to three cents, but it makes better sportsmen out of men, and women too, who would ordinarily be just hunters or fishermen. It has helped to produce much more money for fish and game work, it has aided in catching the thief, it has given the farmers an insurance against depredations obtainable in no other way, and it has brought numerous other benefits which far offset any slight inconvenience on the part of the wearer.

In a sparsely settled region, where one may go for days without crossing the trail of a fellow nimrod, this insignia is not of the same value as in a country where dozens of persons cross one's trail daily.

Among the states which issue a button, similar to the one shown on the first page of this Department, to fishermen, hunters or trappers, or all of them, are Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, and Wisconsin. At least two of these states have supplied buttons only for non-residents, but they can't hope to get much benefit from the plan until residents also are required to display the button. Many of the states provide a neat little pocket on the back of the button for the license which bears the complete identification of the owner, and must always be carried while fishing or hunting.

Maryland and Pennsylvania Hunting Tags

IN two of the states named, Maryland and Pennsylvania, a special tag with conspicuous numerals at least an inch high



The Pennsylvania hunter's license tag reduced to one-fourth. Large numerals with limited copy expedite identification.

is worn by all the licensed hunters and trappers. Pennsylvania originated this plan in 1913 and has used it continuously ever since. On this page is a reduced reproduction of the 1928 enameled metal resident tag used in that state. The base color this year is dark blue and the numerals are white.

Maryland adopted this plan about 1915 and has used it continuously since. The 1928 Maryland resident tag is flexible, straw-colored fabricoid with black numerals. The full size of both the Maryland and Pennsylvania tags is about four and a half by three and three-eighths inches. The colors are changed from year to year.

On the back of the Maryland tag State Game Warden E. Lee LeCompte has printed the following warning:

> "Section 15, Chapter 568, Acts of 1927, requires every hunter to wear this tag conspicuously displayed on outer garment between shoulders at all times when hunting, under a penalty of $20 and costs for not displaying same, and this provision will be strictly enforced."

These buttons and tags pay, *or else these states would not be using them.* Wardens are required to check up on licenses whenever they have an opportunity to do so, but with every hunter or fisherman wearing a proper outward identification every sportsman, and every farmer, can be his own game warden if he really wants to help the cause by catching the crooks. I know from experience that *these identifications are worth more than twice their cost expended for more game protectors.*

How About Your Club?

AS the wealth of the country increases the tendency for men of means to buy large hunting and fishing preserves for their exclusive use is growing at an alarming pace. And if the general public will not take time by the forelock and provide public lands for these purposes, certainly individuals can't be criticised for protecting themselves.

The majority of these clubs are composed of clean, upstanding sportsmen. Many of them protect, feed and stock game and fish on a much more intensive scale than is done by the general public on adjacent territory. Unfortunately, however, some clubs still persist in condoning practices which are unsportsmanlike, illegal and unfair. The effect is most deplorable.

How can Mr. Average Citizen be expected to obey the law when reputable citizens of high standing tolerate violations and make game hogs of themselves?

The Board of Directors of a well-known Mississippi Valley club last fall issued a warning to all its members in the following language:

> "Our attention has been called to the necessity for a more strict observance of the Federal and State game laws, especially those pertaining to the daily bag limits and sunrise and sunset restrictions. To preserve our good standing, and the respect and morale of our employes and neighboring clubs, it is essential that this be done. Members who deliberately violate these restrictions will be reported to the authorities."

More clubs should be doing the same thing, then follow it up with real action—not just a bluff! How about your club?

Kansas Changes Officials

MR. J. B. DOZE, the State Game Warden of Kansas, has resigned to return to his "first love," the publishing business, and Mr. Alva Clapp of Atchison has again taken up the reins.

The work is not new to Alva Clapp. He held this position for some years before Mr. Doze took charge. The Department has grown bigger and more important than ever, and we bespeak for Mr. Clapp the full co-operation of all Waltonians and other conservationists.

What's What and How— in Conservation

How to Get More Ducks

1. Why can't we build a lot of lakes throughout Pennsylvania, plant wild rice and other duck food, or do as Jack Miner does, feed corn and other grain to attract more ducks, and keep a lot of our duck hunters and their money at home? I believe such a plan would also relieve the drain on our upland game birds.—T. H. S., Pennsylvania.

BUILDING large lakes in Pennsylvania is a much more difficult and expensive job than it is in many other states, and duck food will not grow in polluted waters. However, if Jack Miner, with nothing but a brick yard pond, a few live decoys, plenty of food and a lot of perseverance can bring thousands of geese from all points of the compass, surely the great State of Pennsylvania, and all the other states, can materially increase the waterfowl supply within their boundaries.

Because a state is not in the beaten path of the large regular waterfowl flyways is no excuse for hesitancy. Mr. Miner's experience shows that the ducks and geese will go many miles out of their way to get a good meal at a cafeteria that is properly safeguarded against intruders.

Pennsylvania has been planting duck foods in suitable waters, and I am informed the results have been good in many places. If the duck hunters want more of this work done they must not only make their wants known, but they must also get busy and do a lot of duck food planting, lake building, creating refuges, etc.

Why not have your chapter take up this work in a serious way? Expert advice will be yours for the asking.

Fingerlings Produce Results

2. What proof is there that stocking of fingerlings is better than stocking with fry? —J. W., New Hampshire.

THE proof of the pudding is the eating. There are many anglers who will vouch for the benefits derived from the stocking of fingerlings as against stocking with fry. Fish Commissioners generally agree that stocking with fingerlings is far superior. One outstanding testimonial which recently came to my desk was a statement from Dr. Thaddeus Surber, Superintendent of Fish Propagation in Minnesota. Dr. Surber has been engaged in fish cultural work for many years and "knows his fish." He says:

"Fishing for stream trout has been extraordinarily good in the southeastern part of the state, and I find that stocking with fingerlings in the past three years in the north shore streams is now beginning to show splendid results. In fact, I was informed the other day that in certain streams along the north shore of Lake Superior the fishing this season is the best for twenty years."

And here's another from C. D. Clay, Secretary of the Pocatello, Idaho, chapter:

"As a result of rearing and planting fingerling trout to a length of five or six inches in the past four years, during which time more than three-quarters of a million trout have been liberated in our waters, trout, both native mountain and rainbow, are now being caught weighing as much as fourteen pounds. Three to eight pound trout are common, and we are experiencing the best fishing in years."

Can't beat that evidence! The thing for your chapter to do is get busy and establish some rearing ponds just as dozens of other chapters have already done. You will have no trouble in getting all the trout fry you can possibly handle. Will gladly send you my booklet on the subject of fish rearing ponds if it will help you.

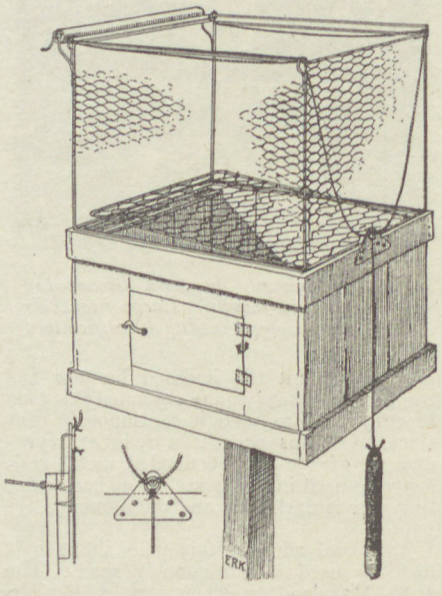
Trapping Hawks

3. Our country is overrun with hawks which I am sure kill a lot of our quail. We have tried shooting them, but this is a slow job. Can't you recommend a good trap or some other way to get rid of these pests? —R. W. N., Tenn.

A GENERAL campaign against all hawks is wrong, because many species do much good by killing rodents which are not only destructive to farm crops and other property, but which destroy enormous quantities of quail eggs every year.

There are several ways to trap hawks. The plan most commonly used about game farms is the pole trap, but if care is not exercised many other beneficial birds are irreparably injured or killed outright.

I would suggest you try the live basket trap recommended by the U. S. Biological Survey illustrated below.



A live chicken or pigeon kept in the lower part of the trap will attract the hawk. An open cage with live hawks or owls nearby also will attract hawks and owls.

A hawk endeavoring to strike the fowl in the trap releases the weight, which in turn pulls the rolled curtain shown at the left of the trap over the top, and the robber is yours to look over and decide what the sentence shall be—death or liberty.

The hawks which are most destructive are the Cooper's Hawk, Sharpshinned Hawk and the Goshawk.

Saving Timber for Parks

4. We have a small tract of fine white pine timber near here which is about to be cut. We would like to save it for a public park, but fear it is out of the question. What do you advise?—R. L. H., Michigan.

THE people in a state with so many fine parks as Michigan has I am sure fully appreciate the value of parks and will respond to a call for help.

You have a live bunch of fellows in your chapter. Why not have a good committee see the lumberman and ascertain what price he will take for such part of the tract as you desire to save? Put it up to him in the right way and I am sure he will be more than fair.

Some months ago the Spokane, Washington, chapter was confronted with just such a case. President Thomas Lally and the boys got busy, put the proposition up to some public-spirited citizens, and they saved the heart of the tract as a public park for all time. All you need is courage! Your proposition is good and will win if you tackle it in the right way.

Another Federal Hatchery Wanted

5. How can we get a federal fish hatchery for our section of the state? We want a bass hatchery.—I. W. S., Indiana.

YOU might do as many others have done, have your Senator or Congressman put up a fight for an appropriation to do the job, but I would not recommend that plan. Too many hatcheries have already been built just because someone with the "pull" got busy and secured the legislation authorizing it. That is not good conservation practice.

The White Five Year Fisheries program which will be reintroduced in Congress in December (see Dr. Ward's article on page 16 of the October issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA) is the sensible way to go about it. Simply pitting your strength against the other fellow's is usually poor business and poor economy.

Whose Game Is It?

6. Last fall I saw a hunter place two fatal shots from a high power automatic through a deer, the deer went down both times and came to his feet, ran about two hundred yards, was brought down by another party with buckshot. Whose deer was it? How should it have been divided? Has there been a Supreme Court decision in West Virginia on killing wounded game?—G. S. C., West Virginia.

I AM not conversant with the rulings of your courts on this subject in West Virginia.

Generally speaking, the practice followed by sportsmen throughout the country is that where a hunter inflicts a mortal wound and follows his quarry as rapidly as is humanly possible, the hunter inflicting the first mortal wound is given credit with having killed the game.

Among some sportsmen, particularly where a group of men are hunting together, the man who draws first blood usually receives the trophy, the meat being divided.

The sportsmanlike thing to do is for all parties concerned to get together and come to an amicable agreement. I know this is often difficult, particularly where two or three different hunting parties are in on the kill, as is frequently the case.

Kirk E. Gordon

Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League.

Stocking Our Trout Streams

By R. K. Dixon

Drawing by George Leonard Herter

THIS nation is now, more than ever before in its history, faced with conservation and restoration problems which deserve the best efforts of the federal and state governments, the Izaak Walton League, and every conscientious citizen. There are problems in every state and in every community. The best results can be obtained only through the cooperation of the various organizations and individuals interested in this work.

The Izaak Walton League is leading the field in conservation and restoration work at the present time. The meetings of the local chapters, as well as the state and national conventions, give the men interested an opportunity to meet and exchange ideas. I think it would be well if more sectional meetings were held—meetings in which members of the various local chapters interested in the same field of activity would have a chance to become better acquainted. OUTDOOR AMERICA, the official publication of the League, is doing a great deal to educate the public and bring to its attention many undertakings which need support.

The problem with which I am most familiar concerns the attempt that is being made to re-stock the trout streams of Southeastern Minnesota. The largest and best trout streams in this section are in White Water Valley. These streams are well known to all fly fishermen within a radius of 100 miles. Forty years ago these streams were alive with native trout; the stocking of streams was an unheard-of and unnecessary procedure. To reach these streams it was necessary to drive with a horse and buggy over roads that would have been impassable to motor travel if automobiles had been available. My father states that one could fish all day long and not meet half a dozen fishermen. At present, conditions are greatly changed. There are five all-weather-surfaced roads leading into the White Water Valley. The second Sunday after the opening of the trout fishing season in April, 1928, I counted nine cars parked at one bridge and twelve fishermen and fisherwomen with their lines cast into one large pool. There were not over ten rods along the stream where fishermen could not be seen. I hope all of these fishermen were members of the Izaak Walton League and interested in conservation and restoration.

Each one of the three branches of the White Water is at least thirty-five miles in length and drains thousands of acres of cultivated land. Because of this fact, in the spring of the year and following heavy rain storms, these sparkling streams become muddy rivers. This sudden change in the condition of the streams has been very discouraging to many who have been interested in stocking them with trout.

It was thought that during these freshets the trout were washed away or onto the banks and died. This is probably true to some extent. In the past three years, however, I have been observing several sections of these streams in which fishing is prohibited. The fish are artificially fed and it is not difficult to approach them and estimate the approximate number in certain pools. I have become so well acquainted with some of these trout that I am sure they know me. These fish have gone through several seasons, through many periods of high, muddy waters, but when the water clears they are in the same places.

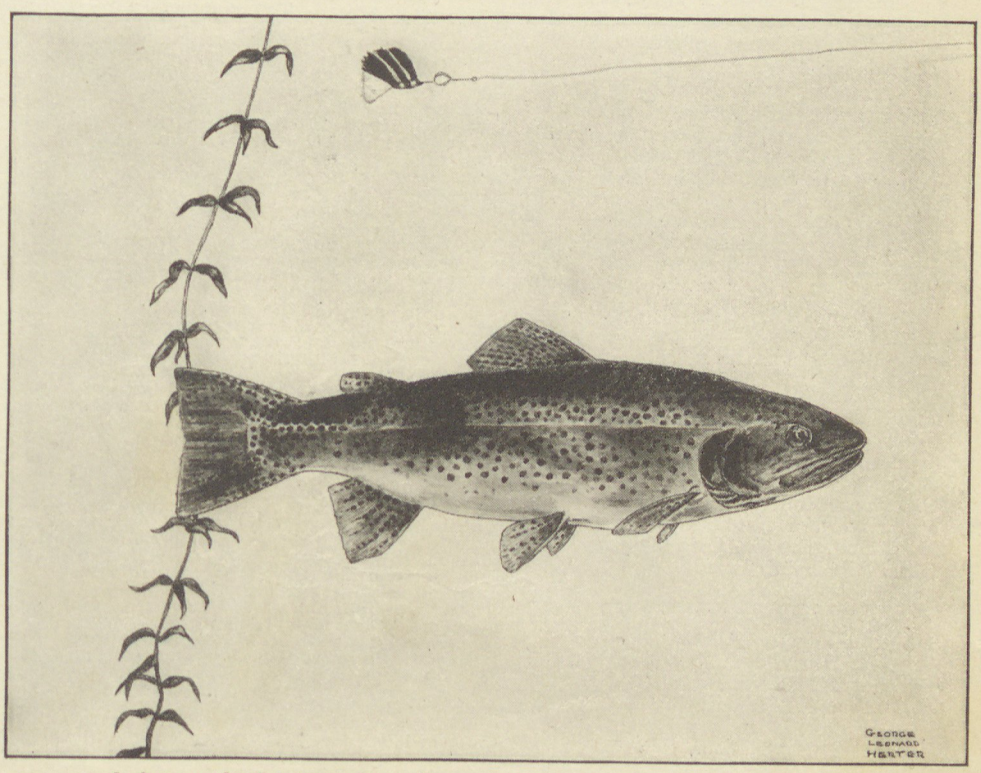
There is one small tributary about three miles in length known to the local fishermen as "trout run." This whole stream, at its head, virtually runs right out of the side of a bluff. This spring provides an ideal spawning bed. Last fall, during the spawning season, literally hundreds of trout came up into this stream to spawn. Large browns from twelve to eighteen inches in length could be seen in shallow water, fanning the sand with their tails, their backs almost out of the water. They deposited their eggs and went back into the deeper holes. One would naturally suppose that this spring there would be thousands of fry hatched out in this creek. This no doubt would have been true, but in February there was an early thaw which raised the stream out of its banks and all the eggs or small fry went down into the Mississippi. There were many three and four-inch trout in this spring which had been liberated from rearing ponds. These small fish weathered the flood, but no small fry are to be seen. I believe this explains why our streams have to be re-stocked with large and hardy mature trout. Fry (one to two-inch trout) have been put into the streams for years but with very poor results because, under the existing conditions, the mortality of such small fish is exceedingly high.

What is the solution of this problem? Trout-rearing ponds as described by Bill Cook of Stevens Point in a recent number of OUTDOOR AMERICA. This method of raising is advocated by the Federal Bureau of Fisheries and has been instituted in this section by Mr. Canfield and Captain Culler. Trout-rearing ponds have been tried locally for nearly ten years, but it took a long time to learn that fish need food the same as any other living things. They are cannibals and, if not fed, will eat each other. In former years, 10,000 fry would be placed in a pond, forgotten for a year or two, and then when next observed there would be a hundred or more nice large trout, the rest of the fry having served as excellent food for the survivors. This is not so profitable, but, if the same method is used with the addition of feedings of ground liver daily, the fry can be raised to four to six-inch trout in from six to nine months. This can be done with a mortality as low as 10 per cent.

The Izaak Walton League Chapters of Rochester and St. Charles have been raising trout for three years. The fry are furnished by the Federal Hatcheries at La Crosse. The St. Charles Chapter has four ponds, each having a capacity of 5,000 trout. The Rochester Chapter maintains one pond with a capacity of 10,000 fry, and one large pond which is divided into four parts by cement dams. This pond last year handled about 35,000 fry. Last fall there were 23,000 four to six-inch fish taken out by actual count. There were from five to ten thousand left in the pond, and there is sufficient natural feed so that these trout are now from five to nine inches in length. We are going to keep them in one division of our pond until the fishing season is over. By the time the season opens in April, 1929, many of them will be good, scrappy twelve-inchers.

In 1927 we kept our fish over until spring. They were somewhat domesticated from artificial feeding. When placed in the streams they took the hook readily and some of the less scrupulous citizens took sixty in a day, something a good Waltonian would never do. The best plan is to do all the liberating in the fall; by so

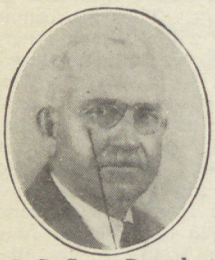
(Continued on page 35)



Isn't it worth a lot of trouble stocking our streams to raise a few babies like this?

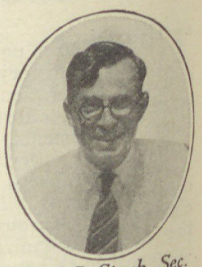
Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters



J. C. Crist, President, Palm Beach Chapter

Palm Beach Chapter Turns Out Town for Annual Meet



Fred C. Stuck, Sec. Palm Beach Chapter

By ELMER BURGESS
Publicity Director, Florida Division

THE Palm Beach County chapter of the Izaak Walton League recently observed its first anniversary with a smoker at which all local civic clubs were invited. This included Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, Exchange, Civitan and the Woman's clubs, the Board of Realtors and Chamber of Commerce.

At this meeting a brief review of the League's activities was brought out. The confiscation of thousands of yards of illegal nets taken from Lake Worth, and the establishment of a game preserve just west of West Palm Beach county, were two important features. A Boy Scout plan of education also was started through the local chapter for the entire state. This is covered by divisional prizes in the state. The winners of the division honors compete at the next annual state convention.

The League's battle against illegal netters has furnished the town with plenty of excitement as well as making the best fishing in Lake Worth the country has seen in years. Lake Worth is a part of the inland waterways of Florida, having inlets opening into the ocean. It is fed by canals from the hinterland.

Several years ago the Seminole Rod and Gun club, long since defunct, used its pressure to get a special law passed prohibiting netting in the lake. But it took the Izaak Walton League to wage an untiring battle for enforcement of this law. League members serving as honorary deputies of the Shell-fish Commission of the state, spent much time, took a long chance and incurred the everlasting disfavor of commercial fishermen who persisted in illegal practices.

Through this work and that of establishing a game preserve and a bass rearing pond, members of the Palm Beach Anglers became interested in the League. Not only did many of these winter residents join the chapter but also contributed a thousand dollar fund to pay for illegal nets caught.

The latest achievement of the local chapter was the saving of Hunter's Island in Lake Worth for a bird sanctuary. For years this has been the habitat of much feathered wild life where nationally known ornithologists have spent much time in acquiring data for their work.

The Internal Improvement board, composed of state officials, had started sale on this island to persons who would have used it for private purposes, thereby driving the birds from their home. Dr. J. C. Crist, president of the League, advised the chapter to take action on this. Local civic bodies were appealed to for co-operation in the fight. The result was that virtually every organization from labor unions and civic bodies to the W. C. T. U., helped wage this fight. The Internal Improvement board rescinded its action in the face of a law suit as a result of this action.

The local chapter has nearly 400 members. It presents a highly efficient organization body of sportsmen and businessmen who take great interest in its work. Interesting the businessmen in the League has been another feature of the work. These men have been presented with the idea that the League stands for better business, in that it makes the county and state more attractive for sportsmen and tourists.

A picnic ground plan is now under consideration by the League. A home talent casting bee is also in the wind. With the winter season not far off, the future is very bright for the local chapter.

State Division Notes

NEW YORK CONVENTION

THE New York convention was held Sept. 20, 21 and 22 at Jamestown. The attendance was approximately 200. 50 chapters were represented.

Officers Elected

Ward B. Edwards, Utica, President.
Leon W. Porter, Utica, Secretary-Treasurer.
Senator L. G. Kirkland, Randolph, Honorary President.
J. T. Matson, Jamestown, 1st Vice-Pres.
L. C. Allyn, Rochester, 2nd Vice-Pres.
John E. Wells, Johnstown, 3rd Vice-Pres.
Fred T. Marshall, Hamilton, 4th Vice-Pres.

DIRECTORS

O. H. Peters, Buffalo.
E. F. Merrill, Jamestown.
Louis P. Lang, Syracuse.
John C. Schantz, Rome.
A. A. Davis, Rochester.
S. Lyman Munson, Jr., Albany.
Prof. Howard Eaton, Geneva.
Hon. H. I. Dunton, Canandaigua.
Chas. A. Gianini, Poland.

DISTRICT VICE-PRESIDENTS

Dr. J. W. Wiltse, Albany.
Wm. M. Southworth, Jr., Brooklyn.
Dr. Harry Learner, Buffalo.
B. D. Amsdell, Jamestown.
F. A. Puffer, Infet.
George E. Clark, Ilion.
Charles V. Ford, Clyde.
S. Earl Conklin, Watkins.

Resolutions

Some of the resolutions adopted are:

To support the increase of hunting and trapping license fees, providing such increase be appropriated wholly to conservation purposes. To recommend a fishing license only of $1.25, a hunting and trapping license of $1.25, and a special deer hunting license of $1.00, and at the option of the Conservation Commission that a joint fishing, hunting and trapping license be issued at $2.25.

To support the move to keep the Quetico-Superior district from exploitation.

To favor the establishment of a state park surrounding the lake formed by the Caneadea Dam. To urge Conservation Commission to take such steps to bring this about.

To oppose issuing of special licenses to net within the one-half mile zone except under the supervision of the Conservation Department.

Recommend that the conservation law relating to the legal bag limits on pheasants be amended to read that two male birds per day be legally taken during the open season.

To request Conservation Commission to consider the establishment of a game refuge on Howland Island situated in Wayne and Cayuga Counties in the Montezuma Marshes.

To appoint a committee to study and propose legislation to eliminate pollution of New York State inland and border waters.

To ask Conservation Commission to take such steps as may be necessary to furnish food for the impoverished deer during the winter months.

That the opinions of the delegates and members of the New York State Division are agreed that the conservation law of 1928 pertaining to the open season on deer does not tend toward the best interests of conservation and, further, that each chapter of the New York State Division take such steps as granted by the Conservation Laws to make a plea for special protection for such areas as affected by the present law governing the season on deer.

Speakers

The main addresses of the convention were given by Mayor Lars A. Larson of Jamestown; Dr. John E. Monger, Director of Health, State of Ohio; Lewis Radcliffe, Assistant Chief United States Bureau of Fisheries; Alexander McDonald, Conservation Commissioner, State of New York; Ward B. Edwards, President New York Division of League, I. W. L. A., Ex-Mayor Samuel A. Carlson, Dr. P. R. Blodgett, President Illinois Division; Harry C. Goodwin, member Executive Committee, Izaak Walton League of America and national director, Rochester, N. Y.; Roy L. Burnmaster, Inspector, Division No. 5, New York State; Charles J. Fish, Director, Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences; Congressman John D. Clarke; Arthur Hawkes, Canadian Journalist.

Arapahoe Chapter Teaches Youngsters Casting Ethics

By Richard W. Waggy
Secretary, Arapahoe Chapter
Littleton, Colo.

ALTHOUGH the Arapahoe chapter is very active in many ways along many different lines, proving that the size of a chapter has little to do with its accomplishments, perhaps the boys' casting tournament that is held every year in connection with the chapter tournament is our most interesting feature.

The Arapahoe chapter, located in Littleton, Colorado, has from the beginning had hardly enough members to keep it on the list as officially active, yet it has done a work among these boys that is really outstanding. As a result of this, the real fishing rod has replaced the willow pole, the fly has taken the place of the bent pin. The scientific side of angling has been accentuated.

The above picture speaks for itself. This is the way the boy anglers of today look. Mr. Joe Jones, founder of the boys' contest, is shown in the rear, and Fred Dekovend, judge of the contests, at the extreme right.

As a result of our annual tournament more good tackle has been sold by our local dealers than ever before, and more good sportsmen have been created here than ever before.

And in addition, the Arapahoe chapter has caused 300,000 trout to be planted in nearby streams which had never been stocked before. The chapter has had "Good Sportsmanship" posters put up throughout the county, and is taking a leading part in a movement to have money collected by the state from the sportsmen devoted to conservation purposes, and to promote the use of rearing ponds instead of dumping state fry directly into streams.

Dues

An amendment was passed that each chapter shall pay annually an amount of $1.00 for each member for state dues. This to become effective January 1, 1929.

KANSAS CONVENTION

THE Kansas Convention was held at Wichita, September 20 to 22, inclusive. The attendance was not large, but the interest in the Convention was noteworthy. Parsons, Kansas, was selected as the next Convention city. The new Izaak Walton home on McKinley Lake will be headquarters for the Convention.

Officers Elected

R. C. Russell, Great Bend, President.
W. H. Poling, Hutchinson, Secretary.

Resolutions

Some of the resolutions adopted:

To endorse Cheyenne Bottoms Refuge Bill.

Support and endorse Superior Forest Bill.

To urge incoming officers to further co-operation between the Boy Scouts and other young people's organizations.

Endorsed progress made by the Kansas Fish and Game Commission.

Speakers

The main addresses of the Convention were given by Orin Steele, United States Game Protector; Mrs. Cora Lewis, Kinsley, and Seth E. Gordon of National Headquarters, Chicago.

Dues

The State dues were increased from 50c to $1 per member, in order that a full-time Secretary and Field Director be employed.

Radio Column

TUNE in, hear your fellow Waltonians on the air, then write to the stations and tell them how you liked it.

KDKA Pittsburgh, Pa. Third Saturday of each month, 7:30 P. M.

KGHF Pueblo, Colo. Every Friday, 8:00 P.M. 209.7 meters. Pueblo chapter. Courtesy KGHF.

KHQ Spokane, Wash., Spokane chapter. Tuesday, 8:30 P. M., Pacific time. Courtesy Louis Wasmer, station owner. 370.2 meters.

KNRC Los Angeles, Cal. 5 to 6 P. M. every evening. "Sporting Outdoor Hour." 500 watts. 375 meters.

WABC Brooklyn, N. Y. Brooklyn chapter. Every Wednesday, 9 P.M. Eastern Standard Time. Auspices of J. Miles Flynn. Station through courtesy of Alfred H. Grebe, WABC.

WASH Grand Rapids, Mich. Grand Rapids chapter. Every Saturday, 7 P.M.

WEBC Duluth, Minn. Duluth chapter. Every Tuesday, 7:45 P.M. Central Standard Time.

WFBG Cable-Tribune, Altoona, Pa. Altoona chapter. Every Thursday 7:30 P.M. 267.7 meters.

WFBR Baltimore, Md. Baltimore chapter. Beginning Oct. 16 broadcast every other Tuesday, 7:15 P.M.

WGBB Freeport, L. I. Re-broadcast of WABC programs on different wave length.

WGES Chicago, Ill. Official National Headquarters station. Courtesy WGES.

WIBX Utica, N. Y. Utica chapter. Every Friday, 7 P.M. Eastern Time. Courtesy Arthur F. Ferriss.

WJBO New Orleans, La. New Orleans chapter. Broadcast once a week. Schedule undetermined as yet.

WJBZ Chicago Heights, Ill. Chicago Heights chapter. Every Tuesday, 8:30 P.M.

WJJD Chicago. First and third Thursdays of each month, 12:30 P.M. Courtesy of WJJD radio station. Illinois division.

WMBC Detroit, Mich. Greater Detroit Chapter. Every Monday at 8 P.M.

WMBH Joplin, Mo. Joplin chapter. Tuesday and Friday evenings. 204 meters.

WOC Davenport, Iowa. Davenport chapter. Schedule undetermined.

WODA Paterson, N. J. Passaic chapter. Every Saturday 9 P. M. Eastern Time. Courtesy WODA.

WSM Nashville, Tenn., schedule undetermined.

WTAD Quincy, Ill. Every Wednesday, 12:35 P.M. to 1 P.M. Courtesy the Gem City Business College.

WTAQ Eau Claire, Wis. Every Wednesday, 6:30 to 7:30 P. M. Courtesy the Gillette Rubber Co.

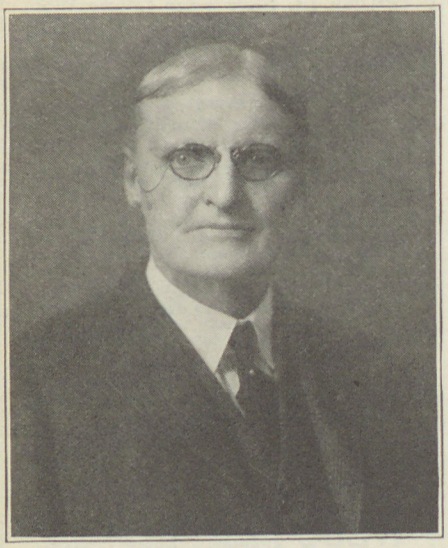
WTAX Streator, Ill., schedule undetermined.

Horicon Marsh a Refuge—

Horicon Marsh, Wisconsin, has been made a game refuge, and is entering on its first hunting season under this status. It is 42,000 acres in extent, and has been the scene of one of the most consistent and courageous fights put up by any Walton League chapter—the fight of the Horicon chapter for its restoration and preservation. The Horicon chapter was awarded first prize by the Wisconsin Land O' Lakes magazine for having put through the outstanding conservation project of the year in that state in its work in behalf of Horicon Marsh.

Chicago to Give Radio Banquet

Dawes, Ward, and others to take part in program to be heard by millions of radio listeners.



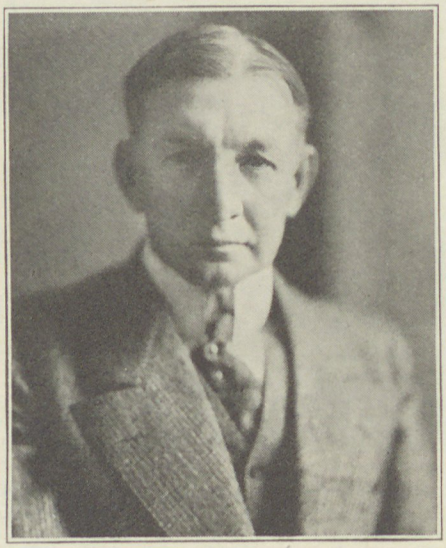
Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward
President, Izaak Walton League of America
One of the principal speakers

A "RADIO" banquet, the most comprehensive ever staged by a Waltonian organization, at which prominent speakers, including the Vice President of the United States, will broadcast conservation speeches over the nation-wide system of the National Broadcasting Co., carrying the message of Waltonism to all parts of the United States, will be staged by the Chicago Chapter of the League on the evening of November 17.

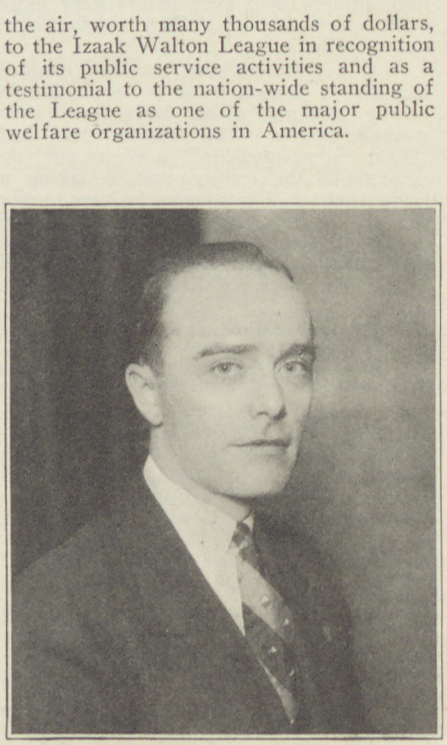
This nation-wide heralding of the message of Waltonism is a high point of the 50,000 member expansion program being conducted by the League. It means more punch and more power to the Waltonian drive which seeks not only gigantic growth within its own ranks to provide strength for its work, but also seeks an awakening of the American people to the need for intelligent, constructive conservation and to the benefits to be derived from the Waltonian creed of action.

Vice President Charles G. Dawes and Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, president of the Izaak Walton League, will be the principal speakers, and among others who have been invited are the Doctors Mayo, famous surgeons, and President Green of the American Federation of Labor. All national officers, directors, division officers, chapter officers, and members of the Izaak Walton League have been invited to attend, and many prominent officials and conservationists have been invited as guests of the Chicago chapter. In addition to the speakers, prominent instrumental, orchestral and vocal artists will contribute to the entertainment. There will be a symphony orchestra of thirty pieces.

The place is the grand ballroom of the Palmer House Hotel in Chicago. The main speakers will be heard between 7 and 8 P. M. Central Standard Time over the nation-wide system of radio stations. This hook-up, one of the most powerful in the United States, is made possible through the courtesy of the National Broadcasting Company, which has donated the time on the air, worth many thousands of dollars, to the Izaak Walton League in recognition of its public service activities and as a testimonial to the nation-wide standing of the League as one of the major public welfare organizations in America.



Charles G. Dawes
Vice President of the United States
Who will make the main address



J. Oliver Riehl
Musical Supervisor, NBC
In charge of the program

Glenn Griswold
President, Chicago Chapter
Chairman of the banquet committee

The National Broadcasting Company is the largest of its kind in the world. Its recognition of the value of the League is important, and the fact that it offers the League the opportunity to speak to millions of Americans insures the success of the present efforts to disseminate the League's message and to rouse the people of the country to its objects.

Nothing of this sort ever has been done before in behalf of conservation in the United States. It is to be the opening gun in a great and spontaneous awakening to the League—its necessity and value to America, and the importance of its immediate growth—and to accentuate the present expansion program of the League as one of the outstanding movements of the decade.

The affair will open with the banquet at 6:30 P. M. and it is expected that the capacity not only of the grand ballroom, but of all adjoining rooms, in which loud speakers will be installed, will be filled to capacity.

Negotiations are under way for obtaining nationally prominent speakers other than those already listed.

Just what stations will carry the program could not be definitely determined at the time the magazine goes to press. The basic blue system of the NBC will be used to start with, and most of these stations will doubtless carry the program. A number of other supplementary stations in the middle west and the west will hook up without question.

Many out of town chapters will be represented at the banquet by contingents which have reserved tables. Several groups are coming from Wisconsin, and southern as well as northern Illinois will be there in representative groups.

Every Waltonian within striking distance is invited to come. Write for reservations to Glenn Griswold at 12 East Grand Ave., Chicago, or simply come anyway without reservations. There will be plenty of room available.

This is the greatest effort Waltonism has made to carry its message on the air to the radio audience of the nation at a single broadcast. It is the high point of a strenuous nationwide program of education as to the need for conservation, constructive building of the outdoors, and the necessity of the Walton League as a component part of American life. Don't fail to tune in on any of the basic blue stations of the National Broadcasting Company.

Restocking Our Streams—(Continued from page 31)

doing, the fish have several months to become adjusted to their new environment and regain their natural shyness. In the fall and winter there is practically no high water.

Propagation of this kind requires money. We have been unusually fortunate in receiving liberal donations, some of them from men who do not fish but who are interested in any constructive movement. The Izaak Walton League has done much to bring about this spirit. This year we intend to handle 100,000 browns in our large pond. We find that the brown trout does decidedly the best in our local streams. It is the hope of many of our local sportsmen that we will be successful in getting the State Game and Fish Commission to cooperate with us in closing one of our streams each year. If this plan is carried out, the stream to be closed will be stocked very heavily in the fall, the year before it is to be closed. Then the six-inch trout that are planted will have about eighteen months in which to grow before any of them will be caught. This, we believe, will eliminate the catching of so many six to eight-inch fish.

I would like to take this opportunity to make a plea for the farmers in whose pastures we fish. Some farmers in this locality have found it necessary to put up "no fishing" signs, because thoughtless fishermen take down their fences and trample over their fields. If we are to keep the good will of the farmers whose land adjoins our trout streams, every consideration will have to be shown them.

The cooperative work that is being carried out in the Northwest by the Federal Bureau of Fisheries deserves the highest praise. The La Crosse Hatchery, the only one with which I am familiar, shipped out 450,000 trout fry in 1927. The majority of these fry went into about forty rearing ponds. When it is considered that some of these ponds have a mortality of less than 10 per cent, it is very evident that something is being accomplished. The La Crosse station not only hatches the fish and feeds them for several weeks, but Mr. Canfield and Captain Culler and their men supervise the ponds and send experienced men with nets and equipment to weigh and count the fish at the end of the season so that a scientific check can be kept on the results obtained. The Fish and Game Department of the State of Minnesota, because of funds made available through a small fishing license, now have facilities so they can raise their fry to the fingerling size before planting them. This brings the planting in the latter part of July or the first weeks in August. After this time, heavy rains and high waters are less frequent and the fingerlings have a much better chance.

This is real progress. I hope it will continue in the same form it has since the establishment of the Izaak Walton League.

Clouds of Destruction—By Claude Nassau

PICTURE in your mind's eye, a forest covering an area greater than that covered by the entire state of Georgia. In this forest grow trees of every species found in the United States. Giant California redwoods, Oregon firs, mighty oaks from the Great Basin, long-leaf pines from Florida's sandy soil, spruce from the rocks of Maine, all are so closely intermingled that their great boughs groan one upon the other.

Out of the north comes an icy blast and patches of gold and brown and red begin to appear. Another blast and myriad leaves, shaken from their places come tumbling down until Mother Earth is covered with a golden blanket. Squirrels scurry up the great trunks with nuts to be laid away in some hollow against the coming months of famine. Files of snowy, long-necked geese honk their way southward, fleeing before King Winter's advance.

A hunter moves stealthily through the forest aisles. Pausing at the base of a giant gum and leaning his gun against it, he lights a cigarette which is soon tossed carelessly aside. He moves on, leaving the cigarette smoldering among the dry leaves.

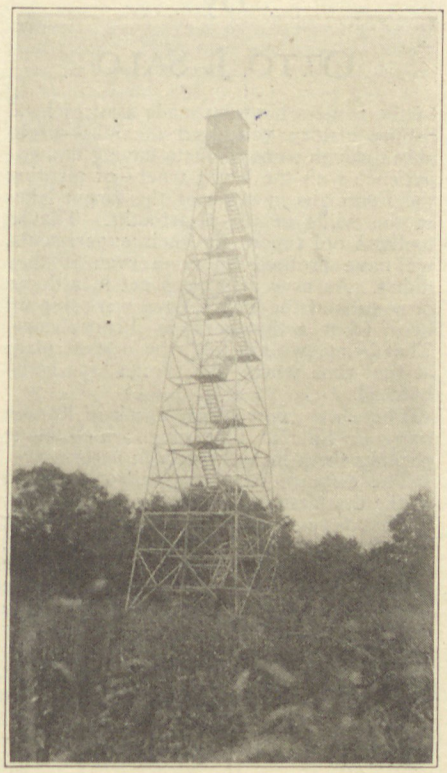
In another part of the forest, a party of campers are hastily gathering their belongings. The bedding and camp utensils are made into compact rolls. With one last look around the camp-site to see that nothing is left, they strap on their packs and are soon lost to sight, leaving scattered cans and papers and—a tiny thread of smoke wending its way upward from the embers of the breakfast fire to bear evidence of the human life that was there.

A donkey-engine puffs and groans and snorts as if in rebellion against the long line of creaking, log-laden cars behind it. Thousands of glowing cinders, belched skyward from the stack are caught by the wind and flung far and wide through the forest.

From the towers of the Forest Service, keen eyes scan the horizon. Binoculars are trained on a low-hanging black cloud. The cloud moves upward in great ominous rolls. It grows momentarily and soon its base is tinged with crimson. The alarm is given and volunteer fighters from far and near answer the call. The rising breeze fans the roaring demon into redoubled fury and it sweeps through the forest destroying everything that lies in its path.

Wild-eyed deer and perhaps a straggling herd of the fast vanishing caribou flee before the monster that pursues them. Their heaving sides and dripping flanks bear testimony that they have travelled far. A blazing forest giant crashes to earth before them blocking their flight. They dash frantically this way and that, searching for some avenue of escape until finally, maddened by the heat, they dash headlong into the flames to be destroyed.

A lumbering mother bear, her half grown cubs, trustfully following, turns for a moment to roar futile defiance at the strange enemy and plunges on. One by one her cubs drop exhausted, and as the last falls, she stands over it. Her chest is flecked with foam as she strikes out with her terrible paws, a puny thing in the hands of this blinding, burning fury that assails and finally overpowers her.



Eyes of the Forest Service.

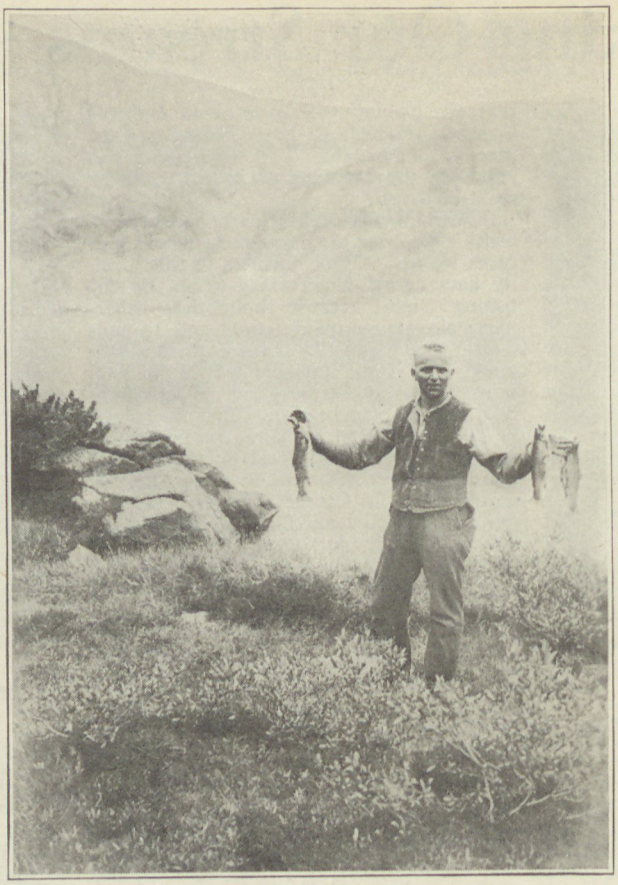
Squirrels, chattering and scolding, take refuge in the tallest trees and hang tenaciously on until scorched and seared they fall into the seething caldron below. All the denizens of the wood are helpless, and countless thousands perish.

Such scenes are enacted many times each day. During 1927 there were 158,438 forest fires, an average of 434 fires a day, burning a combined area of 39,782,440 acres; more acres than there are in the entire state of Georgia. These fires cost $33,137,930.00 and we smokers, we campers, we hunters, we who profess to love the woods and wild things are in large measure responsible. Smokers alone are responsible for each fifth fire and if campers are added, this is raised to one in four.

Incendiary fires cause nearly 25% of the total damage. Surely a callous heart beats within the man who would maliciously set fire to the woodland home of countless mute, helpless creatures. Fortunately most states deal sternly with this criminal, many of them throwing the burden of proof on the accused.

Lightning and other ungovernable causes are responsible for less than 5% of the forest fires as shown by the records of the Forest Service. It is the other 95% that we must work on. Smoker, step on that cigarette; camper, extinguish that camp-fire; lumberman, install efficient cinder traps on your locomotives; and everyone, help bring to justice the torch bearer—that the coming generations may find this America of ours, as we have found it, a land of plenty.

A FEW fools with matches kill more game than many shotguns — *prevent fires.* —SETH GORDON



Two year old Fontinalis from Lake Eya.

Salvelinus Fontinalis As a Lake Fish?

By

OTTO J. SALO

THIS famous frequenter of our present fishing waters, due to quite extensive programs of fish planting during the past thirty odd years, has not in the writer's opinion lost any of his popularity. To the contrary, the more we have to do with him and the more we see of him only tends to increase favorable mention in his behalf.

Many enthusiastic writers, however, and that not without good reasons, would have us believe that he is only found in the clear, babbling brooks of the countryside. His very name, the common title, Eastern Brook Trout, sets the average mind to the belief that only in the brooks of the lowlands will he thrive.

His original home which the writer has been led to believe is at very low altitudes, as compared to the altitudes as they are known in the Rocky Mountain Country, would naturally lead ichthyologists and fish culturists, not knowing differently by experimentation or experience, to believe that altitudes varying from eight to twelve thousand feet above sea level to be impractical for the propagation of this wonder fish. In fact those who have been enthusiastic enough about the species to make application to Federal hatcheries for fry and fingerlings for planting purposes were invariably told that they would not thrive at these high altitudes and the pioneers in this game had much difficulty in obtaining the necessary stock, when it was found out where they were being taken. The writer's own experience just a few years ago being that he was told directly by the Superintendent of a hatchery to plant the native (Salmo Clarkii) instead, as this fish was already acclimated. This advice would not have proven of much value as will be seen later in this article.

However, we have had the most conclusive sort of evidence for many years that the Eastern Brook Trout (Salvelinus Fontinalis) not only thrives in the high altitudes but propagates his kind, and once a place is properly stocked that place is, barring such things as dynamite and the fish hogs' carbide bombs, taken care of forever. And further, that he among all the desirable fish with which we have had experience is the only one so well equipped with the necessary stamina to adapt himself to any and all conditions.

We are not taking into consideration at this time the mountain streams which have anywhere from one to several dozen irrigation ditches leading the fish astray to die by the thousands out in some alfalfa field or cabbage patch. Our experience being that Fontinalis of all the trout or so called trout are the first to leave the main channels, to wander off into the side streams, among them being the ditches. Fontinalis nevertheless is taking care of himself fairly well in these streams, so, as we started out to do, we will consider only the high glacial lakes of the Beartooth Mountains in Montana.

Some thirty odd years ago a group of local trouting enthusiasts whose names probably would mean very little to most of the readers but who made a lot of local fishing history, conceived the idea—probably through some of them having had experience with the brook trout—of planting the Fontinalis in some of the virgin lakes in the wilds of the Beartooths. Thanks to these old timers for their experiments, we have profited by them even if they didn't. As near as we can get it, a dozen or so cans of the little fellows were shipped here from a hatchery in Pennsylvania. That being, we are told, the nearest place at that time where this species was being hatched.

There were no roads to speak of leading into our hills at that time, which made packing them in by horseback necessary.

The distance from the railroad station to the destination is some thirty-five miles, at that time mostly over country without even good trails. Some of the trails had to be made as fallen timber blocked the way in many places. From an altitude of over five thousand feet at the station the first twenty miles or so was a steady climb, the last mile especially being almost on end. The altitude at this point is over eleven thousand feet. From here to the lake a descent was made, the lakes being at an altitude of approximately eight thousand feet.

How many days were consumed on this trip is unknown to the writer, but it is known history that the leader of this expedition due to the hardships of the trip and his age, never again made the trip, so did not get to enjoy the fruits of his labor. Multitudes of others, among them being the writer, have, however, enjoyed the benefits of his foresight and that of his companions. It was in the course of making this trip that one of the members of the party requested that he be allowed to plant some of the precious cargo in the stream that flowed past one of their night camps. Those who claim to know the facts claim that this nearly ended in a row. Part of the gang was for keeping the cargo intact until the set destination was reached; part of them for planting as they went along. Apparently the latter won, for the little alpine stream received a can of the red speckled fellows. All of which leads to the fact that some twelve or fourteen years later, very near to where this camp was located, was where the writer was first introduced to live specimens of Fontinalis.

The balance of that original cargo of fish were planted in a lake, from which they spread up the tributaries of this lake until the entire chain of lakes of which it is a part were thoroughly stocked. Fontinalis now reigns supreme in this territory. They have worked their way through the watershed till many of the vigorous fellows from four to ten inches long may be found near the snowbanks that feed the streams high above timberline.

We know that the natural habitat of the Brook Trout are the brooks of the Eastern states. Perhaps Fontinalis prefers the stream and maybe he can be found in the swiftest parts of these streams, but it's wonderful how he thrives in the lakes, where he grows upwards of six, seven and eight pounds. Some claim even more, but outside of having seen some that looked like ten pounds and having had some on the slim end of the tackle that felt like twelve, there is no actual proof of any above the figures first quoted. Prizes have been won in national contests by fish from these waters.

Some years after the first expedition mentioned above, a prospector and mining engineer, with an enviable reputation as a fish planter, undertook to plant some of the lakes on the home side of the divide with Fontinalis. He was given to understand that this species would not be furnished for planting purposes in high altitudes, as they would not thrive. Every possible method was used to discourage him in his self created but unselfish undertaking. He had on his prospecting trips enjoyed the fishing created by others similarly inclined and was willing, in all fairness, to pay his bill by doing a similar good turn. At first he met with nothing but discouragement at the hands of those who had the say so. The hatchery men had to be convinced that the not too plentiful supply of stock was not being wasted.

Finally, after getting some of them into the hills to look the situation over, he was able to convince them that conditions were

right and only then was he given a supply of stock. These he planted where previously he and others had stocked Steelheads and Natives which after growing to maturity soon disappeared to no one knows where. Probably owing to not being able to adapt themselves to conditions, they just naturally died of old age. As there was no increase the waters were again barren.

The Brooks, however, increased and today, without additional plantings, the lakes provide good fishing and they may be seen in the waters of all sizes from newly hatched spawn to three and four pounds in weight. It must be admitted that they will not do well in all lakes as some of them are not favorably situated. This fish must have a certain amount of sunshine for proper growth, in addition to a plentiful supply of natural food. Some of the lakes in our region where the Brook has not been entirely satisfactory are so situated as to get a very limited amount of sunshine and this for only a short period during the longest days.

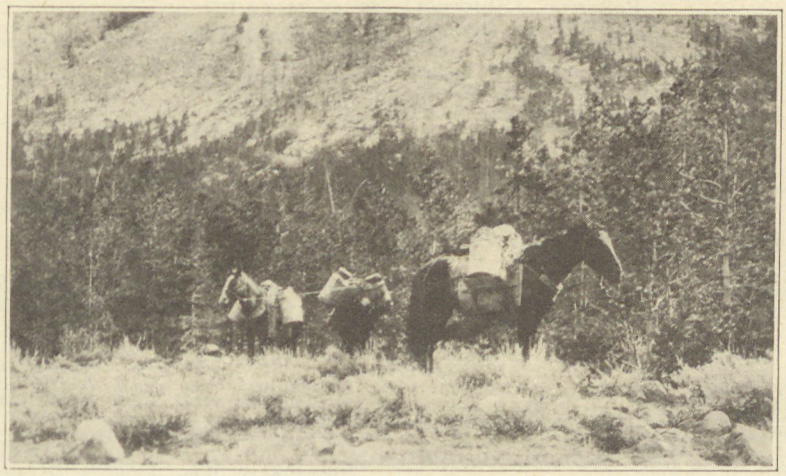
These successful plantings and others by various individuals and the local Rod and Gun Club, were making an impression upon the local enthusiasts of the piscatorial art. Others were spurred on. Along about 1917 the writer found occasion to make many plantings of Fontinalis and other species. The Fontinalis of all those planted turned out to be the most satisfactory in that vicinity. Hundreds of thousands of Fontinalis fingerlings and fry have subsequently been planted in the vicinity of this and other camps with the most encouraging and satisfactory results in nearly every case.

Most of these plantings were made in virgin lakes, where natural barriers such as high waterfalls had prevented natural stocking. The writer was on one trip where the little fellows were taken from a spring creek in which they had been placed earlier in the season for just such occasions. We used an improvised dip net made of mosquito netting stretched over a willow hoop. Galvanized water pails of fourteen quart size were used for transporting them from their temporary home to their new location. The altitude at camp is about 7,500 feet. We took the fish up the side of a timber covered mountain to timberline, then over the plateau at an elevation of twelve thousand feet and then down the other side to the lakes at an elevation of about ten thousand feet. After tempering the water in the pails to the same temperature as that of the lakes we turned them loose. The fish began feeding immediately upon the insects which floated on the surface of the lake. We lost only one specimen out of two crowded pails.

It is not our intention in any sense of the word to condemn the other species of trout, for they all have their place. On the other hand we are trying to show the superiority of Fontinalis as a lake fish in high altitudes, even though he was originally a stream fish. There is no fish that will take the place in the writer's heart and memory of the Native Rocky Mountain Black Spotted, the so called Cut-Throat. The one we used to call—when in his full bloom during and just preceding spawning time—the "yellow-belly."

Nor will he ever let any fish take the place in his regard of the latest comer to our fishing waters, namely, "Salmo Irideus, The Rainbow." He is another type and like the other two has his place and fills a space that can be filled by no other.

The Native of the latter two makes by far the best lake fish in this neighborhood, if he is judged by points and through past experience. We no doubt will have many to dispute this, but until someone can show us otherwise, this will stand. In the first place the Rainbow in most places we have stocked him seems to be subject to some form of parasite or disease, some say one and some the other. When in this condition—and most of those the writer has taken from lake waters have been in this condition—they are entirely worthless. They are not fit to eat or to look at and have no life whatever. They grow long and slender with head and eyes entirely too large in proportion to their make-up. Evidently they are not in their proper element. We will admit though that this may be a temporary seasonal condition, possibly the after effects of spawning. Or it may be overstocked waters or some similar cause but we have it from good authority that it is a parasite in the intestinal tract. This does not seem to affect them in lower altitudes nor in swift water. In the second place they have not the beautiful colors of the swift water fish. The color of the meat is invariably a dirty white. There is no flavor and the meat is coarse.



Three down and six to carry.

On the other hand the meat of the Native is, when reaching a pound or more in weight in the lakes, a rich red in color, fine grained and of excellent flavor. The color and markings of the Native when taken from the lakes is usually richer and more brilliant than when taken from swift water. His fighting qualities can be recommended.

However, summing it all up, we believe that Fontinalis has the other two beaten or equalled on all scores. He gets heavier in the higher lakes, stays in better condition, is more gamy weight for weight, and when he gets large is like a mad bull when hooked, as those who have had him on the slim end of the tackle will testify. At all ages he seems to have more intelligence and under most conditions, varied by the degree of one's hunger, is a better pan fish.

Those from the lakes are far superior in color, texture and flavor. Our streams are clear and cold, in fact much colder than the lakes during the summer so that is not to be taken into consideration as the underlying cause. Some local observers attribute the fact to the difference in feed, notably the presence of large numbers of fresh water shrimp in the lakes.

We have now considered every phase except rapidity of growth. This is where we are in for a lot of grief. Please pad your brickbats with at least two pounds of flax tow or oakum. Bouquets of fresh vegetables preferred to thorny roses. This point has in the past been the cause of many side glances and knowing winks, from many who should know better. Now for it. How fast will Fontinalis grow, when planted in a lake of some ten thousand feet altitude? The first three guesses will not be counted as there is probably some variation according to what lake.

The lake, or rather lakes in question were virgin waters to begin with. Known variously as Chain Lakes, Twin Lakes and other names. The upper lake is correctly called "Eva," the lower one "Vena." They are situated well back in the Beartooths and squarely on the Montana-Wyoming State Line. The writer and a companion stumbled onto them in a fog some seventeen years ago and ever since the obsession to plant them with Fontinalis has possessed the writer, that is, until the fall of 1924 when this became a fact. It was during the summer of that year that we made five trips at various times to ascertain the exact conditions at these lakes. We found them to be barren of fish, though the depth and temperature and food conditions were ideal. We made application for ten cans of Fontinalis fingerlings.

They arrived during the forepart of October that year and immediately upon arrival we transported them by truck to the forks of Rock Creek some twelve miles up the canyon. The fish were fed and the cans placed in the creek for the night. The next day noon found us on the trail with five pack horses and three attendants, including an expert packer, the writer and his brother. We arrived at the lakes at five P. M. in the midst of a flurry of snow. Pack ropes and saddles were covered with ice from water splashing out of the cans. There were only ten dead fish in the cans.

Now then, to come to points: The fish, as before mentioned, were planted during the forepart of October, 1924. Keep the date in mind. Almost two years later, in September, 1926 (watch those dates), we again visited the lakes, expecting to see our live stock grown to at least eight or ten inches in length. That is what had been given us as the normal growth for two seasons by many versed in ichthyology. We had with us a couple of fourteen quart galvanized water pails and some barbless number twelve flies to catch the fish with and transport some of them to another lake just over the ridge. Imagine our consternation when the first fish taken weighed well over two-and-a-half pounds. We took nine of them. Ten hours later when they were weighed the average weight was nearly three pounds. Nine fish and our light tackle was a load coming down that trail in the darkness.

We can furnish affidavits to the fact that previous to our planting these fish there were no Fontinalis in these lakes. As to their growth, that is common knowledge to nearly every observing troutist in this neck of the woods. Do you wonder that we admire his nibs, Salvelinus Fontinalis? Until we are shown something better, we're satisfied. Here's hoping that his popularity may never diminish.

WALTONIAN MERIT MEN

As special marks of distinction the League awards a silver Founder's Button, Waltonism's rarest emblem, to those who organize new chapters and special bronze and silver watch fobs to those who get five and ten new members. Here are those who qualify.

THE "SILVER BUTTON CIRCLE"

HERE ARE THE ELECT IN WALTONISM. EACH HAS FOUNDED A NEW CHAPTER

U. S. HUGHES.....Long Beach, California
C. F. MATHEWS.....Fullerton, California
R. S. McKELVEY.....Fullerton, California
F. E. LING.....Hebron, Indiana
W. H. POLING.....Hutchinson, Kansas
B. MILLER.....Ashley Falls, Mass.
G. M. PALMER.....Fosston, Minn.
R. T. STEDMAN.....Lexington, N. C.
S. E. CONKLIN.....Montour Falls, N. Y.
J. M. FLYNN.....Utica, New York
G. D. McANNICH.....Jennings, Okla.
H. C. MILLER.....Lebanon, Oregon
C. H. EVANS.....Salem, Oregon
DR. P. A. LOAR.....Silverton, Oregon
R. D. JONES.....Milvank, S. D.
A. P. TALLEY.....Brookneal, Va.
W. C. McMAHON.....Cumberland, Wis.

ROLL OF THE "MERIT MEN"

Those who have been awarded the Silver Fob for obtaining ten new members are shown in black type. The others have earned the Bronze Fob by turning in five new members.

C. A. BAARLY.....Elsworth, Wis.
E. G. DRUDING (6).....Elsworth, Wis.
DR. F. W. FOSMO (11)..Elsworth, Wis.
E. MIHLEIS.....Elsworth, Wis.
M. W. YOUNG.....Elsworth, Wis.
B. H. ALBERT.....Milwaukee, Wis.
H. BIERSACH (7).....Milwaukee, Wis.
F. BIRR (6).....Milwaukee, Wis.
C. E. BRUHNS (6).....Milwaukee, Wis.
F. E. BURGHARDT...Milwaukee, Wis.
J. S. COMFORD (27)....Milwaukee, Wis.
L. R. CONGER (12)....Milwaukee, Wis.
F. E. CUDAHY (7).....Milwaukee, Wis.
A. C. ELSER (35).....Milwaukee, Wis.
H. W. ESKUCHE (15)..Milwaukee, Wis.
W. H. FERNHOLZ (42).Milwaukee, Wis.
J. W. FISK (14).....Milwaukee, Wis.
Dr. E. A. FLANCHER (7).....
.....Milwaukee, Wis.
W. M. FOSTER.....Milwaukee, Wis.
E. M. FROELK.....Milwaukee, Wis.
O. H. GAULKE (7).....Milwaukee, Wis.
E. B. GENRICH.....Milwaukee, Wis.
G. F. GERLACH (8)....Milwaukee, Wis.
E. A. GIES (11).....Milwaukee, Wis.
O. J. GROMME (6).....Milwaukee, Wis.
W. E. HAEFNER (7)...Milwaukee, Wis.
R. G. HAYSSEN.....Milwaukee, Wis.
W. P. HUG (23).....Milwaukee, Wis.
C. KANOWSKY (20)....Milwaukee, Wis.
W. J. KERSHAW (6)...Milwaukee, Wis.
W. H. KIECKEFER (17).....
.....**Milwaukee, Wis.**
J. W. KIECKHEFER (11).....
.....**Milwaukee, Wis.**
W. KRANSTOVER (6)..Milwaukee, Wis.
O. L. KUEHN (36).....Milwaukee, Wis.
A. LAHMANN.....Milwaukee, Wis.
G. L. LANDIS (7).....Milwaukee, Wis.
L. C. LANDIS (18).....Milwaukee, Wis.
F. LEVIASH.....Milwaukee, Wis.
A. MAHLER (13).....Milwaukee, Wis.
A. J. MAYER (6).....Milwaukee, Wis.
W. A. MILLMANN (6)..Milwaukee, Wis.
K. T. MINDEMANN...Milwaukee, Wis.
J. B. MODISETT.....Milwaukee, Wis.
A. R. MUNKWITZ (6)..Milwaukee, Wis.
G. B. McKINLEY (15)..Milwaukee, Wis.
L. S. McMEEKIN (6)...Milwaukee, Wis.
A. PETER.....Milwaukee, Wis.
L. PIERRON (6).....Milwaukee, Wis.
W. J. REED (6).....Milwaukee, Wis.
O. A. RITTER (9).....Milwaukee, Wis.
F. S. ROST (8).....Milwaukee, Wis.
P. G. SCHLEY (24).....Milwaukee, Wis.
Dr. H. R. SCHNEIDER (6).....
.....Milwaukee, Wis.
L. SCHNELLER (6)....Milwaukee, Wis.
A. SILVER (16).....Milwaukee, Wis.
R. SMITH (6).....Milwaukee, Wis.
H. O. STENZEL.....Milwaukee, Wis.
H. C. TANNER (12)....Milwaukee, Wis.
L. R. TAYLOR (8).....Milwaukee, Wis.
W. A. TEIPEL (6).....Milwaukee, Wis.
H. H. THOLEN (12)....Milwaukee, Wis.
G. A. TREPE (7).....Milwaukee, Wis.
C. WEINGANDT (12)...Milwaukee, Wis.
C. F. WIERDSMA (7)..Milwaukee, Wis.
C. W. WILSON (11).....Milwaukee, Wis.
C. W. WILSON.....Milwaukee, Wis.
A. C. ZIEMANN (9).....Milwaukee, Wis.
W. WOLF.....Stone Lake, Wis.
V. R. WEBER.....Theresa, Wis.
A. J. GOEHZ (9).....Wauwatosa, Wis.
W. F. TUBESING (6)..Wauwatosa, Wis.
H. J. PARMLEY (17)..West Allis, Wis.

Where Is *Your* Name?

The names on this page are those of men who are doing their part in the front line of Waltonian advance. If your name isn't there it should be, and it will be if you are doing your part in this great work.

A goal of 50,000 new members has been set for Dec. 31. All over America Waltonians are striving to reach it. Are you helping?

New members must come, not only for the strength of numbers necessary to the accomplishment of the sweeping conservation undertakings of the League, but for the financial solidarity upon which the entire structure must be based.

Do your part. Get *your* name on this page.

For Information address National Headquarters, I.W.L.A., 549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Izaak Walton League of America

FOUNDED BY WILL H. DILG

INCORPORATED

549 WEST RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 3000 chapter units throughout North America.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

This Platform of Waltonism Means

More forests
More clean streams
More fish and game
More outdoor life

These are the greatest blessings we can acquire for ourselves and for our children, the best legacy we can leave them, adding to their happiness, their health, and their character.

The objects of the Izaak Walton League of America are:

To develop opportunities for the enjoyment of the great outdoors as an essential part of the character building and the spiritual and physical development of our people.

To encourage the protection and restoration of woods, wild flowers and wild life.

To safeguard the public health and conserve aquatic life by the elimination of pollution, and

To restore and transmit to posterity the Outdoor America of our ancestors.

The League's platform is as follows:

1. A comprehensive system of forest extension and management, reforestation of denuded areas, and proper encouragement to private landowners to grow timber.

2. A copious supply of pure water to safeguard public health and conserve aquatic life, and an aggressive campaign to eradicate pollution from inland and coastal waters.

3. Opposition to drainage projects which injure natural resources without equivalent benefit to the general public, and the restoration of unwisely drained areas.

4. More adequate protection for beneficial wild life, and the establishment of an ample number of properly administered fish and game refuges, and public fishing and hunting grounds.

5. The establishment of sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

6. The establishment of biological experiment stations for the training of scientific workers to guarantee expert supervision of all game and fish propagation and distribution.

7. Opposition to the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes, except for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. Encouragement of a more universal appreciation of the aesthetic and economic value of our birds and wild flowers.

10. To develop greater opportunities for and encouragement of outdoor recreation as an essential part of the character-building, and the spiritual and physical development of the American people, especially our boys and girls.

11. The practice of true sportsmanship, respect for the property of others, and strenuous opposition to all unfair and illegal methods.

12. The teaching of nature study and the fundamental principles of conservation in all schools of America.

13. Co-operation with all organizations having like aims and better co-ordination of the efforts of such organizations with state and governmental agencies.

14. An unceasing militant educational campaign to attain the declared objects of the Izaak Walton League.

Are You a Man

who will passively permit America, our boys and our girls to be robbed of their birthright of health, happiness, prosperity and sport, or will you join and aid this League, save and restore that vanishing heritage?

Answer Now!

Izaak Walton League, 549 W. Randolph St., Chicago:

I will help. Here is my $5 for membership and OUTDOOR AMERICA for a year. Assign me to a chapter if there is a local one.

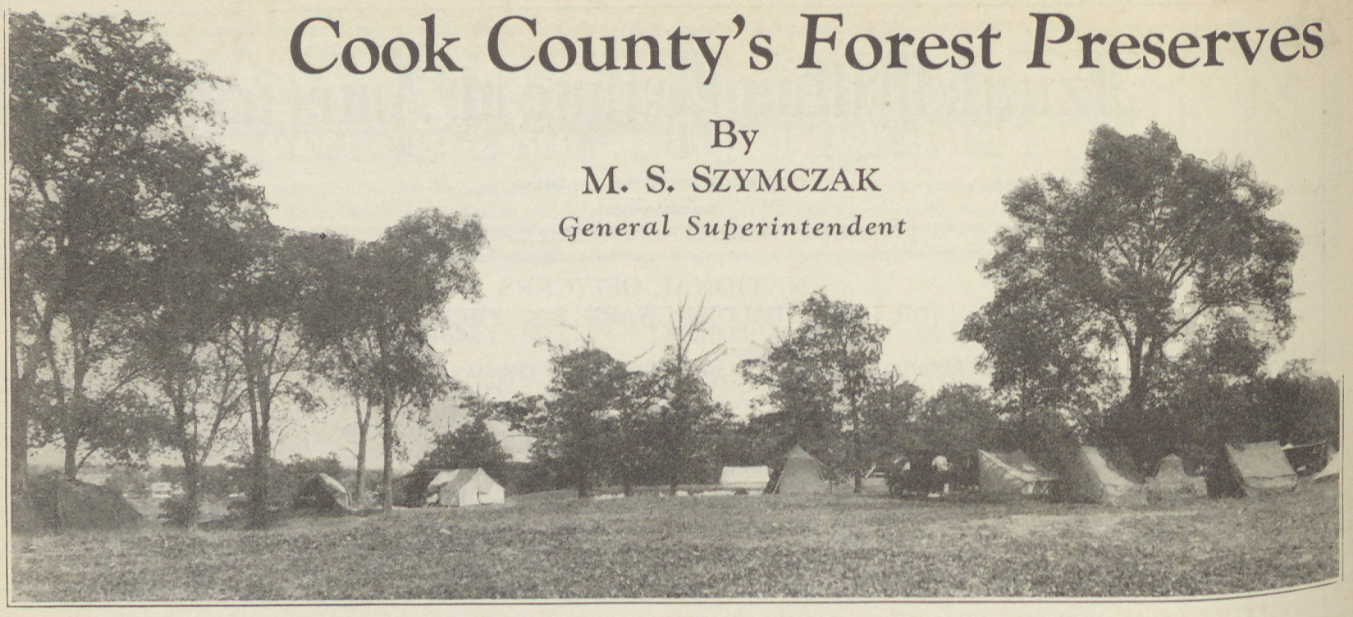
Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Cook County's Forest Preserves

By
M. S. SZYMCZAK
General Superintendent



Tourist camp scene at Caldwell Tract.

THE Board of Forest Preserve Commissioners are now studying a plan for the future development of the 35,000 acres of Cook County's Forest Preserves. This plan was prepared through the co-operation of the Forest Preserve employees with the Advisory Committee of the Forest Preserve District.

The principal feature of this new plan is a highway that will lead from one point in the Forest Preserves on the extreme north to another point of the Forest Preserves on the extreme south. This highway will be of aesthetic and practical value. Considered from an aesthetic viewpoint it will provide the most beautiful scenery, and considered from a practical viewpoint it will provide a means of arriving at various points in the County in a direct and safe manner.

This roadway will be sufficiently wide to make it safe and sufficiently rustic to make it attractive. It will be the only roadway of its kind in the State of Illinois, for it will lead through all of the forest lands of the 35,000 acres of Forest Preserves of Cook County.

The Commissioners have built highways with increasing rapidity so that today the increased number of highways provides routes for the family traveller who seeks a picnic ground of which there are ninety-six in the Forest Preserves. Each summer over fifteen million people visit them.

Within the area of the Preserves are four golf courses in operation, playground equipment provided, tourists' and citizens' camps functioning, baseball diamonds and tennis courts attracting the sport lovers. Organization camps such as the Izaak Walton League, the Prairie Club, the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts are in full swing. Children's camps such as Camp Reinberg, Camp Whealan, Camp Bemis and others are a haven for the growing boy and girl. Bridle paths offer pleasure to the horseback rider. Buffalo, elk, and deer give enjoyment to the visitor. Lakes, rivers, and swimming places draw thousands. And yet that is just a small fraction of what is yet to be done.

The present plan for future development holds the following important items: Reforestation; a drive connecting all the separate units of the Forest Preserves. The drive will be a strip of land approximately 660 ft. wide with two strips of pavement with trees and shrubs between. Total length, seventy miles.

Thirteen lakes and lagoons, four additional dams, five additional golf courses, five athletic centers, three concrete swimming pools, bridle paths, five bath houses, four boat houses.

The work done thus far and the plan for future work have received the personal attention of President Anton J. Cermak and the entire fifteen Commissioners who are: Francis Boutell, William Busse, Joseph P. Carolan, John W. Gibson, John Jaranowski, Maurice F. Kavanagh, Frank J. Kriz, Andrew C. Metzger, Louis Nettelhorst, Harry A. Newby, Charles S. Peterson, Oscar W. Schmidt, Emmett Whealan, and Frank J. Wilson.

The Board of Forest Preserve Commissioners have also adopted a new policy and a new business organization for the District. With the new policy and the new organization built on a business basis and the new plan of development, the Forest Preserve District faces today the most wonderful years of its existence. We hope that with the co-operation of the people of Cook County we shall be able to achieve the greatest thing in the United States for there is nothing more important in Cook County from a health and happiness building viewpoint than the development of the 35,000 acres of these Forest Preserves.

We appeal to all for personal suggestions on the future maintenance of the Forest Preserves.

The distinct objective of the Commissioners is to preserve the forests. This is in itself a beautiful and a practical thing. For it has been written: "I think I shall never see anything as beautiful as a tree."

Salt Creek above Camp Bemis near Western Springs.

A Nature Study Club for Boys

By FRANCES C. DOBELBOWER

Ain't Nature wonderful?
Seems as tho
Days ain't long enough.
I want to know
About a glimpse of color,
A snatch of song,
The wee feathered folk,
The snail poking along;
Whether it's wrong
To salt a slug
Under our pink rose;
Or let the aphis
On red dogwood pose.

NATURE Study was taken up as my hobby some four years ago, but the Nature Study Club for boys was not organized until April 18th, 1925, with four boys, my son and three of his friends. It was largely for the purpose of our working out together, numerous questions that crowd a small boy's brain about the time he is half-past-nine. The various butterflies that hover over our flower garden—how many revolutions the hummingbird's wings make a minute, when he is sipping the honey from a tall blue delphinium—who cuts the oval pieces and round disc out of the rose leaves and pansy petals—were questions that must be answered properly, and mother was curious, too. So we read Dan Beard's "Bugs, Butterflies and Beetles" and Gene Stratton Porter's "Moths of the Limberlost." We borrowed from all who would lend, and were as greedy as the caterpillars in devouring every bit of information that we could get.

We made our own butterfly nets, mounting boards, cyanide and chloroform jars. We tried mounting everything that came into our nets. Many were spoiled at first, but the boys had lots of perseverance, and that year specimens were abundant. We found the caterpillars and installed them in their lamp chimney houses and wire breeding cages; fed them and after several moultings, saw some weave around themselves a covering of silk to protect them during their helpless pupa stage. Others suspended themselves to some object by a silken knob or halter of silk, drew themselves up and hardened the outside skin until it was not unlike a mummy case; and still others burrowed down into the soft earth and slowly and surely changed themselves into the pupa covered over with a shiny brown or black armor. All this we watched and marvelled. My back porch became a caterpillar nursery and I, the head nurse.

It was at this opportune time that the boys came to the attention of the Purdue Entomologist. It seemed that he needed a group of boys to illustrate an article that he had been requested to write for a boys' encyclopedia, and would I allow him to use my boys. I would. We found five more boys equally interested and began. There followed a series of the most interesting lectures, use of mounted specimens not only of our own butterflies, moths, beetles and other insects, but those rare ones that are seen only in large museums. We went out on field work, poked into rotten logs for the white ants; turned over stumps and looked under rocks for beetles; swept the low shrubs and weeds with our insect nets for various small insects; and searched amongst the half decayed leaves at the foot of the tulip tree for the cocoon of a rare moth. We even bearded the ant-lion in his den and found more interesting than fairy lore.

This little elf, commonly known as the "Doodle-bug," makes himself a pit with very steep sides, in a sandy, secluded spot, and the steeper the sides of his pit, the hungrier this elf is. There he lies hidden at the bottom until some unsuspecting ant tumbles in, when he grabs his victim by his ferocious jaws and devours him on the spot. It seems he takes his time about entering the pupa stage, it being months before he decides upon this step, to emerge in due time, a beautiful insect with gauzy wings resembling somewhat a small dragonfly.

Can you wonder that the boys' eyes became keener and their questions so numerous that I was puzzled where to find all the answers? Woods, fields and streams offered splendid opportunities for field work, but I needed an interpreter. And then, as if by magic, I found that several of the parents of these boys had, as their avocation, various nature hobbies. One had specialized on birds, two others on botany, and another on rocks and minerals, while a fourth, that being my husband, was a true blue conservationist and knew a little about all Nature's moods and tenses. One mother had written a book on mushrooms. What better help could anyone desire?

We were all anxious that our boys have a broad education and go through life with seeing eyes; that they have a speaking acquaintance with the wild birds and recognize their song; know something of soil formation and the common rocks and minerals; name the trees in whose shade they roamed, and know the flowers, their character and habits, and how to pick them.

So our Saturdays are usually given over to hikes—bird-hikes in the early morning with occasionally a late breakfast cooked over a fire made in true Scout fashion. All the boys are Scouts. Afternoon hikes to the gravel pit for rocks, minerals and fossils; a flower hike or a search for insects. Three hikes a month we take, with a business meeting held on Friday afternoon after school. At this meeting, there is usually a talk on the subject that is being seriously studied and covered by the hikes that month.

At Christmas time I give a party for the boys. This year it took the form of an old fashioned Christmas dinner, with goose as the favorite bird. During the year several all-day motor hikes are taken to various beauty spots.

Our work this year includes making a list of all the trees, shrubs and plant life of Tippecanoe county. The wish that is dearest and that lies nearest our heart is the one to spend a couple of days the middle of May at the dunes of Northern Indiana.

These boys' lives cannot help but be broader and better for their study of Nature, and they can never be lonely, no matter where they may be, for they love the woods and fields and all the little folks that inhabit them. But the fact that is worrying us is how long we may expect to have this privilege. Fewer places in hiking distance are available for our work.

One large tract, mostly wooded, with a deep ravine running through it, water, hills and valleys, two years ago, was a wonder place for the study of Nature. Here we discovered the tiny thimble of a nest the hummingbird makes and saddles so skillfully onto a limb, so cleverly covered with lichens as to resemble a knot. In the moist, deeper woods, we came upon the ghostly Indian pipes, so waxy white and frail that the mere touch of human hands turns them black in a few short hours after being picked. We found the lovely pale green Luna moth and Catocola, the underwings, that when at rest on the bark of a tree can scarcely be distinguished from the bark itself. Our privilege now is gone. That lovely fern-clad ravine is being filled with tin cans and rubbish; many of those century-old trees are cut down, and pigs are rooting up the flowers.

Civilization in its stride onward is ruthlessly cutting down the trees and converting too much woodland into fields. The fence corners are no longer a ramble of wild roses and elder, where the birds may nest, and their natural drinking fountains, the springs, are being filled in.

Surely it is time that our good American citizens wake up and join in some concerted action that will save at least a part of the great outdoors as Our Father created it.

Three Cash Prizes

will be awarded by Outdoor America for the three best outdoor photographs taken by boys and girls.

First Prize . . . $15.00
Second Prize . . 10.00
Third Prize . . . 5.00

My Boy and I

In the July issue we announced prizes for the best photographs and one hundred word stories under this title.

Each photo must show the father and son on an out-of-door trip fishing, hunting, canoeing, hiking or camping. The article of one hundred words must give the ages of father and son, and how many trips they have made together.

Age is no barrier. You may be seventy and your son forty or forty-five. You may be on the right side of thirty and your son turning five.

The first prize will be $15.00, second $6.00, third prize $4.00.

Owing to our inability, because of lack of space, to print all of the best pictures which have reached us for this contest, the closing date has been advanced to March 1st, 1929.

Gypsying with Gypsy

By Edwin M. Hasbrouck

Motor camping enthusiasts will read this story by Edwin M. Hasbrouck, motor camping authority, with pleasure and profit

COUNTLESS queries are asked as to the camping trailer. Is it feasible? Is it awkward to handle? Does it act as a drag to the car on the road? How about side sway? How does it act on mountain roads? Can it be backed up? etc., etc.

From the answers ye good editor gives patiently again and again, one would think the questions had long ago been definitely settled once for all, but—like Banquo's ghost—they bob up again.

This article or story, call it what you will, is a story of motor camping in which the writer began his motor camping in about the usual way, that is to say, everything piled into and onto the car; he was shown a great light and became an enthusiastic trailer fan; he has trailer-camped for five seasons and with each succeeding season has become more and more in love with his prize possession—a motor camping trailer.

All my life from early boyhood I have been a camper. I camped in our back yard when a youngster ten years old, and the memory of those first nights out alone in a 7x9 wall tent in a big back yard on the outskirts of a large city are with me yet.

I can see that little canvas shelter just as father pitched it close to the grape arbor and under an apple tree with a trench dug 'round it so the little boy wouldn't get wet if it chanced to rain in the night. All campers slept on the ground, of course they did, so four boards on edge held by stakes driven in the ground and the space filled with straw from the barn and liberally covered with mother's second best rose blankets served as a bed. A lantern, one chair and a frying pan completed the outfit, and oh what times Chum and I had!

Later, as I grew older, we boys went off camping in the woods, camping that was camping and to which I looked forward from year to year, and where I learned to rough it, to build a fire, to cook, to manage a canoe, to hunt, to fish, to swim, woodcraft, to take care of myself in the wilderness under any and all circumstances,—in fact, to become a seasoned camper.

As a youngster of seventeen I joined a party of government engineers for the summer, and of course we camped the entire season. Bless you, I knew more about camping in two minutes than those men—any one of 'em old enough to be my father—knew in a month. Would they take a suggestion from the boy? Not they, they knew all about it. One evening camp was pitched in a beautiful spot up in the Blue Ridge mountains, but I pointed out that we were in a pocket and should a storm arise camp would be a pond of water. Remarks about fresh kid followed. It rained that night, rained hard, and long before morning everything in the tent was afloat in eight inches of water, with a good swift current running through the tent after the pocket overflowed. Hats, boots, shoes, boxes, everything that wouldn't sink floated away and had to be hunted for next day. Only the fact that we slept on cots that kept us just a few inches above the flood prevented us from being half drowned ourselves. I didn't say anything, but no more remarks about "fresh kids" were forthcoming.

I have camped hiking it with everything I possessed packed on my back; camped with row boats, canoes, horse and wagon, and even an ox team; and lastly, with the advent of the automobile I have become a confirmed auto-camper.

There are three distinct ways of auto-camping; packing everything that one has into and all over the car; camping with a trailer of which there are two general types,—the one with tent attached and folding bed an' everything,—the other merely a box cart into which the entire camp impedimenta is packed; and lastly the house car which is more or less elaborate and luxurious according to one's taste or purse.

I began the first way and as I guess most everyone does. Running boards full, both of 'em; bundles between hood and front fenders, tent on the front bumper, bedding rolls inside spare tire and on rear bumper, tent poles fastened along the side, tonneau piled so full there was hardly room for the campers themselves; and everything to lash down and make secure before a start was made. If anything went wrong with the engine all that front stuff had to come off in order to lift the hood, then go back again!

And then came the awakening.

I was visiting a newly made friend who as soon as he found we had outdoor interests in common waxed loud in praise of his camping trailer. I wanted to see it, and he offered to put it up for me the next Sunday.

Sunday saw me at his house as agreed, and together we put it up; my friend going all over it and explaining its fine points. To paraphrase the words of a famous general, "I came, I saw, I was conquered," and to use a business term, I was distinctly "sold" on the camping trailer. I jumped in the car and made for home, and after considerable coaxing got the party of the second part to go and look at it, but she just "Knew she wouldn't like it, she didn't like camping anyway."

Well, she looked it over, and here Mrs. Friend came to my assistance and told of the delights and comforts of the trailer. I could see wife's facial expression undergoing a change; finally, "Well, there might be something to camping in a thing like that."

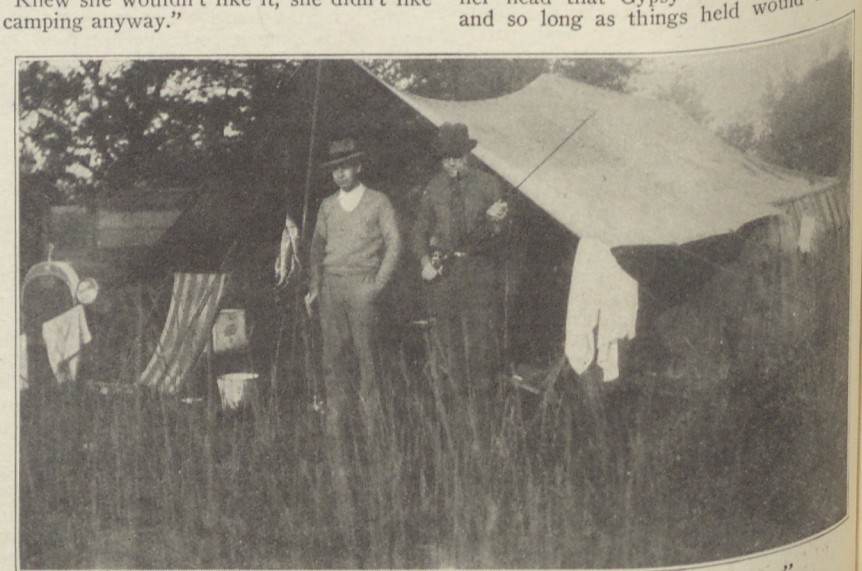
Once started I never let the matter drop, with the result that two weeks later an order went to the makers of a well known trailer; then I waited.

Finally it came and with the assistance of two friends was put together. Assembled, I hustled to get the drawing bracket attached to the rear of the car and then hitched 'er on to pull a few times 'round the block to get the "feel" of her. We christened her "Gypsy" and Gypsy she has been ever since.

That bolt the factory sent with which to make connection wasn't right and I knew it. It was a common wood bolt with a square shank, but I was too tired and otherwise occupied to give it the attention I should have; moreover, the factory had sent it, therefore it was probably all right anyhow. Of this more anon.

Before we start I want to tell of one notable addition we made to the outfit,—an ice box. The ice box as built in under the rear of the trailer didn't suit. Ice water is just one thing Utility Man can't do without, provided he can get it, and the aforesaid built-in ice box made no provision for it. Accordingly it was converted into a receptacle for the cooking utensils for which it is admirably adapted, and a Nursery Refrigerator was procured; a rack made to hold it was bolted to the running board and an enamel cloth box cover provided that kept out the dust, while a strap and buckle held the refrigerator firmly in place. Washed ice in the ice compartment gave us all the ice water we wanted; the other compartment held the butter, milk, meats and all perishable stuff. One filling of ice—ten cents' worth—lasted until the following day, and touring anywhere in the East a fresh supply was procurable daily.

We started at five A. M., leaving Washington by the northern route for Baltimore via Ellicott City. Gypsy trailed along beautifully, in fact the only times I knew she was there were when climbing long or steep grades or going down the same, at which times I went into second where I ordinarily would not have done so. For the first fifty miles there wasn't a mile of it the other half didn't look back every two minutes to see if Gypsy was still there. She just couldn't get it through her head that Gypsy was there to stay, and so long as things held would follow



"Unpacking Gypsy we can make a home in the wilderness in short order."

wherever the car went. I confess to looking back myself occasionally, for she ran so smoothly and evenly it seemed almost as if she couldn't be fastened on behind; then, too, I was right proud of that new acquisition, and was very much in the position of the man who wanted to sit on the fence and see himself go by just to see how he looked.

It didn't take long to cover the forty-five miles to Baltimore, and here terror struck me. How would I ever get that thing through city traffic? Well, I got through with no more trouble than when out in the country, and right there I got a valuable lesson,—it was that I could just forget all about that trailer. If the car could get through, it could; its wheels tracked perfectly the rear wheels of the car, and provided I didn't forget my increased length and cut in too close in passing another car, I was all right. As for turning corners, Bah! there was just nothing to it, and oh, the comfort! The car was absolutely empty, and wife and daughter had the tonneau to themselves.

I said we were still inside city limits although out in the country. We were reminded of that shortly after going into camp by a visit from a mounted officer who wanted to know if we were gypsies. If not, we were welcome to remain, but the City of Brotherly Love held no love for the wandering Romany. We gravely told him we were not gypsies but that we had a Gypsy with us. His puzzled look gave way to a hearty laugh when we explained, and for once a gypsy received official permission to camp in Philadelphia.

From Philadelphia we went to Newark, to Jersey City, to Hackensack, finally reaching the Yonkers ferry where we crossed to the east side of the Hudson. No more worry about Gypsy by wife or anybody else. We had learned that so long as we behaved ourselves she would.

Our camp that night was below Poughkeepsie just before the road turns off for Beacon. Here we found a camp site maintained by the Rotarians with every convenience including mosquitoes. The little pests were so numerous that sitting outside after dark was out of the question. Here was demonstrated another beauty of our trailer. Across each end of the tent the canvas had been cut away and bobbinet inserted. This admitted plenty of air with the tent buckled up tight but kept out insects, and even with the electric lights lit there were no mosquitoes, only two or three being found inside next morning.

Gypsy was a dear.

Again we crossed the Hudson, this time at Beacon, landing at Newburgh, and continued up the west side of the river to Albany. This was the day of Gypsy's Waterloo. Every time we stopped I had looked at that bolt and nut which held the trailer in tow or the wife had taken a look, and at each time it had appeared all right. Seventeen miles below Albany it happened, on a down grade and rounding a sharp turn in the road. Suddenly there was a let-up in the pushing from behind accompanied by a rattlety-bang of us. We were making a fair rate of speed, and I took one look behind. There was Gypsy, free at last, and bounding over the road all by her lonesome. Bows down she drove through the dust and dirt, swerved, plunged down an embankment, smashed through and over a stone wall, and landed upside down in a wheat field twenty yards from the road.

I will never forget my feelings as I viewed the wreck of fond hopes and my prize possession lying bottom up with spinning wheels that slowly came to a standstill. I confess a big lump was in my throat; daughter cried outright; the wife, good girl, said little.

Gradually I began to take stock. Of course that darn bolt and plain nut the makers had sent was the cause of it all. I was also to blame for being fool enough to use such a contrivance instead of using my own judgment and substituting a different one. As for the trailer itself, the maker's statement that it was built for rough usage was thoroughly borne out. Careful inspection showed little damage. My hopes arose.

All the comforts of home plus the joy of living outdoors.

Six stout men up-ended the cart so as not to dish the wheels by turning it sideways; a stout pair of farm horses pulled it back into the road after leveling the stone wall, and Gypsy seemed little the worse for her experience. The canvas cover was badly torn and there was one smashed suitcase, but these were small matters. Mr. Farmer kindly furnished a bolt with a hole for a cotter pin taken from an old discarded plow, and with this and a nail in lieu of a cotter pin we were once more on our way arriving at Schenectady without further mishap.

The change from a complete and sudden crushing of all our hopes and plans to our former high spirit was a remarkable psychological experience. Gypsy's slight injuries could be repaired, we could buy a new suitcase; we were on our way once more.

At Schenectady I visited a hardware store and got a steel machine bolt of the right size and length and a castled nut and taking them to a machine shop had a hole drilled in the bolt for a cotter pin. Nothing short of a broken draw bolt can get Gypsy loose now, and this is that bolt's fifth season without the slightest sign of wear.

From Schenectady we went on north to Saratoga, Glens Falls, and Lake George, and from there to Brant Lake in the Adirondacks. This was our "farthest north," and here we camped until time to hit the return trail.

Back over our tracks to Schenectady, to Albany, and down past the scene of Gypsy's mishap. As we whizzed past that memorable spot I fancied the old girl trembled a little, but she passed it bravely and kept on behind with her nose pointed straight ahead. At Kingston we left the Hudson Valley, striking across to Stroudsburg and the Water Gap and so on to Easton, Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg and home. The road from Harrisburg to Gettysburg is a magnificent stretch of concrete, and being a little behind our schedule we stepped on it to the tune of thirty-five and forty miles an hour, but Gypsy never faltered or developed the least side sway but followed along like an obedient child. Long before this, however, we had ceased to think of her, and at times practically forgot her existence—until it came night.

Thus ended our first trip with a trailer. With the exception of that one mishap which was not due to carrying a trailer, but to a blunder on the part of the factory, there had not been experienced the slightest difficulty. Best of all, the party of the second part had become a confirmed motor camper, and was already planning for next year.

This did not end the year's use of the trailer—far from it. There were numerous week-end trips through the glorious autumn months; short trips that were enjoyed as only trips in the golden part of the year are enjoyed, and which were continued up until cold weather drove us in, for we just could not bear to be separated from our newly-found treasure.

That winter I made some improvements in Gypsy. Under the forward end I installed a Hot Shot battery. This gave me two electric lighting systems. If for any purpose the car was wanted in the evening it could be used without leaving the camp in darkness. Then, too, it is far more convenient to use the current from that battery for the trailer's tail light than to connect up the cable from the dash when running at night. Hot Shots can be obtained almost anywhere, and it is but the work of a moment to loosen the bracket and slip in a fresh one. Two sets of bulbs to accommodate the two currents completed that improvement.

Next, I covered the floor with linoleum and added an extension awning in front. This afforded protection while cooking and eating in wet weather, and obviated the necessity for piling everything into the trailer at such times. In providing this last I killed two birds with one stone. On several occasions I had noticed that in high winds our canvas shelter shook more than I liked, and I could conceive of the frame being badly splintered and the cloth torn to ribbons in some unusual storm, and I wanted to arrange some guy ropes as in the ordinary tent.

Procuring two double-end cleats as used for fastening an awning rope I cut off one end of each, leaving the two screw holes. One of these was then screwed to each end of the ridge of the tent with the hook looking backward. Two pieces of quarter inch manila rope of the proper length were whipped to an inch ring and cleat fasteners provided for the free ends. This took care of the tent when set (really the front end of the trailer). For the other or open end of the tent a rope the length of the width of the awning was whipped to two rings

(Continued on page 46)

Let's Talk It Over—

TALKING it over never hurt anybody. It is (to make a pun and give away a business secret all at once) good for the circulation. Each month let's talk it over here. Let's have knocks, boosts, and general talk about Outdoor America, its articles, and its contributors.

Most of the letters received this month have to do with the article by Struthers Burt, in the September issue, about the billboards. Nearly all are laudatory. There was only one that was opposed to it, and we refrain from publishing it not because of that fact, but because it had swear words in it and was of such a nature that to publish it might leave the writer open to libel. And we don't want to do that.

When Struthers Burt was in the office the other day on his way East from his ranch in Jackson's Hole, he said he had received literally hundreds of letters about the article. Incidentally, he has a new book just issued by Scribners. Not a novel this time—a collection of articles that have appeared during the past year in the *Saturday Evening Post*. The name escapes us, but it's a book worth reading—and then some.

But to our letters.

Ten Dollar Bill

Dear Editor:

Struthers Burt's article on billboards in the September issue of Outdoor America is an exceedingly good article. I hope that the Izaak Walton League will follow it up, and that in ten years' time it will be as much of a crime to rob this country of its scenery as to rob a grocery store of a ten dollar bill. The *Saturday Evening Post* is about due to publish an article of mine on the same subject.

KENNETH L. ROBERTS,
Staff Correspondent,
Saturday Evening Post.

Philadelphia.

Fine Job

Dear Editor:

Struthers Burt has done a fine job with his article, Road Rights and Road Signs, in the September issue of Outdoor America. I hope the article is widely read.

NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT,
Special Writer,
New York Times.

New York.

Judicial, Clear, Convincing

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on Struthers Burt's article in the September issue of Outdoor America. It is judicial and clear and therefore convincing. Incidentally, there isn't an outdoor advertising sign in the whole beautiful Territory of Hawaii. The women did it.

HAROLD T. PULSIFER,
Associate Editor,
The Outlook.

New York.

Public Education

Dear Editor:

Struthers Burt's article, Road Rights and Road Signs, in the September issue of Outdoor America strikes me as being one of the finest and most instructive presentations of the problem of the billboard that I have ever read. My belief is that the solution of the billboard question rests in public education and on publicity like this article by Mr. Burt.

RICHARD W. WESTWOOD,
Chief, Editorial Staff,
Nature Magazine.

Washington, D. C.

Not a Guide

Dear Editor:

I just finished reading the story "Are Guides Hard Boiled?" which appears in the magazine this month. I wonder if your writer Donald Hough has been fooling you. Oscar Heikkila is not a guide. I know Oscar well, have for many years. He has been a forest ranger, game warden, cruiser, trapper, but never has guided professionally. He now lives at Ely, Minnesota.

JAY HARDY.

St. Paul, Minn.

* * *

Oscar Heikkila, while not a guide, is qualified to speak on the subject. Who are guides but forest rangers, cruisers, trappers who "take parties out" in season? Writer Hough has fooled nobody, since he calls Heikkila "woodsman." Incidentally, these two travelled together for several months while both served in the U. S. Forest Service.—*Editor.*

Best

Dear Editor:

That cartoon in Outdoor America entitled, "The Road to Calvary," is the best I ever saw on any topic. All power to you, Grover Page and Tom Wallace.

THOS. E. BASHAM.

Louisville, Ky.

He Painted the Geese

The striking cover on the November issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA was painted by one of the most popular illustrators in America. His name is almost, if not quite, a household necessity. His cover painting, you recall, was a striking presentation of three Canadian geese and one used car, all of which made the same noise.

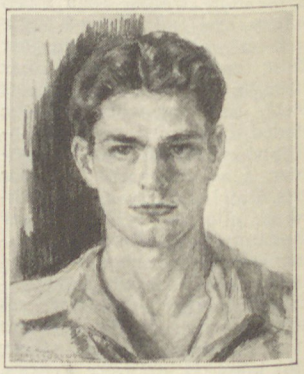
He does not spend all of his time on college campuses looking for local color, as most of his drawings might suggest. He fishes, too. He goes to the Caribbean sea for barracuda, to Texas for tarpon, to Moosehead lake, Maine, for land-locked salmon, and to any handy stream for trout.

He has made some uproarious illustrations for this magazine—everybody remembers them. And why shouldn't everybody? Even though he is not easily recognized in the guise of a pourer of home-made coffee, nobody ever fails to recognize the distinctive work of

JOHN HELD, JR.

About Our Contributors

YOU probably have had your chuckle over the cover painting for this month, and here's something about the man who painted it. His name is Tom Morton, and he gets his material for paintings and illustrations first hand, for he's an enthusiastic outdoorsman, has been a life guard, actor, guide, cowboy and athletic coach. Each Fall he goes into the Rockies to hunt big game, to fish, and to sketch. He is a graduate of the University of Minnesota, where he was active in athletics. Is a member of Sigma Delta Psi, Delta Kappa Epsilon; has dark hair, blue eyes, is 22 years old, and one of the three handsomest artists extant.



TOM H. MORTON
A self-portrait

"The Brotherhood of Peter" brings to our pages again **Frederic F. Van de Water,** known to readers of many magazines as a leading fiction writer. He has recently been writing some splendid things built around the New York State Police, of which, incidentally, he is an honorary sergeant. **Dusty Waters**—a *nom de plume,* of course—is an old friend returned, who will continue to write his humorous sketches for us.

Paul Brown—*"With Virginity Unimpaired"*—is a former officer of marines who makes his initial appearance in the magazine this month; another newcomer is **Anson Hills. Tom Wallace** is well known to readers of Outdoor America. He is chief editorial writer of the Louisville Times.

"Adventures in Aleutland" introduces **Irene Finley** to our readers—most of them have of course read her writings elsewhere, and undoubtedly have seen her nature films, taken in conjunction with William L. Finley, her husband. Outdoor America readers will recall the story of the colored anglers in a recent issue by **Howard J. Wood.** He brings them back this month in *"Jug Lines and Ida,"* nor will this be their last appearance, we hope. **H. P. Dowler** is a new writer. **Rex Brasher** is one of the leading contemporary bird painters, and his book "Secrets of the Friendly Woods," is just published by the Century Co. **R. K. Dixon** and **Otto J. Salo** make initial appearances this month. **M. S. Szymczak** is superintendent of the Cook County Forest, Chicago. **Frances C. Dobelbower** is the wife of the secretary of the Indiana Walton League division.

Dr. A. M. Gouthey is known to our readers; **C. E. Eggleston, Constance M. Hallock, Claude Nassau, Edwin M. Hasbrouck** and **Louis A. Parsons** are newcomers. **Frank J. Kahrs** is with the Remington Arms Co.

WHEN YOU GET A SHOT YOU GET A BIRD—*with* XPERT

Xpert

"*You can look a long time*—without finding a better, harder-hitting shell for bird and rabbit shooting than Western *Xpert.*"

WESTERN *Xpert* shells are in a class by themselves. Try them next time you go out for quail or rabbits. Smokeless. Top quality, but low in price. 12-, 16- and 20-gauge.

Get the high-flying ducks and geese, with few cripples, by shooting *Super-X*—the long-range load with the *Short* Shot String. The shot hold together as they travel through the air, instead of stringing out. More pellets reach the bird. Available for 10-, 12-, 16- and 20-gauge guns. Also for the handy little .410.

Write for Captain Askin's booklet on *Super-X*. Also literature about *Xpert* shells, and the new *Lubaloy* .22's that keep you and your gun clean. They're Greaseless and Non-Corrosive.

Western

World's Champion Ammunition

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY · · 1246 HUNTER AVE., EAST ALTON, ILL. · · *Branch Offices:* Hoboken, N. J.; San Francisco, Cal.

Lubaloy (lubricating alloy) cartridges are the last word in modern rifle ammunition. *Lubaloy* Open-Point Expanding and Boat-tail bullets are the choice of many big game expeditions. WESTERN *Lubaloy* .22's are Greaseless. Non-Corrosive. Keep you and your gun clean. Try them!

Adventures in Aleut Land

(Continued from page 20)

ing at the same time. But they made no headway toward shore, as there was a continuous surging back and forth of the currents. The water was made of melted icebergs. The swimmers could not hold out long. I saw the captain trying to get astride the overturned boat which was twisting about in the whirlpool, but the waves washed him off faster than he could climb on. Something had to be done. Cam made a dash for it in the rowboat and somehow reached the middle of the maelstrom, and towed the drowning men back to safety.

It was a shivering party, blue with cold, that gathered about the little beach bonfire. There had been two dry matches in the crowd. The four of us who came through partly dry pulled off our coats, sweaters and shirts to divide with the waifs. Betty and I tended the fire and hunted driftwood and any refuse washed up from passing boats. But passing boats were almost as scarce as trees on these far, forsaken shores, and there wasn't even a ghost of a tree. Sodden socks and bedraggled garments hung about the fire, and everybody lay on the warm sand refreshing his feelings and his vigor, talking of anything but boats and billows. It was just a part of the program of pilgrims on a strange island, and was all forgotten. Our buoyancy came back with a rush. As I lay behind a sand dune with the breath of the bonfire blowing warm against my back, I looked off in serene contentment over the wide marshes.

By noon it was an hilarious crowd that explored the meandering mouth of the river, following great bear tracks back toward the mountain. So thick was the water with surging salmon that one felt he could almost use them for a bridge. They were pushing and struggling to the spawning beds on the shallows. Three white-headed or bald eagles stood solemnly fishing on sandbars in the middle of the stream, and the gulls were congregated as usual, clamoring and gossiping in loud tones. But no bears.

In the afternoon we girded ourselves for the long walk homeward on the beach. The ocean was still in no temper to brook any liberties, so the rowboat and canoe were pulled high upon the sand and left bottom up. The motor cruiser had drifted ashore some way further down, and was also left by the way as we passed it. When we came to a fair sized river that cut deep channels as it crossed the beach, we had to stop and consider our resources for fording it. With some delay and bolstered bravado, the army started to cross. There were seven of us. When it came my turn to step in, I took a look at the deceitful current. It was difficult to tell where the deep spots were waiting for me. In I went and instantly felt my feet g o i n g out from under me. The soft bed of the stream shifted constantly, pulling the sand away. It gave the boisterous current a chance to buffet me over. A wavering, a reached hand, and I was in shallower water, and over. The river gurgled gleefully out to sea.

Tramp, tramp, sounded the feet on the sand, hardened by the constantly surging and falling sea. Ahead of us, against the dark clouds above the vivid green of the shores, the sun flared, turning them to roseate salmon. Behind us loomed Shishaldin, feathering his tip with a wisp of warm breath from his yawning throat. A little further back, dimly outlined in the evening mist, hung the white cone of Ragged Jack. And soon on the horizon ahead of us a thin column of smoke trailed into the air, and the tents came into view.

I lay in bed between eider-down quilts, with a thin layer of moss for a mattress, basking in the glow of a fire in the little sheet-metal stove in my tent. On the rough rail behind, an unusually long array of heavy woolen socks were strung out, and on a line over my head were other damp clothes. Through the open door the ripples on the little river were lighted up. The sound of quiet voices sifted in from the other tents. Stillness and wideness were all about. Was there any place in all the world where I had rather be than this? Nowhere.

(Continued in February)

Gypsying with Gypsy

(Continued from page 43)

and to one of those rings, two guy ropes to match those of the other or front end. With one ring slipped over the ridge hook, the spike of a jointed pole slipped through the other end of the ridge rope, and the awning stretched in place and everything staked down firmly, Gypsy was pretty well secured from everything but a young tornado. A set of iron tent pins completed that. If the awning is not wanted the guys are attached without it and the ridge rope thrown over to one side. I am sure these ropes have saved us on more than one occasion, and they are easy to attach.

The spring of 1924 found us doing the week ends again just so soon as the weather permitted. Sometimes the family went, sometimes a party of fishermen enjoyed the comforts the trailer afforded. On such occasions Gypsy has been yanked over woods roads where we had to chop out the way as we went, but she was as fit as the day she left the factory when in July we started on our second trip.

This covered nearly two thousand miles and took in the Adirondacks as far as Paul Smith's; then over to Au Sable Chasm and Lake Champlain; across the lower end of Vermont to East Adams, Massachusetts where we hit the famous Mohawk Trail. Then on to Springfield and back through the lower Berkshires to Albany. From Albany we worked south through the Catskills and down into Pennsylvania by way of the Poconos and finally home again.

That trip suggested another improvement. Many times we would come to a beautiful camping spot along about four or five in the afternoon. "Oh, what a beautiful spot to camp, let's stop here." A hasty look about. "No, we can't stop here, no water, have to go on," and on we would go. Drinking water we of course had in the ice box, but we also needed water for cooking and for washing and there was none.

Accordingly, that winter I secured a Ford gasolene tank with its brackets and slung it under the forward end of the trailer. A rubber hose, the end of which hangs from a hook on the front end of the box, draws the water when wanted, and the tank is filled by means of a flat-sided funnel and hose hung on a hook on the side of the box when needed. It holds nine gallons of water and can be filled anywhere.

Now when we run across, "Oh, such a lovely place to camp, let's stop here,"—why—we stop.

Later, I added three more things: a crowbar slung by two ring brackets along one edge underneath the trailer box with a hole bored through one and also through the upper end of the crowbar for a bolt and thumbscrew to hold it in its place; a two hundred foot length of three eighth inch rope on a reel slung under the box; and lastly a shovel, also in a bracket underneath.

The summer of 1925 Gypsy did not make any extended trip, but the season of 1926 saw us again on the road. This time a three weeks' trip through the Blue Ridge Mountains, and not one particle of trouble did we have. We can truthfully say that camping with a trailer is just one continuous pleasure.

In all our wanderings not the slightest trouble has been experienced other than that first mishap. Our trailer is as perfect as when we first got it and considerably improved, and with any care at all should last a lifetime.

One thing I have neglected to mention. I have heard persons unfamiliar with trailers say that they cannot be backed. This is not true. With just a little practice they can be backed very easily, always remembering that the thing will back on the same angle in which the front wheels are turned. It is not at all difficult.

Three cheers for the trailer!

With Virginity Unimpaired

(Continued from page 11)

lots of fish—but they were the minnows which were left.

Not a strike or bite did we get.

I decided that I had had enough punishment. We quit fishing and drove back to camp. Captain Hartmann had a splendid dinner for us that evening, consisting of a splendid big baked fish! He had had his boy trap it for him that afternoon. I concealed my chagrin as well as I could and sent for the boy. If fish swim into a trap they do so because something in the trap attracts them. The only thing which will attract a fish is food. Why not use the same thing for bait?

The boy appeared. While it wasn't his name, everyone called him Eczema. "Eczema," I asked, "did you trap that fish for the captain?"

Eczema grinned as though he were enjoying a huge joke. "Yes, sir," he replied, "right down here where you were fishing yesterday."

That wasn't just exactly the information I wanted, but I ignored it.

"Do you put any bait in your trap when you set one for fish?" I continued, in as mild a manner as I could.

"Of a certainty," he replied and added, shrugging his shoulders, "otherwise the fish would not go in the trap."

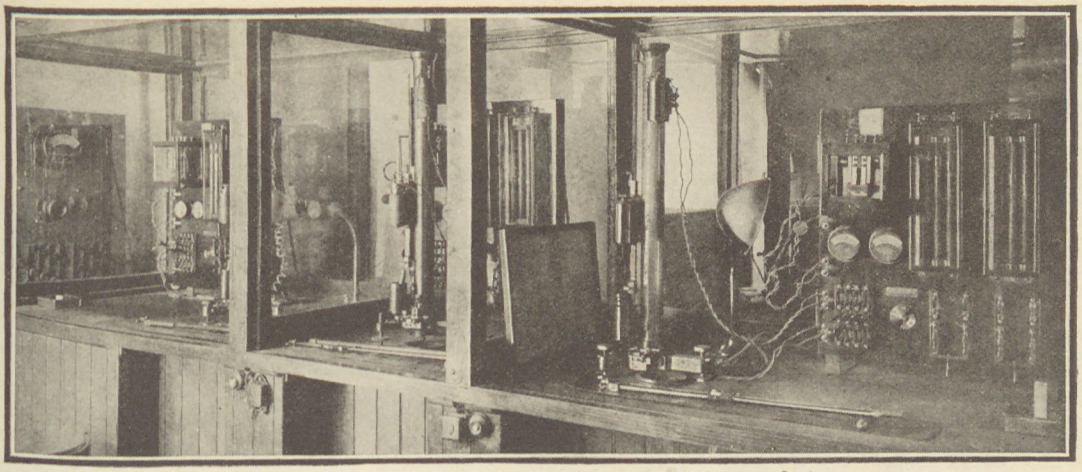
It was quite evident that he was of the opinion that no matter how many fool ideas I might have about getting fish I should at least know that.

"What do you use for bait, Eczema?" I continued, as soothingly as possible.

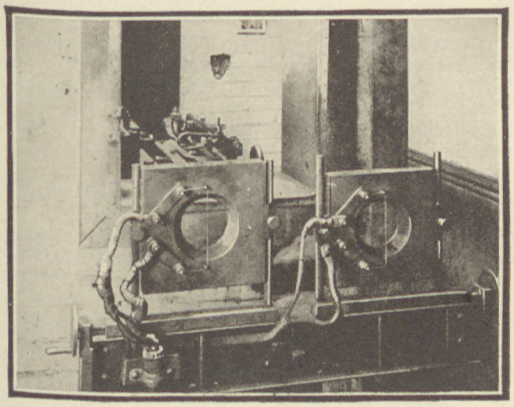
"A-a-a-h!" he breathed. Suddenly he saw the reason for my questioning. "Alligator pears, sir!"

And I believe that that is the reason I did not get any fish. The doggone things in Hayti, are vegetarians!

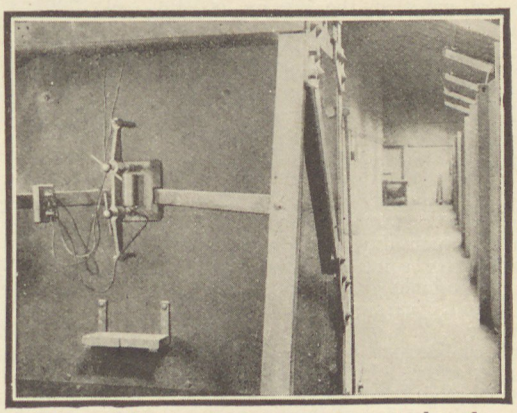
No. 2 OF A SERIES OF TALKS ON AMMUNITION QUALITY



Battery of Chronographs—the instruments that measure velocity



Wires stretched across the muzzle to record the exact instant when the shot leaves the gun



Device which records the precise instant when the shot strikes the target

Putting SPEED *into your shot-shells*

EVERY lot of smokeless powder which du Pont makes and the ammunition companies load must develop the same high standard of velocity. In order to insure this uniformity, batches of powder are taken out of the mills and sent to the laboratories of the du Pont Company, where they are subjected to ballistic tests.

Velocity—SPEED—is measured by the chronograph—a marvelously precise instrument. (Illustrated above.) The shells loaded with the powder are fired in a standard shotgun. Stretched across its muzzle is a fine copper wire connected with the chronograph. The target is also connected by another electrical circuit to the chronograph. The time elapsing between the breaking of the wire at the muzzle of the gun by the shot, and the breaking of the circuit by the shot striking the target is registered precisely on the chronograph. This time is then translated into terms of velocity.

Every lot of smokeless shotgun powder must develop the same velocity as preceding lots, thus ensuring that every shell loaded with this batch of powder will give uniform execution.

When the powder is received by the ammunition companies, similar tests are repeated in their own laboratories—a double check for your protection.

Du Pont powders are used by all of the principal ammunition manufacturers. They have selected du Pont powder because its ballistic qualities contribute so largely to the superiority of the ammunition, and the consequent success of its users. To maintain these standards of excellence, the ammunition companies will continue to load those powders ensuring the best ammunition possible for a specified purpose.

The du Pont Company with its experience of 126 years and its present resources can supply to ammunition companies the type and quality of powders required to maintain the reputation of ammunition manufacturers and the confidence of the shooters.

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E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc., *Smokeless Powder Department*, Wilmington, Del.

SMOKELESS · SHOTGUN · POWDERS

Malignant *Fishitus*

By one who has suffered for years from this inherited, contagious disease which is marked by peculiar symptoms, and is pronounced incurable by the best authorities.

Dr. A. P. GOUTHEY

DRAWING BY THE AUTHOR

AT the outset I shall make the honest confession which we have been assured is good for the soul: I am, as I have said, a victim of the disease mentioned above. I am incurably, hopelessly and irrepressibly a fisherman.

And I shall make a second confession: I do not profess to be an *angler*. And here is a distinction with a difference.

To call a person an *angler* is to pay him a very high compliment. What Phi Beta Kappa is to education, or statesmanship is to politics, *angling* is to fishing.

I contracted this malady of *fishitus* when but a barefoot lad, and the expert diagnosticians assure me that the disease is now malignant. There is no hope of a cure. Not even a change of climate, for I have tried that. It matters not whether I be north or south, east or west, on fresh water or salt, the symptoms remain the same.

Just to get the fly-book out, joint up the rod, and "feel it cut" over an imaginary pool gives temporary relief, and a day or two on the stream will improve my condition so much that friends who have not seen me for some time will remark on my good looks, and assure me that I have grown years younger since last they saw me.

My earliest recollections are of fishing trips with my father. Having become thoroughly inoculated I might have been seen sallying forth at dawn almost any "day off" with a tag-alder pole over my shoulder to test such skill and tackle as I possessed against the cunning of a big fellow in the quiet waters of a mountain brook that laced the meadow of my grandfather's farm like a silver ribbon.

Well do I remember a "hole" on this brook where lived an ancient old fellow which had baffled my skill for many a moon. To catch that trout became the consuming passion of my life. The day I realized this ambition is as vivid in my memory as though it were yesterday.

The morning was made for fishing. Gray mist curtains hung over the mountains and trailed down across the meadow. I shouldered my pole and slipped a can of worms into my hip pocket.

Down the path toward the brook I hurried with palpitating heart and tingling nerves. "What if someone had caught him? Maybe he has left the hole. Wish I had a grasshopper, for maybe he won't take worms. But he did bite on worms last Saturday, and if—" so I worried.

What was that? A frog jumped off the bank into the brook. No it wasn't! It was Leviathan himself! There he is again! His golden sides gleaming in the morning light as he leaped clear of the water and fell back with a mighty splash. If only he will bite. My hands tremble so that I can hardly thread on a worm. Steady now, a false move may mean a lost chance to make a dream come true. On my belly I wiggled across the last few feet as silently as a shadow. When close enough to make the cast I lifted myself on my elbow and dropped my fat old worm in the grass at the water's edge, allowing him to drop in quietly as though he had been out for his morning stroll and had missed his footing. What was that? Did I tangle my line into a sleeping pig under the bank? No, Leviathan had it!

I scrambled to my feet and began to follow him in his mad rushes up and down the hole. My pole was rainbow shaped, and my line was cutting the water with a hissing protest. Would it hold? Another rush and then he sulked at the bottom. I was thankful, for I had time to get my breath and collect my thoughts. But while I was getting my breath he was getting his. Up and down, back and forth, to and fro, hip and thigh we had it. Again he sulked, and this time under the tangled roots of the willow. Gingerly I felt the line. My heart nearly ceased beating and there was an awful sinking sensation in the pit of my stomach. This was his old trick. Two or three times I had lost him under this same root.

Suddenly there was another rush that nearly tore the pole out of my hands. Heaven be praised! He was still on.

Would he never quit? But the strain was beginning to tell on the noble old warrior, just as it was on me. His rushes grew shorter and shorter, and then finally he began to swim in short circles near the top. My hopes ran high. "This time," I said to myself, "old fellow, you're mine." Another frantic attempt to reach the bottom and the old root, and he came to the top on his side. His spirit seemed completely broken as he lay there in the sun.

And now I was face to face with another question: how will I get him out? A landing net was a thing I did not possess. To attempt to lift the fish out by main strength as I would a smaller fish was too dangerous. But just as a country boy is equal to most emergencies, I was equal to this. Slowly I slid down the bank and slipped into the pool, and standing waist-deep in the water, I led the fish gently toward me until I could slip *my old straw hat* under him and lift him out. His tremendous fight had so completely tired him that he hardly made a struggle.

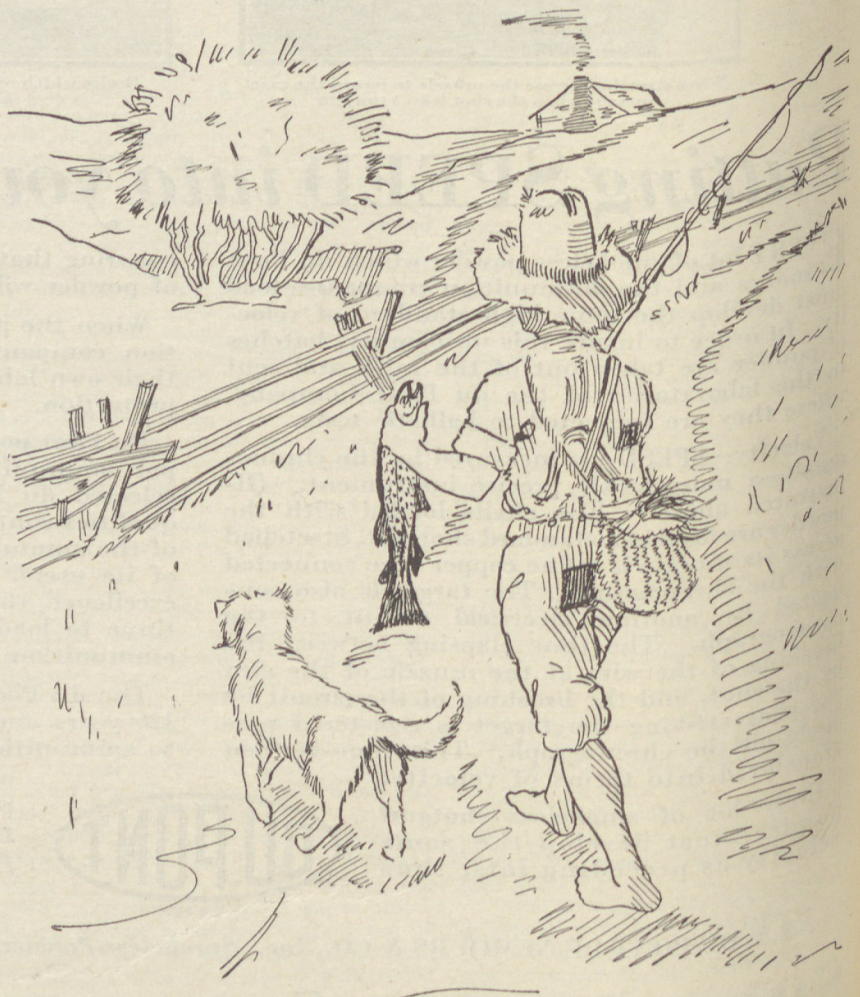
There he lay in the dewy grass. My pot of gold at the end of a rainbow dream! Twenty-two inches of orange and blue and gold and red.

I strung my prize on a willow stick, wrapped my line around my alder pole, and made a long detour through the pasture into the open road running past a neighbor's house or two.

My straw hat was still dripping wet and flopping about my ears; my calico shirt was open at the neck, and my bare feet drummed a proud tattoo along the dusty road. My trousers were frayed at the knees and all of the responsibility of decency hung on one suspender held in the back by one button and in front by a shingle nail! I passed those houses wearing a nonchalant air as though catching a twenty inch trout were an everyday experience with me!

I have experienced many a thrill since that day with rod and reel, but never one leaving a deeper and more abiding joy.

I know the tremendous satisfaction of hooking and landing the acrobatic sailfish. I know the thrill of fighting a wolfish barracuda, the beautiful bonita, the almost indefatigable tuna, the lightning-like wahoo, and the fighting amberjack, to say nothing of tiger-shark on light tackle and many other varieties of smaller fish in both fresh and salt water, but when I grow retrospective I am compelled to admit that the experience here described has hung the most abiding and satisfying picture in the gallery of memory.



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"I directed the calves' further progress with a pair of wildly waving legs."

Trips Afield with Boys

Conducted by JUDGE GEORGE W. WOOD

Drawings by John D. Webber

Judge Wood will laugh with you over your outdoor adventures and sympathize and advise if occasion requires. Write him and become a Woods-boy. EDITOR.

LAST fall there were very few nuts on the trees and if I had not laid in a goodly store the preceding year I would have missed great fun during the winter cracking and eating them, and the little squirrel who comes to my porch for his daily ration would have had to subsist on some less palatable food. I notice that when he gets a nice walnut he takes it up to a favorite branch and flirts his tail in a particularly fascinating manner. This fall, however, the trees are heavily laden. I have been watching them since early summer when the nuts were large enough to be easily seen. Ever since I have been planning on a trip to the woods after my winter store. I do not believe that the boys nowadays count on the fall and its nut gathering as I used to do, and do still. I never go into any woods but that I am looking about for walnut and hickory trees so that when fall comes I have them already located and when the frost loosens the nuts from the branches I can be there early and gather them on the ground. When I was a youngster the problem of getting the heavy sacks home was more difficult than it is now when almost every one has some sort of an automobile. Then I had only a little wagon whose usefulness had departed and whose wheels could not make up their mind whether to go ahead or wabble off sideways. We had to find some better means of transportation and finally my chum and I thought out what we considered a most brilliant plan. Each of our families had a young and lusty calf. We had seen the long ox teams breaking the hillsides covered with hazel brush, and we thought all we had to do was to place a yoke on the calves' necks and walk soberly along beside the team, directing them by calling gee or haw and cracking the long lash of a whip such as we had seen the ox drivers use. By thus putting the two calves to work we hoped to solve the difficulties incident to hauling home our winter store of nuts. It took some time to fashion a yoke out of tough hickory, and to build a cart out of two wagon wheels and a few boards with the poor tools we had. We built our cart strong as an artillery wagon, and it was well we did. I being the younger was to ride while my chum was to gee and haw them from the ground. He held them while I clambered into the cart. With his first gee they must have thought that he meant full speed ahead, for they started off at a lively rate. I was thrown to the floor of the cart and directed their further progress with a pair of wildly waving legs. Only a firmly entrenched fence post stopped our onward progress. But after some patient training we, at last, had a team that would go as sedately as we could wish. They would graze along in the bluegrass under the trees while we climbed about in the branches shaking the limbs. If a tree was too big to climb we would take a stout club and throw it into the branches and bring the nuts rattling down. A vigorous thump on the head of the other fellow only added to the hazards and merriment of the occasion. Thus we filled our grain sacks with nuts and walked proudly home beside our heavily laden cart.

In due time comes the question of husking. With hickory nuts this is readily done. After they are dried the husks may be beaten off quickly with a stick, since they are rather brittle. With walnuts this is not so easily accomplished. If you have access to an old-fashioned corn sheller you may pour the walnuts in, turn the handle and the sheller will clean them just as it shells the kernels off the cob. My method is to spread the walnuts out to dry and then with a little mallet made out of a bit of hard wood crack off the hulls. If you are very careful you will not have over half your fingers covered with walnut stain. I did not use to mind this when I was a boy, but would show my stained fingers at school with some pride, but now I try to be more careful. A friend of mine tells me that if you put the nuts in a bag and trample on it vigorously, then pour them out on the ground and tamp them with the tines of a garden rake, you can clean them without the necessity of touching them at all. In any event this stain will gradually wear off. The butternut will stain as badly as the walnut. During the civil war the uniforms of the Confederate soldiers were often colored with home-made butternut dye.

I went into the woods to get some sprays of bittersweet and found that the hazel bushes were heavy with nut clusters. One should be on hand to get these soon after the first frost, for the husks will open and allow the nuts to drop. They are so small that they are hard to find in the grass and weeds. When I was a boy we used to look for the nests of the little field mice, and would often find a hoard of carefully gathered hazel nuts which we would appropriate. At that time I did not stop to think how cruel it was to take their hard-earned winter store. The example of their foresight was entirely lost on us hungry little hunters.

Once I drove into the yard of a friend. A huge walnut tree shaded the drive and nuts lay all about. I picked up one and instead of laying it on its side as one is inclined to do, stood it on edge, holding it between my finger and thumb, and hit it with a rock, at first lightly, then with more force, until it cracked. My friend, who had watched me, said, "I see that you know how to crack a nut." With a little practice you will be able to do this so that the meat can be removed with ease.

It is well to be on the watch for nut trees all year long. These used to be numerous in the hard-wood section, but the big trees I knew as a boy have practically disappeared. During the war the woods were scoured for walnut to make gun stocks, and it is now more popular than ever with the furniture industry. Hickory is one of the best woods to make a blaze in the fireplace; its shavings are in demand to smoke meats; it has always made the best handles for tools and the best spokes for wheels. The automobile industry is also taking toll of hickory. (When I was a boy I thought its tough, flexible branches were used solely for a purpose I cannot contemplate without pain even after these many years.) So if we are to have our winter store of nuts and the fun of going to the woods to gather them, we will have to do something to insure a new crop of trees. A friend of mine has made a practice of carrying a few nuts in his pocket when he goes on a tramp. When he finds a secluded spot in which a tree is apt to grow and mature, he plants a few. We should take some hints from Johnny Appleseed, that queer character who used to wander through the forests in Ohio years ago with a bag of apple seeds on his back. When he came to a clearing he would pause to plant a few seeds and wander on. At that time the Indians were hostile, but thinking that he was demented they allowed him to go unmolested. And thus all through that country, apple trees sprang up in the clearings, providing fruit and grateful shade for the boys and girls of another generation.

Indeed the planting of trees is one of the most engaging practices. Have you never noted the pride with which the farmer relates, "I set out every tree of that grove forty years ago, when they were only two feet high"?

My little squirrel hid a nut in the parking and forgot to come back for it. From this nut a tree commenced to grow and I did what I could to protect it. The

"With grain sacks full of walnuts."

first year my son remarked that in sixty years or so, if all went well, he might be able to totter out and gather the first nuts. But the little tree has grown splendidly due to fertilization and care, and I was encouraged to read recently an account of a tree which had been declared by the National Nutgrowers Association to be the second best walnut tree in the United States and which had grown from a nut planted only twenty-three years ago.

A while back a folder came in my mail containing an application for membership in the American Tree Association, Washington, D. C. To become a member one must have planted a tree. I had planted many trees, but I claimed my membership on the strength of the little walnut tree in my parking. Having given the nut to the squirrel I felt I had planted it, as it were, by proxy.

I would like to enlist all my boys as members of the Association by reason of having planted a nut of some sort, and no better season can be had than the present one. It will be no end of fun to watch its first little green shoots spring up. "But let no tree," says Cable, "however planted, be treated, after planting, as other than a living thing. Cultivate it; coax it on; and do not forbear to plant trees because they grow slowly. They need not. With a little attention they grow swiftly. Before you know it you are sitting in their shade."

"Plant a nut and grow a tree."

"With a little attention they grow swiftly. Before you know it, you are sitting in their shade."

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Gun Rack *and* Game Fields

Edited by ALEC MERMOD, Gun Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

English Shooting

A GREAT many Americans have an erroneous idea of the shooting in England, and are not well posted about the shooting in other European countries, and while I have not had the pleasure of shooting outside the U. S. boundary, I am indebted to several friends for valuable information regarding the shooting abroad.

Take, for instance, the pheasant shooting in England; when we read of the large bags made on a certain estate, our first inclination is to condemn the English shooter and place him in the "Game hog" class, but in this we are taking snap judgment, and if we would think twice, we would realize that shooting could not be carried on from year to year if the English sportsman overshot his covers.

Our cousins from across the water take their sports seriously and do not "overplay" their hands, consequently their game is conserved and the covers are never shot out.

The head gamekeeper knows just about how many birds there are on hand at the opening of the season, and the shooting is governed accordingly, so there is no danger of killing more birds than the estate will stand.

The tenant farmers and the clergymen of the neighborhood receive a certain number of the dead birds, and the rest are sold on the London market, so there is never any waste.

One of the criticisms made by some of our American sportsmen is that the Englishmen actually *sell* their game. While this is true it is not done for profit, as the idea is to get rid of the dead birds, and to give the people who are not able to get any shooting the opportunity of having a game bird on their tables once in a while.

The raising of game birds for shooting is not a poor man's game, by any means, and the old saying, "Up goes a guinea, off goes tu-pence, and down comes a shilling," will give one some idea of the expense of the English shooting, for it costs nearly a guinea a bird to raise them, and the cost of cartridge is two pence, while the birds are sold on the market for a shilling.

There is always quite a bit of rivalry between the different estates as to which will show the biggest bag for a day's shooting, and the good shot among the gentry is always in demand, and his invitations are many during the season.

In England pheasants are raised very much as they are here on our game farms, only greater effort is made to keep down the vermin, and greater care is given the young birds. On the large estates the head gamekeeper has numerous helpers who watch the hen pheasants very closely during the laying season, and when the clutch is laid all but three or four eggs are removed and placed under an ordinary setting hen. A hen pheasant will lay two or three clutches during the season, consequently more than twice as many birds are hatched than would be the case were the birds allowed to hatch their own eggs.

I have heard some of our shooters condemn the pheasant shooting in England, saying that it was about as easy as going out in the barnyard and shooting the tame chickens, because the pheasants, being hand

raised, were tame and would hardly take wing at the approach of anyone.

If these men, who are inclined to discredit the English sportsmen, had the opportunity to shoot in the English covers their ideas on the subject would be entirely different.

While it is true that the birds seem quite tame during the summer, by the time they have fully matured they become shy and when in full flight their speed is equal to that of any other game bird. They are not only hard to hit, but are capable of carrying away a lot of shot.

Those of us who have shot the imported pheasant in this country, where in most cases the birds are flushed out of an open field at close range, have the impression that pheasant shooting is easy, but in England the shooting is entirely different, and is sporty enough for anyone.

The shooter is placed between two rows of trees which may be no farther apart than twenty-five yards, and the birds are driven across this space, so to stop a fast flyer between these two points requires a quick and accurate shot, and the shooter who has never tried this will begin to believe that he never was much of a shot.

As a rule the English shooter uses two guns, and has a man standing by to load and exchange for the empty gun.

That is the main reason why the European sportsman has his guns made in pairs.

While there are some repeating rifles used by Englishmen, the magazine shotgun is "taboo" and there are none on the English market.

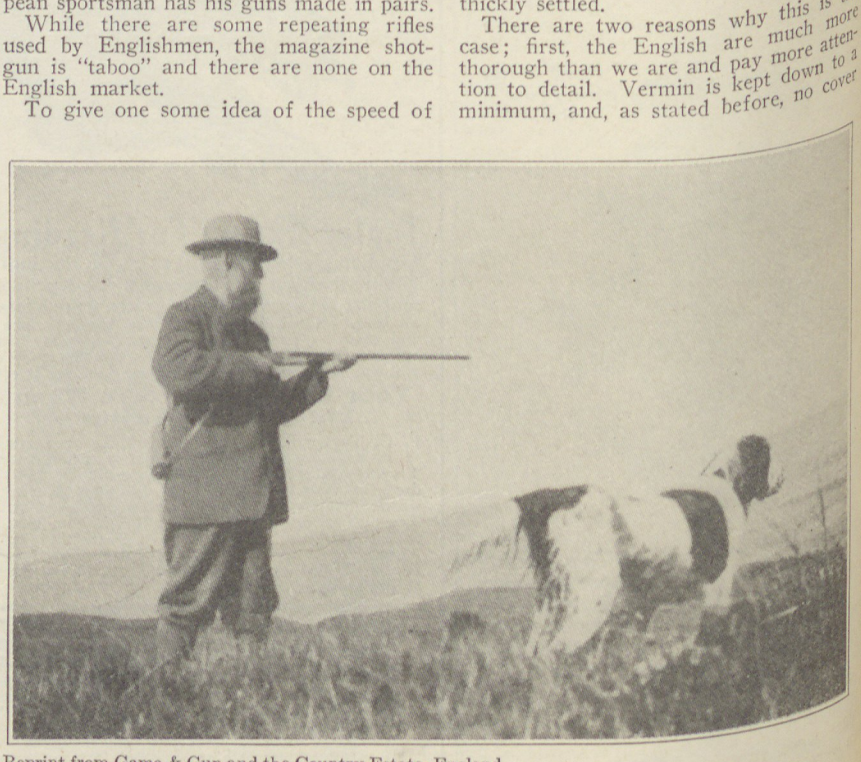
To give one some idea of the speed of one of these driven birds I will cite an incident told me by the late Sir Northrup McMillan, which occurred on an estate during the last day's shoot of the season. The birds were strong and wild and were flying like rockets. One of the birds which was shot at several times flew towards the house and struck a large plate glass window with such force that he went on through leaving a round hole just slightly larger than the bird; of course the glass was cracked and shattered around this hole, but the speed must have been terrific.

McMillan had the shooting on about ten thousand acres in Devonshire, 170 miles from London, and had some splendid sport throughout the season.

I asked if he was troubled with poachers. He answered: "Not to any great extent, but the one who managed to get more birds than anyone of the others, was the clergyman of the parish, and he managed it in this way: during the summer and early fall this chap would scatter grain along the paths close to his place, ending up in the garden, so that the birds became accustomed to feeding there, and when the season opened the clergyman, who had quite a bit of sporting blood in his make-up, would post himself in the window and pot a couple of birds every day or two with a small caliber rifle. As the pheasants were on his own ground he could hardly be apprehended as a poacher." McMillan, being a good sportsman himself, made no complaint, only this clergyman did not receive any of the dead birds after the shooting as he would have had he not done his own shooting.

We Americans wonder why there seems to be so much more game in England to the square acre than there is in the United States, claiming that our natural resources are better and that our country is not so thickly settled.

There are two reasons why this is the case; first, the English are much more thorough than we are and pay more attention to detail. Vermin is kept down to a minimum, and, as stated before, no cover



Reprint from Game & Gun and the Country Estate, England.

Two old hands.

is shot out, and there are always enough birds left for breeding. Another reason is that there are very few shooters in England compared to the number in the United States.

While private game preserves in the United States have been in existence for a number of years they have not been conducted in a manner conducive to raising any quantity of game, for the reason that our gamekeepers have not been educated along the right lines. However, during the past few years we have brought over some men from England who, by their thoroughness, have changed the conditions very materially, and now we have a school in the East where young men are being trained by a corps of English and Scotch gamekeepers with years of experience.

In addition to the pheasant, grouse and partridge are plentiful, as are woodcock and snipe.

I have before me an article from one of the English sporting magazines which makes mention of a bag of 400 brace of grouse falling to two guns in six consecutive days. Just think of 800 birds in six days. It does seem like slaughter, but we must remember that these birds are raised and protected for just that purpose, and furthermore, we have so many more shooters here than in England and Scotland, that taking it altogether, we really kill a great deal more game than our English cousins. The difference is that in the British Isles 10 men may kill 1000 birds in a given time while here 100 might kill the same number.

Snipe and woodcock breed in the North of England and in Scotland and Ireland, and receive much better protection than is given them in North America, which accounts for their seeming to be so much more plentiful.

An English friend told me that he with a friend once bagged 32 brace of woodcock in a single day's shooting on the west coast of Scotland.

I have never known of any such bag being made on this side of the water, though in the early days here before so much land was drained, immense bags of Wilson snipe were made, a hundred to the gun was a common thing.

A few days ago I met a man who had spent some time in Turkey, and he told some wonderful tales of the woodcock shooting there.

The English sportsman is much more fastidious in his selection of his guns than we are. It requires several days to give him a perfect fit, and months before his guns are delivered. Where the American sportsman of moderate income is satisfied with a gun of $100.00 to $150.00, the Englishman with the same means must have two guns costing $500.00 the pair.

The gunmakers of England pay more attention to detail and finish than do our manufacturers, and on the whole, their guns are of a higher grade, but as far as the shooting qualities are concerned, there is no gun in the world that can surpass those made in the United States.

As far as ammunition is concerned, England has nothing on us, for there is nothing made on the other side of the "big water" that can equal the shot shells and rifle cartridges which are turned out here.

When our bunch of Trap Shooters went across the "Pond" in 1901 to shoot a series of matches with the English and Scotch, and were victorious in nearly every contest, we demonstrated to the world that either our guns or ammunition were better or that our men were better shots. And I am inclined to "string my chips" with the man who claims that our victories were due to the fact that our guns and cartridges were superior, and also that our men were better marksmen.

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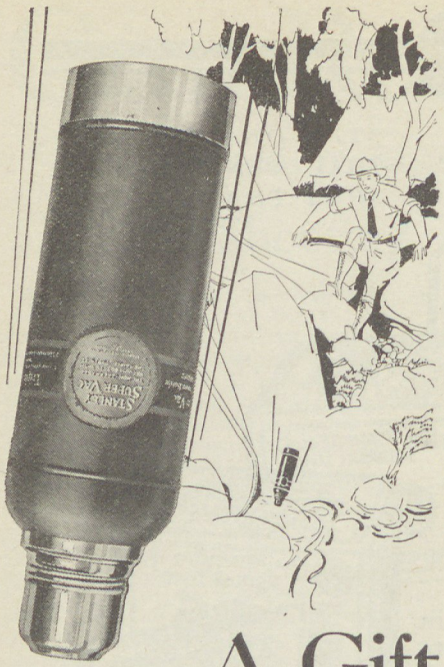

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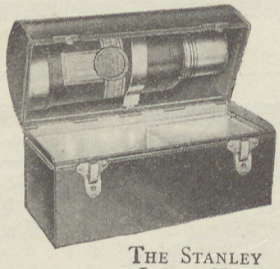

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Revolver Shooting

The Old Western Quick Draw

By BOB LIMBERT

This series of articles by Bob Limbert, crack revolver shot, is proving to be one of the most popular ever run in OUTDOOR AMERICA. *Mr. Limbert can be addressed care of* OUTDOOR AMERICA *or Stanley, Idaho.*

OF all the phases related to shooting it is probable there is not one which has been discussed more than the so called "quick draw" of the old frontier days. As a deciding factor it has been played up in fiction plots by scores of authors from Zane Grey and Owen Wister on down until today it is impossible to pick up any of the popular magazines dealing with western fiction without finding it featured in one or more stories.

A regrettable feature of American history is the halo surrounding many of our frontier heroes popularly supposed to have been gunmen. Probably the most noted of these was "Wild Bill" Hickok, a man who is credited with almost incredible deeds of valor. If the reader is interested to the point of desiring a few interesting sidelights upon such subjects I suggest writing to the Historical Department of the University of Nebraska and getting their recently published booklet entitled "Wild Bill Hickok and the McCandles Tragedy." There is much more which might be written about many others which would be equally surprising.

It is my opinion that any man, who through hours of practice has acquired dexterity and skill with a gun and then deliberately provokes some other person into drawing a gun on him only to shoot him down is and never was nothing less than a cold blooded murderer even if he was cleared on the grounds that the other man went for his gun first. Think what would happen to Tunney or Dempsey today if they took advantage of their skill and went around hunting trouble. Such days are happily over.

Today we have scores of rifle and revolver clubs having hundreds of members who are interested in revolver shooting as a hobby the same as others are interested in golf or tennis. It is to these that I wish to impart the following information, hoping that they will get as much personal pleasure from it as I have.

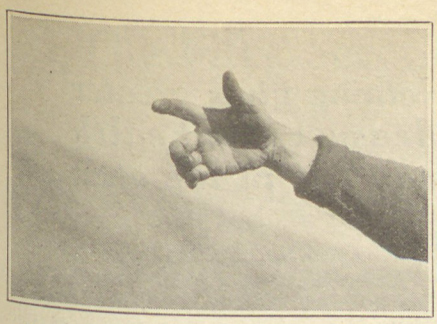
In the previous article I emphasized the necessity of having a heavy leather holster and in this I take it for granted you have it. Wear your holster containing your gun on your belt on the left side of your body slightly to the front and not on your hip as is so often seen in the movies.

The secret of the quick draw is simply that the hand can make a circular movement quicker than it can cover the same distance by making two straight line movements of forward and back. Simple as this may sound it has been entirely overlooked by those who have from time to time written upon the subject. In the circular motion there is no lost action as the hand never stops its movement but picks up the gun enroute and, as described further on, the inward flip of the elbow swings it to the front in a position to fire. If the gun were drawn in a straight line motion the hand would necessarily have to slow down and stop at each end of its orbit.

Let us suppose you are ready to make your first attempt and are standing with your gun on your belt in the position I have mentioned. The holster should hang with a natural incline slightly to the right. In drawing a gun quickly there are a number of little tricks, seemingly insignificant but vitally important. One of these is the greasing of the inside of your holster with vaseline so that the gun will slip easily. Especially is this needed along the front of the holster where the front sight rubs against the leather in coming free. One thing to remember is to keep perfectly relaxed as a body stiffened and tense will not readily respond to the direction of the mind. Any person who has taken boxing lessons has had this impressed upon him.

Stand with your arm in front of you with your fingers in the position shown in Cut No. 1. The thumb is raised, the forefinger straight, and the remaining three fingers slightly crooked but close together. Start your circular or rather I should say elliptical movement so that the bottom of it, where the upward motion begins, comes slightly above the lower end of your holster. In passing the holster the crook of the three fingers hook under the gun grip and a slight flexing of the muscles serves to flip the gun clear. The forefinger at the same time snaps against the holster in a line over the trigger and as the gun comes clear slips across the leather into the guard and around the trigger. As it does this the thumb curls into position back of the hammer and the forefinger begins tightening up, drawing the trigger back. In the old days one of the ways of picking out a "gunman" was to observe if there was a soiled place on his holster over the trigger guard as this could only come from hours of practice. Many who do not understand the principle of the motion attempt to gain speed by cutting away the leather and exposing the trigger and trigger guard so that their finger can get into position more

Position of hand, fingers and gun at the instant the gun is flipped from the holster by the three fingers seen circling about the grip.



Position of hand and fingers in making quick draw.

readily. This is a mistake because it not only exposes the trigger to catch in underbrush and such like but it also causes a slowing up of the circular movement owing to the fact that the operator cannot place his finger in the small opening unless he does slow down at that particular instant.

As the gun clears the leather flip the elbow is close to the body which swings the muzzle of the gun in the direction you wish to shoot.

I might say that one of the secrets of the whole operation is to hold the arm in such a position when starting to reach for your gun that the elbow will not be moved until you give it this final flip. The reason for this is that a forearm movement is much quicker than any shoulder movement necessitating a movement of the elbow could possibly be. You can prove this to your own satisfaction by trying to catch a fly by grabbing at it and catching it by a motion in which the elbow is held stationary.

If your gun sticks due to the fact that the holster is new or not thoroughly broken in you can help matters a bit by tying the end of the holster to a cord passing around your leg. Near the top of the holster it is also a good idea to have a cord fastened so that in going through thick underbrush you can tie your gun in to prevent its being jerked free and getting lost.

It is needless to mention that in doing your practicing for this stunt you use an empty gun as otherwise you are apt to have an accident before your hand gets to working automatically.

There are a number of other gun draws common to the old west such as the army draw, the Texas draw, the reverse draw, the snap draw, the Mormon draw and others. It seems that various localities apparently favored some particular method of gun play the same as various sections of the west have a different style of creasing their hats. In my estimation the one I have just described is the best of all and with the proper kind of a holster and practice a shade the fastest of all.

It is really surprising how fast one can become at this with a little practice. For instance I can hold a two and a half inch glass ball at arms length in front of me, drop it, draw my gun, fire and break it before it has fallen a distance of from fifteen to eighteen inches. According to physics a falling object moves sixteen and a fraction feet the first second. Figure it out.

In shooting exhibitions I have many times had a person stand fifteen feet from me with a cocked but empty gun pointed at my chest while I stood with my guns in my belt and my hands in the air. By watching my chance I am able, eight to nine times out of ten, to draw my gun and snap it at them before they can register the thought and movement necessary to crook their finger an eighth of an inch in order to snap their gun at me. A great part of it is pure psychology; I know exactly what I am going to do and how I am going to do it and they don't.

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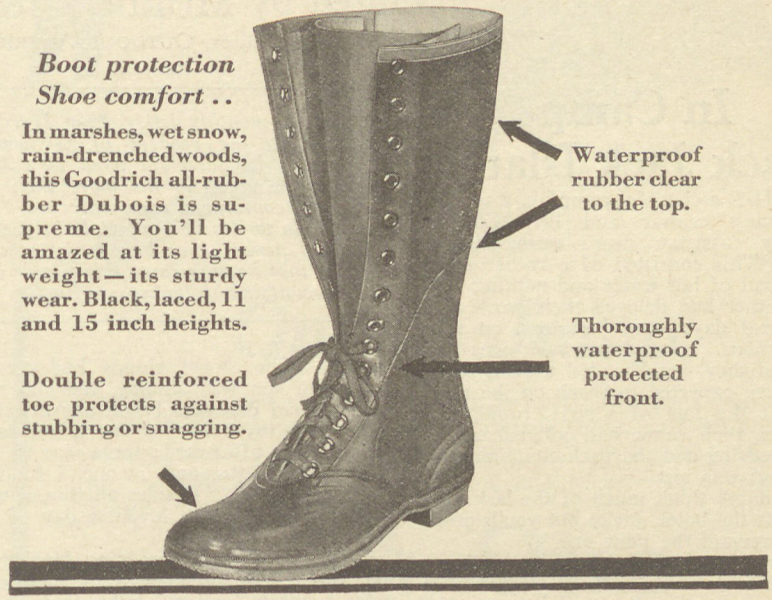

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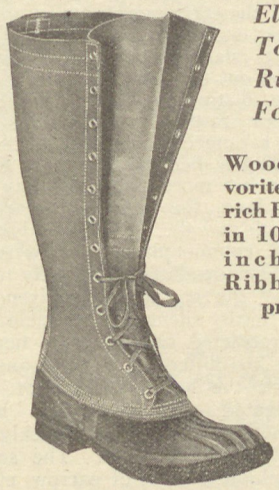

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Camping

Nothing gives greater pleasure and health than life in the open

Edited by MURDO GIBSON

Camping Editor, OUTDOOR AMERICA

In Camp Black Jack Island

In this monthly letter from Murdo Gibson to the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA, *he describes what he calls the "high note" in his more than a year of continuous camping.*

Murdo writes us that while he feels he will never be as happy any other place, that he may camp this winter in the mountains of Idaho. —EDITOR.

BESIDE a cheerful campfire, a veteran timber cruiser and his "College-boy" assistant were eating a late supper. This consisted of a rather small pike, a pail of hot water and nothing else. Bad weather had delayed their work and, for several days, they had been on very scant rations. Now, the work was finished and they were headed toward town, which they expected to reach on the morrow. At the foot of a swift rapid, that afternoon, their canoe had collided with a submerged log and the pack containing all their food was lost.

"You didn't think much of the last meal we had at the hotel, Jack; but you'll probably appreciate the next one."

"You're darned right I will, old timer, and if they don't put enough on the table I'll go back to the alley and help myself, out of the barrel. Now, I know why you cruisers consider yourselves so superior to other men who work in the woods. It's because you're so cultured."

"Cultured: Just what do you mean by that, Jack?"

"Well, our English teacher said that culture is simply the development of appreciation. It's a cinch that deprivation increases appreciation; therefore, deprivation makes for culture. I'll swear on a stack of bibles that you cruisers get more than the average amount of deprivation."

According to Jack's reasoning, I should have made considerable progress along cultural lines, during the past week. I was deprived of a number of things that contribute, largely, to my comfort, pleasure and, in some measure, to my happiness. While such things as sunshine, privacy, pork, bacon, butter, baking powder, coffee and tobacco may not be actual necessities, their absence exerted an unfavorable influence on my state of mind.

Bad weather was to blame. For a full week, gales of wind, with frequent flurries of rain, sleet, hail and snow, followed each other in rapid succession. Never was the interval between storms of sufficient duration to permit a canoe journey to town, or even to the nearest fishing station. On Friday evening, a giant halfbreed, enroute to Kenora, took shelter here and was forced to remain with me, until the following Tuesday. That forenoon, there came a brief lull, during which we had an hour or two of anemic sunshine. It lasted long enough to entice my guest away but, before noon, the wind became so strong, I fully expected him to be driven back. I don't know where he camped during that blow. Perhaps he got a lift from a passing gas boat. At any rate, he didn't return here, and I know he reached Kenora, because the faithful chap sent me the provisions I asked him to get.

Arrival of these supplies and the mail that accompanied them, ushered in the most enjoyable day I can remember. Never before did I feel so profoundly appreciative of so many blessings and never before did I have my fill of unadulterated felicity. The storm clouds had cleared away, the sun was shining, the lake was calm; I had delicious bacon and fragrant coffee with my breakfast and a soul-satisfying smoke afterward; there was no bad news in any letter and, in one, I found a longed-for check. Besides all this, it was, without question, the loveliest day of the whole year.

Emerging from a low-lying blanket of fog, the rising sun flooded the landscape with a warm, golden light that transformed the scene from a neutral gray to a veritable kaleidoscope. With the disappearance of the early morning mist, visibility became exceptionally high and the surrounding islands, ablaze with autumn colors, stood out from the glassy lake with mirage-like distinctness and detachment. Dame Nature, resplendent in carnival costume, had arranged a gorgeous setting in which to display her gay apparel. Never have I seen her more strikingly beautiful.

All day long, the sky was clear, the water smooth and the air balmy. For the time being, commonplace tasks were ignored and I surrendered completely to the witchery of the enchanting environment. Numerous birds, silent and invisible during the protracted storms, were now in high spirits and flitted gayly about, anxious to show me the lustrous sheen of their newly-renovated plumage. The hours passed unnoticed and, all too quickly, the afternoon drew to a close. The setting sun sank behind a series of narrow, evenly spaced cloud bars and radial rays, like wheel spokes of a celestial chariot, extended from the fiery hub half way to the zenith. A magnificent spectacle.

When the flame-shot effulgence of the afterglow faded to a sombre gray, I turned, reluctantly, from the western end of my little island and walked slowly eastward. I was drunk with beauty. Yet there was more, much more, to behold.

The nocturnal pageant was just commencing. Out of a cloudless east, rose the full moon, a perfect circle of shining silver. Over shadowy islands and rippling waters, it shed a softly brilliant radiance, like an angel's dream of the Holy Night. A new-born zephyr stirred topmost boughs and tremulous leaves whispered anxiously, while many fluttered helplessly down, whirling aimlessly but ever falling, until, with the faintest of audible sighs, they nestled peacefully on the ground beside the friends of their youth.

From the shore came a low, lapping murmur, as an endless succession of iridescent wavelets splashed gently against the illumined rocks. There was sound, but no sounds; just a soothing monotone, ceaseless, but subdued, like that of far distant surf.

But I could bear no more. I was already overwrought. My craving for natural beauty, heretofore insatiable, was surfeited, and I was conscious of a poignant ache, a sharp, piercing pain, like that of unutterable grief. An excess of pleasurable emotion had caused a revulsion of feeling and an almost irresistible impulse to burst into tears. To avert this, I retreated to the tent, lit the lantern and busied myself with supper preparations. Normalcy soon returned, but I did no more moon gazing, that night.

This experience I regard as the "high note" in my more than a year of continuous camping. Nothing, even remotely, like it ever happened to me before and it is most unlikely I shall ever again see all the conditions necessary for its recurrence. Few persons, I think, have ever known the simultaneous gratification of so many earnest desires, at a time when undisturbed solitude and lack of compelling duties permitted long, uninterrupted contemplation of such matchless, infinitely varied, limitless and superlative beauty.

"Arrival of supplies and the mail ushered in the most enjoyable day I can remember."

The Fifty-Second Goose

By C. E. Eggleston

NOTWITHSTANDING his bulk—he'll average a dozen pounds—and spread of wing—right at four feet—you can't see a Canada goose at night even in the brightest moonlight unless he interposes himself directly between you and the big luminary. But he can see you.

My wife and I tested this out thoroughly one beautiful frosty night on one of the numerous lakes in Southwestern Kansas along late in the Fall.

We had reached the shore of the lake about nine o'clock. The moon was in the full, and was due to rise about ten. A million stars blinked overhead as we wrapped ourselves in our blankets and prepared to grab a few winks of sleep before our bunch of Canadas came within range of the fours chilled in our shotguns.

We knew there were 52 of them. They had been counted by several nimrods in the neighborhood, but no one had been able to get close enough for a shot in the treeless expanses of this "short grass" country, which had then just begun to yield a profit to the growers of small grains.

You could look for miles and not see a thing, and the only chance for a bag of water fowl was to simply out-guess 'em, and you couldn't always do that.

But in regard to this bunch of Canadas we decided we had this problem all figured out. By dint of observations we had made on a reconnoitering expedition and inquiries among others who had watched their comings and goings we had found they "used" at night a little cove on Upper Twin Lake about sixty-five yards south of where we had curled up for the night.

The cove, we knew, afforded ideal shelter from the stiff north wind, with its bank on the upper side rising to some four feet in height. By this same token, therefore, although there was an abrupt upward slope to the point where we lay, our quarry would be unable to see us by the time it was light enough to look down the barrel in the grey of the early morning.

There would be a gale from the north by then, and we would be awake and ready for 'em at the first streak of dawn.

Rising from their sheltered nook they would breast the wind, and with our heavy shot we felt like giving odds on a bet that we'd bag the first of the flock.

The frosty air stung our nostrils as we lapsed into delicious unconsciousness, our minds occupied with visions of the kill we would make in the morning, our guns within easy reach, safeties on.

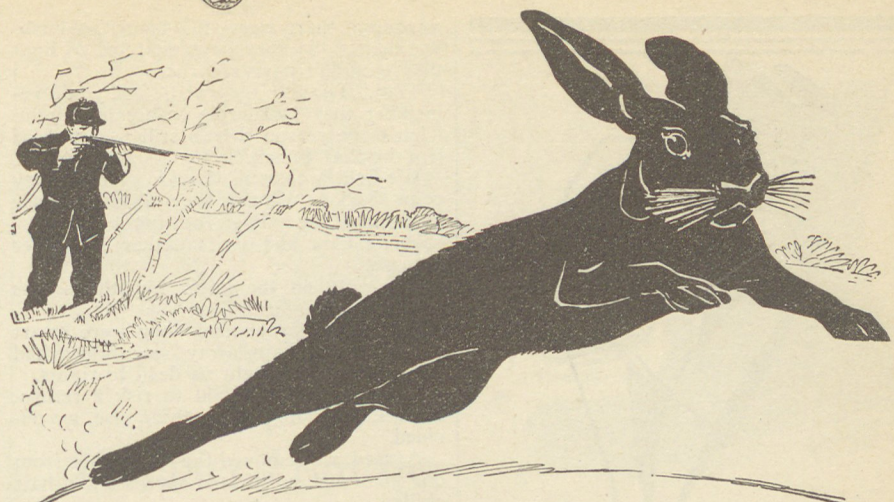
How long we had slept we didn't know, when we were roused by a tremendous rush of wings and a babel of honking. It was our bunch of Canadas coming in to the cove. They must have been ready to take the water when they spied our dark forms, for they were without doubt within a few yards of the ground when we first heard them.

The full moon was riding high in the sky when we rolled over and seized our guns, but by that time the wary birds had zoomed upward, and though we judged by the sound they were directly overhead we were unable to make out their forms.

Our fingers trembled on the triggers, but we knew it was mere folly to pull, so we held our fire.

Well, they had out-smarted us.

"Gee!" my wife said in a stage whisper,



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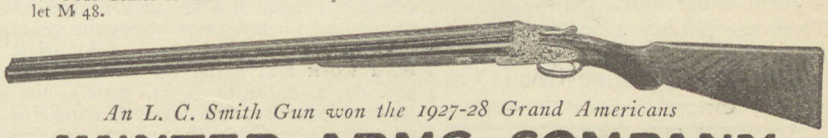

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as though there were still danger of flushing them. "If they hadn't circled to light they wouldn't have seen us."

"Yes," I sagely observed, "but you'll remember they DO circle before they light. That's one reason there's still fifty-two of 'em in that bunch."

We held a council of war. Would they come back? Would they abandon their custom of spending the night in their favorite cove and seek another and safer refuge?

The vote on the latter hypothesis was unanimously affirmative.

Of course, we argued, they were smart enough to remain away since they had slipped up and caught us dead to rights.

They would be afraid to risk a return. No use depending on anything else, we decided.

Agreed, we removed the heavy shot from our guns and substituted sevens-and-a-half chilled.

"Anyway," we said, "they can't skunk us. The water in front of us will be covered with ducks in the morning."

We turned in again to sleep until the grey broke in the East, telling ourselves we had adopted the proper procedure under the circumstances.

It developed that we had the right dope on one thing. That was the ducks.

The bedlam of quacks of varying tones that woke us just as the night began to fade confirmed our judgment in this.

The water twenty yards away was literally covered with ducks. Sprig tails, teal, spoonbills, canvasbacks, mallard—every kind and variety of duck that ever saw that part of Kansas were there by the thousands.

From our position on the west side of the lake we could easily see to shoot against the greying sky, so we carefully worked ourselves into "extended order" and let fly.

We had intended to give them the second shot on the rise, and were intent on the mass of ducks before us, when off to our right there broke on our astonished ears a noise like a young freight train coming around a curve.

We turned to gaze, and there was our bunch of Canadas, every one of them breasted up against the north wind almost in our faces. They looked as big as ostriches.

We whipped up our guns and blazed away, and one big one crumpled and fell. My wife pulled trigger again. I dropped my gun and dashed through the water close to the shore to retrieve our goose.

"We'll have one, anyway," I yelled as I splashed through the icy water.

The rest of the story is a sad tale, mates.

Not only had that bunch of geese twice made dubs out of us and given us the goose laugh, but the only one we knocked down completed the job.

I waded and sloshed through every square inch of that water several yards out from shore, kicked every clump of bunch grass, while my wife tramped in widening circles on the bank.

Did we ever find hide or feather of that goose? We did not.

We both saw him fall. We stood and watched him as he let loose all holds and tumbled like a ton of brick.

But he had vanished as completely as though he had never been.

And we thought we knew something about wild geese.

Annotated for Hikers

By Constance M. Hallock

THE Bible was not written as a handbook for hikers, and yet across the centuries since its authors put it into form the devotee of the long brown trail in this twentieth century will send more than one gleam of understanding, more than one chuckle of sympathy to the outdoor men who in the stern and stony land of Syria could not keep the lure of the land out of their writings. Job, beholding the sun when it shone, the moon walking in brightness; David, considering the heavens, the moon and the stars, have given us once for all the words which stay in our minds above all nature poems in any language.

Yet the daily life of the Israelites was not all poetry, any more than our own; nor is the hiker's career entirely made up of quoting poetry as he views the beauties of the world around him. A lot of it is hard work and going on his nerve after the day's enthusiasm is gone. As he trudges over strange trails looking for a camping place for the night, he thinks with sympathy of the children of Israel who had forty years of picking out camp sites, cooking over impromptu fireplaces in the heat and drought, and eating food which became even more monotonous than his own erbswurst and desiccated fruit. He wonders if they found the spot which from a distance looked so inviting overgrown with the Egyptian equivalent for poison ivy when they got there; he questions whether setting up tents in the wilderness of Sin were any more of a job than arranging his own one-man shelter when the wind is blowing as it will blow on any trail, high or low; he is certain that no plague of locusts was ever so bad as his own plague of porcupines which eat anything, even the lodge-poles of the shack. The one satisfaction he has which the tramping Israelites had not is the fact that he is alone or with a few chosen spirits.

Though the modern man sometimes feels Old Testament severities a bit strong, there is one occasion on which he will back up the Book of Deuteronomy with all the faith that is in him. "Cursed be he," Moses enjoined, "cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark," and the hiker will fervently echo the people's Amen.

"He that walketh wisely shall be delivered," remarked the Sage, and all walkers who have walked either wisely or unwisely will say Amen to that. In any group of hikers you can tell the novices, not in the first hour or the first two hours, but by the line-up at the end of the day. No matter who starts off sprightly—untried visitor on his mettle or seasoned oldtimer—the early marching-order means little. The morning wears on; the snowshoes drag; the pack grows heavy. After the pause for lunch comes the real test. Then he who walked not wisely but too well in the morning's enthusiasm wonders what has become of his former pep; then the oldtimer, feeble though his ancient limbs may be, gets his second wind, and when five or six o'clock comes is going strong. But the unwise hiker staggers into camp and takes two days to get over his stiffness. If, however, he is of the true metal from which hikers are made, he will presently learn that the Sage also said, "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise"; the world of hobnails and knapsacks opens before him, and the wisdom of the trail in due season is his also.

Memories of a Quail Hunter

(Continued from page 23)

program of the elements for a week, while the spell-binding game conservationists stayed indoors, wrote stories about the terrible slaughterer, the sportsman, exterminating game! The habit of feeding and rescuing birds by that time had become fixed with me. With Billy, my mountain saddle horse, I covered lots of territory daily, scattering grain and building shelters.

By a strange freak of fate, I wandered onto the territory of the land baron and continued my activities, not realizing, so intent was I on my work, that I was on his premises until I saw him watching me. There was a menacing attitude about him as he stood, gun in hand, observing me.

After awhile he left me to my work and an idea struck me with quick force. I mounted my horse and rode briskly to his house, where he greeted me coldly with his long-barrelled, old muzzle loader still in his hands. I told him I wanted to buy a bushel of shelled corn, being almost contemptuously curt in my request. Upon asking me for what purpose I wanted it, I replied with feigned coldness and haughtiness: "Why, to feed your quails, of course, something you haven't had sense enough to do with all your talk!"

In spite of my theatrical bravado, I was a bit timorous. I did not like the looks of that muzzle loading shotgun, that I noticed was half-cocked, nor the dour, uncompromising visage of the owner. "A lot of good it will do you," he commented, with emphasis, as he stood his evil-looking gun up in the corner, and started after the corn. "I'll never allow any shooting on this place, you can bet."

"Who in the h—l cares whether you do or not?" I flung back at him. "Quails are too plentiful elsewhere to think of hunting on your poor land. But, out of pity, I am going to feed them."

I did not wait for a reply. I grabbed the sack of corn out of his hands, handed him a half dollar, hurriedly mounted Billy, rode right through the center of his land, and scattered in likely places all the grain. When I left, I had to smile to myself, for I was still in the boyish stage and realized my emotions and acts were temporarily influenced by a tendency toward dramatics. Later, I sent over to the land baron exactly thirty-five pairs of Bob Whites which I had rescued in the timber area during the inclement wintry siege.

Often afterwards I saw the land owner in town, but studiously avoided him, lest I would soften towards him and confess my streak of the theatrical. Two years afterwards, however, at the court house hitchrack, we ran into each other face to face. He smiled genially.

"When you comin' over to my place?" He was the first to speak. "And help me shoot a mess of them little pa'tridges?" At that I laughed loudly, shook his hand warmly, and immediately confessed to him that I was still an undisciplined boy, having a selfish motive of my own, peevedly believing that quails were only for those who hunted them, and my biggest offense was my intolerance toward those who thought differently than I.

What the quails of America really need is not more trespass signs to keep out hunters, more closed seasons, or more states putting them on the "song birds" list, but better natural conditions under which to live and produce their kind. They must have cover, winter feeding and protection against a host of natural enemies.

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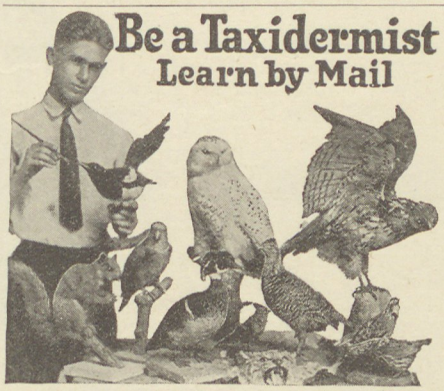

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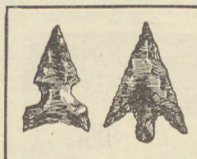

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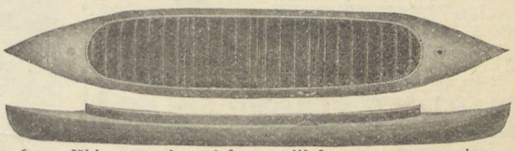

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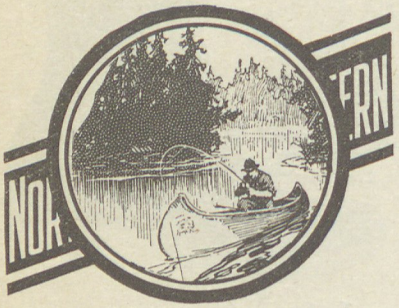

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Outboard Motors and Small Boats

Edited by PAUL BURRESS

Outboard Outwits Outlaws

BE it a cracked brown derby or a holey (perforated) black fedora, you can usually tell a real fisherman by his hat. It does not necessarily have to be a hat. A dog, pipe, wool shirt or gun may be the object of his affections, or his medium of advertising. Many good wives of outdoorsmen have observed with pity, question and envy, friend husband fondling some piece of equipment or lavishing his attentions on a soulful-eyed Llewelyn setter.

"Why do you persist in wasting time and energy on that balky boat engine?" Mrs. Hennings asked her husband one day as he was preparing for his first fishing trip after arriving in Florida. "You gave that mechanical child more consideration than you did me on our trip down."

"This outboard motor has carried me all over Canadian waters," explained Mr. Hennings, caressing the tool scarred flywheel. "It has been most faithful and always brings me luck."

"I suppose it is better than a pair of oars," conceded Mrs. Hennings, doubtfully.

Mrs. Hennings admired her husband for the many traits common to all good outdoorsmen, but being of jovial nature and possessing a keen sense of humor, she took great delight in taunting him about his pet hobbies.

Contrary to good form where one has many northern relatives, Mr. Hennings came to Florida before Thanksgiving. The hunting season would be open in a few days and this enabled him to enjoy the company of Panama County's game warden, who would soon be occupied in patroling his game areas.

This particular November morning found Warden Jones and Mr. Hennings chugging across the broad bosom of Lake Jessup. The customary motor tinkering at the start had rewarded them with an uninterrupted trip across the lake to the cove where originated the best bass fishing yarns in the county.

Doing the latest in outboarding on Tampa Bay.

During the next few minutes they were involved in setting up their bamboo rods, attaching anti-backlash reels, testing lines and choosing their best plugs. The Warden was a recent convert to the art of casting artificial lures.

"Would you all use this heah red-headed plug or the frog cullud one with the spinnahs?" he inquired.

"Try this one," said Mr. Hennings, holding up a feathered pork rind bait which looked as if it belonged on a pre-war milliner's latest creation.

The Warden fastened the pig skin lure to his line. He stood up in the bow of the boat and swung the bait through the air. There was a splash a few yards away from the boat. WHAM—an unsuspecting fish had struck the Warden's lure.

"I've got him," the Warden shouted excitedly, as he started reeling in the fish.

"Let him run," excitedly shouted Mr. Hennings, "give him more line."

The Warden was obedient and forthwith released his thumb from the reel spool, letting the line sag, when up came a fine specimen of bass into the air, shaking madly in his endeavor to dislodge the lure. The bass was successful. The Warden in a resigned manner sat down without reeling in his line.

"What a fish," exclaimed Mr. Hennings. "Why didn't you keep a tight line on him?"

"Well," replied the Warden good naturedly, "didn't you all tell me to give him mo' line?"

"My mistake, Warden," apologized Mr. Hennings. "What I meant was to keep your line tight, but allow the fish to run. Maybe I'd better demonstrate to you."

Suddenly from offshore came a detonation. Boom, boom, boom!

"What—in the name of Peter?" exclaimed the Warden as he dropped his tackle and stood scanning the shore line. "I'll bet that gang from the turpentine camp are into those quail again. I've been trying to catch them crackers all fall. When I'm about in my boat they can easy spot me by the pop of the motor and of course I'm just like a belled cat."

There was a long silence. The Warden was meditating. Here was a gang of offenders that the State Game Commissioner had instructed the Warden to get red handed, but so far, they had eluded his best efforts. Boom, boom—boom, boom—again the challenge came from shore.

Suddenly the Warden turned to Mr. Hennings, and in a demanding tone asked: "Will you help me round up that bunch of outlaws? I've got a scheme to catch 'em." Without waiting for an answer he continued, "We are going to use your outboard motor to do it. Start her up and we will make a couple of circles out here so that that pesky gang on shore will notice us. Make all the noise you can and then head her toward shore to that old fallen cypress."

Obliging and curious, Mr. Hennings hurriedly put away his tackle and turned to his pet motor. Once more he thought, his faithful outboard was going to play an important part in what might be an exciting experience.

He jiggled the carburetor float and gave the fly-wheel a sharp turn. It coughed slightly and the second time Mr. Hennings gave it a mighty yank. There was a roar from the engine, a cloud of blue smoke and the boat lurched forward.

"Head her over to that fallen cypress as fast as you can," ordered Warden Jones.

Arriving at the tree, Warden Jones again ripped out a string of orders.

"Swing the stern into those branches and remove that mule engine. Now, clamp that motor to this cypress limb, lash it tight with this rope and start the motor as quick as you can."

Mr. Hennings' imagination and hands worked fast. Was the Warden off his mental balance and did he expect to cruise Lake Jessup using the huge cypress for a skiff? Part of the mystery was solved with the starting of the outboard motor, for at the same time Warden Jones made a heavy heave on the skiff's oars which left Mr. Hennings perched on the cypress limb, steadying the sputtering motor.

"Well, of all the predicaments this motor and I have been in, this is the most unusual," thought Hennings. He smiled as he thought of what his northern friends would say if they caught him perched in this fallen tree top, running his pet outboard motor.

The trusty outboard was beginning to misbehave. Occasionally it would emit volumes of smoke as it missed fire, coughed and sputtered. Hennings industriously wiggled the spark lever and jiggled the carburetor. The clamps on the engine were loosening from the tree branch and the rope had dropped dangerously near the propeller. Hennings was occupied beyond a doubt. The question was whether to tinker with the motor to keep it running or to take a chance on its stopping and make it more secure to its funny transom. The old motor decided for itself, for C-R-A-C-K went the limb, down went the motor and up sprang Mr. Hennings to the next branch higher up. "Almost like a submarine tragedy," thought he, for only a rainbow hued spot of oil remained where the chugging motor had gone to its watery grave.

The contrast was startling. A moment before his pet motor, a living, breathing thing, now it was gone. Perfect stillness prevailed.

Then he heard voices coming from the direction where he had, a short time before, watched the Warden disappear. From around the point came Warden Jones sitting in the bow with his pistol leveled at two men, one of whom was heaving on the oars.

Like a flash the Warden's plan of capture unfolded to Mr. Hennings. He had used Hennings and his motor for a blind while he had quietly slipped upon the unsuspecting law breakers.

"Well, we got 'em," greeted the Warden as his prisoner swung the boat alongside the cypress trunk. "Where's the motor?"

"We lost 'im," answered Hennings, pointing to where his pal of many trips had disappeared beneath the ripples.

"Git offen yo clothes, niggah, and git that motah that's 'bout a few feet down theah, and don't ya quibble about it," commanded the law. Warden Jones then extended a hearty handshake and broad smile to Mr. Hennings on his tree top perch. "Well done, Sah, and if you please, Sah, we all will try the fishing again in the mornin'.

QUESTIONS

? ? ? ?

for readers about

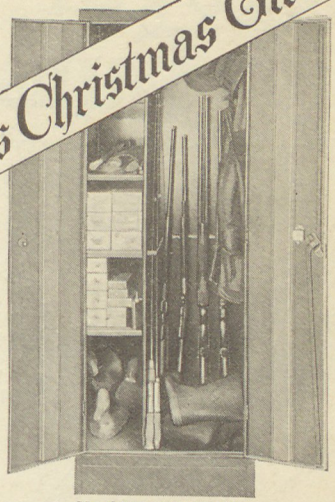
Outboard Motors and Small Boats

will be gladly answered by

"JED" BURRESS

editor of this department.

His Christmas Gift!



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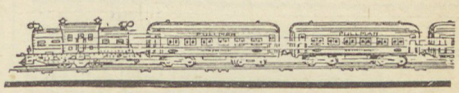

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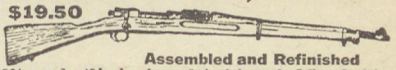

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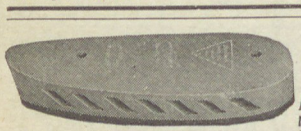

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Give OUTDOOR AMERICA

See the Special Offer Made on Page 2

The Great Government Shooting School at Perry

By Frank J. Kahrs

ON the shores of historic Lake Erie, thirty-five miles east of Toledo and eighty miles west of Cleveland, Ohio, stands Camp Perry.

A little over twenty years ago Camp Perry was born, and has grown each year until now it has assumed the proportion of what is generally conceded to be the largest rifle range in the world. The target butts alone extend for over a mile along the shore, and measuring from the clubhouse, which occupies the extreme right-hand of the range, to the Police Pistol Range and Instruction Camp on the extreme left, the distance falls a bit short under two miles.

Each year for three solid weeks, from the middle of August, Uncle Sam is host to about three thousand soldiers and citizens of these United States. From far off Hawaii and our other island possessions, teams representing the military and the civilian population join with similar teams from every state in the Union, so that when all reach Camp Perry for the opening day of the school every type and phase of American social and industrial life is represented. The women and the youngsters are there and actually shooting, too; for there is, also, a school for the junior marksman, conducted by the National Rifle Association of America for the sons and daughters of those who like to shoot. Every phase of rifle and pistol shooting is taught.

The school conducted by the Government is authorized by Congress to be held each year. The National Rifle Association of America holds its annual rifle competitions immediately following the school at Camp Perry.

These matches include the historic Wimbledon Cup Match, the Leech Cup Match, etc., instituted as far back as 1871, when a team of Irish riflemen visited the United States, captained by Major Arthur B. Leech, leaving as mementoes of their visit these famous cups for competition between American riflemen. There are, also, many other matches, including the President's Match, the winner of which receives an autographed letter of congratulation from the President of the United States. Space does not permit giving a detailed list of all the matches that are shot at Camp Perry each year, but from the time the big gun booms forth its opening salute at break of day until "retreat" is sounded in the evening, everyone with rifle or pistol is busy every minute shooting in some competition or other.

There are many cups and trophies awarded to the successful winners of the various events, and hundreds of fine gold, silver and bronze medals are awarded by the National Rifle Association along with cash.

The matches of the National Rifle Association are held during the second week of the school, and are followed by the National Matches, of which the big team match, known as the National Team Match is the closing chapter in the Camp Perry book of experience. In this big event, teams of ten men from every state in the Union, representing the Regular Army, the National Guard and civilian population, compete in their respective classes for the great honor of winning the National Trophy.

The United States Marine Corps was the winner of the National Trophy this year—its score being 2,733 out of the possible 3,000; the District of Columbia National Guard Team won the Hilton Trophy—its score was 2,620; the California Civilian Team won the Soldier of Marathon Trophy with a score of 2,620; the Minute Man Trophy was won by the Organized Reserves—its score being 2,615; the National Individual Rifle Match, which is the same course as the Team Match, was won by Sergeant Cagle of the Marine Corps, with the excellent score of 286 out of the possible 300. It is not possible to give all of the winners in each match, but some of the more important winners were the Wimbledon Cup Match by Marine Gunner O. Wiggs of the United States Marine Corps, who made the possible score of 100. The President's Match was won by Sergeant H. R. King of the Marine Corps, with a score of 146 out of 150; the National Small Bore Championship was won by V. Z. Canfield of Ohio, with a score of 641 out of 650; the East and West Small Bore Team Match was won by the West Team, with a score of 2,243 to 2,229 for the East; the Leech Cup Match was won by C. H. Duerfeldt of the United States Navy, with a score of 104 out of 105; the Individual Palma Match was won by the same man, with a score of 221 out of 225

A typical shooter at Camp Perry.

V. Z. Canfield of Hillsboro, Ohio, the small bore champion of the United States.

One of the outstanding features of this year's rifle competitions at Camp Perry was the remarkable record made by D. S. McDougal, Jr., a youth of sixteen summers, who won several matches and who placed high up in nearly all of the individual matches in which he competed. It was a revelation to the old timers to see a lad of tender age heading them in the list of prize winners. Another youth the same age as young McDougal, Lawrence Wilkins from Norwood, Ohio, also astonished everybody by running a close second to McDougal in many of the matches.

Anyone interested in rifle shooting or a desire to become interested is eligible to membership in the school, and for those who might wish to obtain complete information on the subject it is only necessary to write to the Secretary, National Rifle Association of America, Washington, D. C.

Camp Perry is an institution not an experiment, and with the support which it now has received through the action of Congress to insure that the school and competitions of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice and the National Rifle Association of America will continue each year, we may expect in the years to come that we will regain our lost prestige of "A Nation of Riflemen."

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Of Outdoor America, Published Monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1928.

State of Illinois } ss.
County of Cook }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Chas. P. Catlin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Outdoor America and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, Izaak Walton League of America, 541-555 W. Randolph, Chicago.
Editor, Marguerite Ives, 541-555 W. Randolph, Chicago.
Managing Editor, None.
Business Manager, Chas. P. Catlin.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Chas. P. Catlin, Business Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1928.
[SEAL.]
Clyde C. Posvie, Notary Public.
(My commission expires August 23, 1931.)

On the Trail of Old Dan Patch

(Continued from page 13)

parted with Old Dan, and I realized instantly that in payment for leading me safely through to freedom, I was now turning traitor by loosing on his trail a more formidable pack than the wolves.

"Now, fellows," I continued in a sudden burst of inspiration: "If you find my tale as stated, then you will have located the place where Old Dan crossed the road less than an hour ago! The old fellow will be tired out. There is not a man among you who could not locate his lair—jump him from his bed before noon. That, to me, would be poor compensation for my grilling hours of location work, and the penalty I am asking is this: Old Dan belongs to me, hooves, hide, and head! To all others he is taboo, and not a gun shall be turned against him!"

They all agreed to this condition, and ten minutes later, snuggling down in my blankets, I listened to their quiet departure. Sure enough they found the proofs of my story but they kept their word with me as to not hunting Old Dan.

Thus it came about that his repose was destined to be uninterrupted for the remainder of that day, and with an outlook for the future that was rosy.

Ours was the only camp within many miles and with the miles and miles of devastated pinery, the incalculable acres of waste marsh land along the river, and the toil entailed in reaching the spot, our seclusion was never invaded.

Old Dan's life belonged to me and the prize has never been taken.

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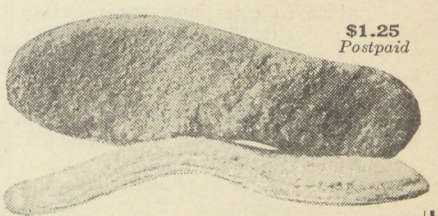

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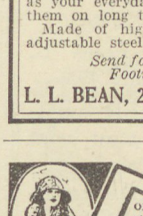

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Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by Thomas Ambrose

TALES OF WILD TURKEY HUNTING, *by Simon W. Everett. Illustrated. 127 pages. Published by William C. Hazelton, Chicago. 1928.*

"THE KURNEL" not only knows all there is to know about circumventing the greatest and most wily game bird of America, but also knows how to tell of it. The first chapter deals with the natural history of the bird, its habits, habitat, and the various methods of hunting it, while each of the remaining fourteen chapters is descriptive of some particular hunt either alone or while acting as guide for other hunters in the forests of North Carolina. The author has a pleasing and easy style of writing, and gives the reader vivid pictures of the pursuit of the noble quarry.

FIELD BOOK OF NORTH AMERICAN MAMMALS, *by H. E. Anthony, M. A. Curator, Department of Mammals, American Museum of Natural History. Illustrated. 625 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1928. $3.50.*

THIS is a manual of convenient large-pocket size which gives descriptions of every mammal known north of the Rio Grande, together with brief accounts of habits and geographical ranges. There are 32 colored plates and 175 photographs, pen and ink sketches and maps.

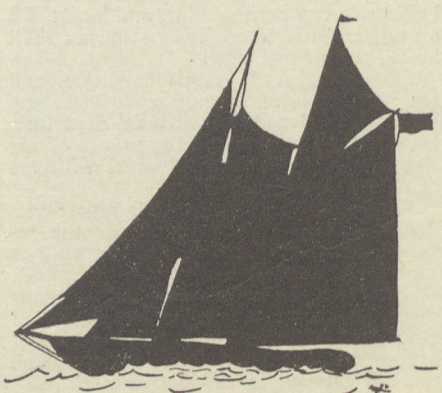
It is said to be the only book published which treats of *all* the North American mammals, and with it as a guide the layman should be able to identify every species he encounters.

SAILING CRAFT, *Edited by Edwin J. Schoettle. With an Introduction by A. Edward Newton. Illustrated. 786 pages. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 1928. $12.00.*

MR. SCHOETTLE is one of the best-informed men in the country on small boat sailing and racing, and his *Sailing Craft* is a compilation of articles by him and his friends, among whom are to be found most of the expert boat designers and manipulators. Sir Thomas Lipton writes of international racing; there is a chapter on sailing canoes; and the many classes smaller than the Shamrock and larger than a canoe are dealt with by those best fitted to do so. There are also general chapters on such topics as classification, ocean racing, aerodynamics of yacht sails, on cruising, and regatta committee work, etc. *Sailing Craft* is textually and pictorially the most complete book on sailing and racing ever published; yachtsmen will find their favorite type of boat discussed and illustrated, whether it be a bilgeboard scow, a Biloxi schooner, a Chesapeake bugeye, a New York 30, or whatever; and the various bodies of water where racing and cruising are popular are described.

In his introduction to *Sailing Craft,* A. Edward Newton says he knows nothing of the subject. . . . "I never rowed a boat, much less sailed a yacht, in my life." But he liked the book so well that he abandoned his pursuit of writing and first editions long enough to set down some amusing reflections on "the way of a ship upon the sea," and the publishers feel that Mr. Newton is not the only landlubber who can enjoy Mr. Schoettle's book.

From Schoettle: Sailing Craft.



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One More Cast

By Louis A. Parsons

MY Fat Friend preceded me, or I should be the hero of this tale. It often happens thus, "one ahead of you," so you lose the chance. But let that pass; it is something to have been there, and to have witnessed the battle which I am about to describe.

Picture to yourself a vast meadow of tall rank grass, through which a stream winds its meandering way, a million mosquitoes, two weary fishermen homeward bound, and there you are.

Fortuna had not smiled upon us that day; at all events, she had barely glanced at me. Oh, "a few," of course; but how few, as measured by our hopes of the early morning! For it was a posted brook that we were fishing—by permission. Much, therefore, would be expected of us. And then to think—

But I had a theory to explain it, "trout will not feed in an east wind." My wisdom brought me only scorn. F. F.'s comment was a rude guffaw. "Convenient," he grunted, "but not true." Then, as if to rub it in, "an east wind is *my* lucky wind." I murmured something about Ike Walton's famous line, "may the east wind never blow"—but it was wasted. My fat friend had forged ahead and was out of hearing. I saw him stop abruptly at the pool—the pool at the bend of the stream. It had inveigled us both that morning, as we were fishing down. For half an hour we had whipped it from every angle. Fly after fly was flicked across its mocking surface, and finally (forgive us, gentle reader), a plebeian worm was lowered to a watery grave. And with a sigh we had passed on.

Now my fat friend stops again, and prepares to cast. "Poor boob," I thought, "still under his delusion"—or was it the heat?

His voice came down the wind, I could hear his words, "one more cast"—

Then it happened.

One cast—and, as we say in golf, he "followed through." *He dove, head first, into the pool.*

What followed seems like a red blur as I look back upon it. I dropped my rod and basket, and covered the intervening space in record time. Waders and all, I qualified, I know, for the Olympic Finals. But that is a detail. I reached the pool in time to see the struggle. F. F. had emerged, and was plunging down the stream, his rod at arm's length. I looked on ahead to see the fish, but horrors! a dozen yards in front of F. F. was a barbed-wire fence across the brook. I shouted "look out for the wire!" But it was no use. He kept on going, right through the entanglements, ripping the back off his coat. His toe caught on the lower strand, and he measured his length on the other side. Hanging on to his rod, however, he got to his feet; and instead of reeling in, he began to work over toward the shore. This maneuver puzzled me. I concluded he had snagged his line. But to my amazement, he dropped his rod, and holding the line, he worked his way, hand over hand, along the water's edge. Then I got the idea. He had shoaled his fish. A few strides, a sudden kick, and it was over. A monster trout was flopping on the grass. I grasped F. F.'s hand. It was bleeding, so was his face. "Congratulations," I exclaimed, "but why the aquatics?"

He picked up his fish and took its measure—fifteen inches. Then the scales—one pound, ten ounces. "Now," said he, "take hold of that line." I did so; and he grasped it farther up. "Pull!" he cried. I gave it a gentle tug, and it broke—"That," said F. F. "is the answer."

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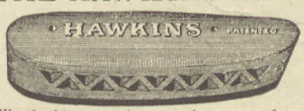

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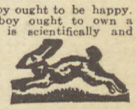

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The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH
Angling Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Casting Up the Record

So this is Christmas, or will be in a short while. How the years speed, tripping one another in their haste. But—"Grow old along with me, the best of life is yet to be." So here's wishing every reader of this department a Merry Christmas, a Happy New Year, with a taut line and a straining rod in 1929.—O. W. S.

IT is only natural that one should take stock at this season of the year, glancing backward, reliving experiences and re-envisioning dramatic incidents. Perhaps dramatic seems a bit ardent, but I don't know. This much is true, every angler can look back on his days on lake or stream, and place his finger upon some incident or happening, which, to him, was dramatic. No angler's day runs at a dead level, and no life, as for that. As grandmother says, "We all has our ups and downs." It is the little incident, the little happening, which makes a day stand out in memory. Just because it is December and Christmas lies around the corner, I am going to chat about the season behind us. Perhaps this contribution might be entitled, "Retrospection." Perhaps next month's "Anticipation." Somehow, Christmas marks the end, while New Year's, the beginning. And, anyhow, we are always just completing or just beginning. Just when an act or deed is completed and another begun, no one may say.

Parenthetically (you all know by now how fond I am of parentheses!), there is time yet to secure a bit of tackle for "his" or "her" Christmas. Any lover of dear old Izaak Walton's avocation will appreciate more than any ordinary jimcrack—handkerchief, necktie or bit of jewelry—some worthwhile angling article. There are many little things, within the reach of any pocket-book, which will delight the heart of the dyed-in-the-wool fisherman. Think, too, of fly-books, reels and rods. Imagine the joy of receiving some long coveted rod, properly inscribed, on Christmas morning. Don't tell my wife or daughter, but I count that Christmas day lost upon which I do not receive something with a fishing flavor. (I hope they will see this in time, for I am pretty well supplied.) This aside—or should I say "inside"—is thrown in in the interest of all fishermen and fisherwomen. (Yes, thank you.)

There is a pine tree on my lawn and I have jealously saved its cones, and tonight the open grate is piled high with the resinous seed-pods, which glow with a blue flame and throw out a wonderfully woodsy fragrance. Silenced is the rattle of the noisy electric and the roar of the street. Vanished are the four book-lined walls. Instead I hear the murmur of the breeze in the pines, the chuckle of sentimental aspen leaves; while, over all is the thunderous music of the distant water-fall.

The river was in flood that day, and I approached the pool at the foot of the fall with little faith, for it is a tenet of my ichthyic belief that trout will not take on a falling stream. Soon I discovered that the river was not falling, but still rising, by which I knew, that unless already fed up, there would be some mighty trout lurking where the restless current milled 'round and 'round. Now, had the water been muddy, stained with earth-wash, I would have cast a fly in vain; but this stream of mine is for the most part a wilderness stream, banks protected from erosion by brush and small second-growth, consequently only a deluge muddies the water. Even as I stood watching the down rushing water, enthralled, as always, by it, lazily, at my very feet, a good rainbow turned over. What he 'rose to I did not see, but the fact that fish were rising was enough.

I was sorry I had such a light rod, a 2½ ounce split-bamboo, my plaything, carried because light and because I hardly expected to do any fishing. I love that rod, as I love all my rods, and I debated with myself seriously as to whether or not I should risk it against what might be in the pool. But finally I assembled the delicate thing, thinking that if worse came to worse I could cut the line. Now the water pours over a wall of red sand-stone, mining out a deep hole in the rock below, a veritable cave off under the shelf upon which I stood. I stepped back into the water, looking all about, for actually the danger of an outreaching branch is always greater than the danger of a big fish. Then I shifted my landing-net into more convenient position, and sent out my fly—a No. 12 Brown Hackle—to strike where the wild current shot away from the down-rushing water, away and finally under the shelf of rock.

What a day it was. How brilliant the sunshine, filtering down through the leaves of the trees which leaned out from the steep sides of the ravine. The very top of the south bank was crowned by a tall pine stub, branchless save for a single limb near the top, but not grotesque. A pair of crows, to complete the picture, swung into the stub and came to rest upon the lone limb. What a picture. I thought of my little camera but realized that it could not catch the distant picture. Some day I am going up here with my tele-photo machine and wait for the proper moment to make an exposure; that is, unless Jove lets fly one of his thunderbolts before opportunity offers, for he seems to have a grudge against those ancient "ram-pikes." I shall be sorry when the last stub, relic of a once vast white pine forest, crashes to the ground; as I shall be sorry when the vermin-killers have their way, and the last black carrion-crow is gathered to its fathers.

(What was that impatient remark of yours, Izaak? Oh, "Did I get a rise?" Yes, I did, but I had to wait for it, and so will you.)

My dancing, dallying counterfeit presentment swung back under the shelving rock, was spewed out again, and danced along upon the current until it came to the precise spot where I had glimpsed the curving, spotted back. Again the rise, just to the surface, business-like and purposeful. Of course I had retained a taut line, of course the wrist did its work without conscious direction. The fish was hooked. Honestly, I seldom can tell just how a fish is hooked, what marks the difference between successful striking and unsuccessful. It is, if you will believe me, unconscious and instinctive. "No?" Well, plain, unvarnished luck, then.

What a gay battle it was. What rushes out under the curtain of down-falling water, to be thrown bodily back under the shelf of red sand-stone. What deep borings just in front of me, where the

"In life we are always just completing or just beginning—this family is usually either just pitching or just breaking camp."

water was deep and comparatively still. Once, twice, three times, he went into the air in that wonderful tackle-testing style of a true, vigorous rainbow. How his silver body glittered and glistened in the sunlight which filtered in through the dancing leaves away up above. Once or twice I seriously meditated severing the line, for the rod was not intended for that variety of fishing. When a frenzied rush would seem to menace unduly my little wand, I would point its tip straight at the fish, giving slack liberally. I did not want that fish very heartily, and because I willingly would have seen him escape, everything held. Yes, at last, after he had tired himself out, vanquished himself, I slipped him into my net, a pound and a quarter silver-sides. The builder of that fairy rod has every reason to be proud of his workmanship.

I stayed right there, fishing, resting, taking pictures and dreaming for something like an hour. Yes, I took three more fish, half pounders, or a little better, enough for my needs. Then I took down the rod and made my way back down the stream to camp. I might have taken more fish had I gone on up to some pools with which I am well acquainted, but I had all the fish I needed, and anyhow, why jeopardize the baby rod without reason: why ruin a perfect day by catching too many fish! There is only one thing worse than not taking any fish, and that is taking too many.

The pine cones are burning down to a bed of red coals, still giving off that wonderful aroma, incense of the open, which makes one see visions and dream dreams.

I see the mouth of another river, emptying into Lake Superior. A tangle of brush and logs, almost impenetrable, guarding the stream which is a-wash with the bank, for old Superior is thundering away not ten rods distant, driving the harried waters over the marsh. There are big brook trout which come into those rivers late in the season. Now there is no chance to use a fly, for it is utterly out of the question to swing a rod; indeed, one must just insinuate the tip of his rod between the thick tag alders and willows, trusting that if his baited hook connects with one of the big ones, the Red Gods will smile. My rod was a heavy telescopic steel, telescopic so that I could shut it up when crawling along, stretching it out when opportunity offered a chance to drop a line.

Oh, I know all about such fishing not being sport, but it is the only way in which the water can be fished, for there is no spot on the river's length where a fly-rod can be employed with flies: I use a fly-rod often in my worm fishing, a bit stiff, 'tis true, but a fly-rod just the same. Some late season anglers use minnows, but I never have; indeed, I seldom resort to bait fishing, being so much more enamoured of the guzzy wuzzy lures.

On the day in question, I had put on my hook half a dozen great night-crawlers, and the hook was a bass-hook, the line capable of holding a great pike. Yes, "shark tackle," if you please. Coming to a place where I could get my bait to the water with comparative ease, though I stood in water knee-deep, I dropped down my worm. Of course the bait was weighted with a good bit of lead and settled to the bottom quickly, for those "lakers"—as they are called—are bottom feeders. After some moments had passed, and I was just thinking the game was not worth the candle—the mosquitoes were awful—I felt a nibble and my line moved through the water. I waited for all of a minute, (those fish are slow biters), then jerked mightily, and a small seven inch brook trout went sailing back over the marsh to land with a "plunk" in the water!

I was in two minds to quit. You can imagine my disgust. Nevertheless, I straightened out my bait once more, and again I had a nibbling bite. Thinking it a second small fish, I began to reel in, but when my line drew taut, pandemonium broke loose deep down in the water. What a battle it was, under water of course, but a real battle nevertheless. Such rushes and deep borings! Had I not been armed with aforesaid "shark tackle" I never would have led the fish out upon the flooded marsh and into my net. Perhaps it was not a great fish, it weighed 2 pounds—but it was a good one. I fished no more, once his honor lay quiescent in my creel. The evening shadows had gathered, and I made my way through the labyrinthian brush back to the road and so to my cottage. "Just one fish, why, man, if you had stayed on you might have got another!" Yes, yes, but enough is as good as a feast.

There, the last cone has lost its shape, the fire is all but extinct, only a glow in the grate. Somewhere in the house a clock chimes the hour of midnight. Who could believe it? I steal into my room, feeling a bit foolish, but then, I had been "doped" by a pine cone fire.

CASTING UP THE RECORD

Dear O. W.: Which is the best bend of hook?—V. D., Chicago.

Sir: There is no best bend of hook, all depending upon the ideas and likings of the individual angler. It is all a matter of personal preference. Use the particular shape you think the best and it will be the best.—O. W.

TAPERED LINES.

Dear O. W.: How shall I care for my double tapered line?—B. F., Ohio.

Sir: Ordinarily when one purchases a good double-tapered fly line, in the box with the line will be found directions for its care, with some dope to rub on. It is always best to get the dressing from the man who made the line, because each maker uses his own formula. Wash the line in tepid water, soft water, and stretch out in the shade to dry. Then, either wearing gloves or bare-handed, go over the line, rubbing down with dressing. I prefer to daub the dressing on the palms of my hands, and working both hands backward and forward along the line, so rub in the grease. There are many dressings on the market, but as said in opening, it is better to get that provided by the maker of the particular line, or at least the dressing he recommends. If the line is badly frayed and worn, better send it back to the shop and have it re-dressed.—O. W.

RATHER POINTED

Bill had "her" out fishing, and grew rather sentimental over the mid-day lunch. "Do you know," said he, "I shall never marry until I meet a woman my exact opposite."

To which Mabel replied, "Well, Bill, there are a number of intelligent girls in this fishing camp."

SALT AND SWEET WATER FISHING

My Dear O. W.: To settle an argument, will you please compare salt and fresh water fishing, stating which is the most sport.—L. J.

Sir: One can't compare salt-water and sweet-water angling. They are not in the same category. Where will you face 200 and 300 pounds of battling fury in fresh water? Man, think of fighting a bass for six hours and being pulled all over the ocean. Think of standing on the beach and doing battle with a monster which you are absolutely unable to hold, dependent entirely upon the size of your reel for victory. Surf-fishing is a red-blooded man's game, and not for sunfishermen. So you see, all depends upon the individual as to whether or not surf-fishing is a more enjoyable sport than fishing for blue-gills. For rest and recreation I'll take the blue-gills.—O. W.

THE FISHERMAN TENDENCY

Angler to Dentist: "Doctor, why does a small cavity feel so large to the tongue?"

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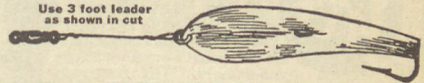

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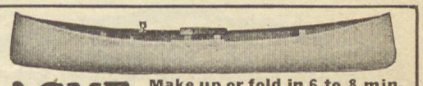

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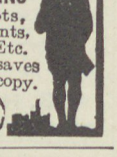

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Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

Annual Tournament of Indianapolis Club

THE Indiana casters turned out in full force for their annual event and after a close race Zimmerman came to the front winning the All-Round with 23 points against him to Hurst's 24 and Hall's 26.

Following are the high men in each event.

ACCURACY BAITS

¼ oz.		⅝ oz.	
Zimmerman	99.2	Mitchell	98.7
Mitchell	99.1	Hurst	98.6
Hurst	99.	Bans	99.6
½ oz.		Mitchell	99.5
Zimmerman	98.8	Hall	99.5

ACCURACY FLY EVENTS

Accuracy		*Dry*	
Benning	99 8/15	Hurst	99- 9
Hurst	99 4/15	Zimmerman	99- 3
Carter	98 10/15	Hall	98-10

DISTANCE BAIT

¼	*Av.*	*L. C.*
Hurst	183.2	199
Zimmerman	171.2	179
Hall	162.	170
½	*Av.*	*L. C.*
Zimmerman	242.	265
Hall	204.8	231
Nelson	169.8	209
⅝	*Av.*	*L. C.*
Hall	180.2	196
Benning	179.4	189
Mitchell	173.	190

Dry Fly

5¾ oz.		
Zimmerman	95	-95
Hurst	87⅓	-88
Nelson	86⅓	-88

Salmon

Hurst	115⅔	120
Zimmerman	115	118
Deluse	112⅔	115

Maryland Club Holds Tournament

THE Forest and Stream Club of Westminster, Md., scored a great success at the Thomas farm, using a wonderful swimming pool for accuracy and an adjoining meadow for distance events.

Art Neu won the distance championship and Jack Schwinn kept pace with him by winning the accuracy bait championship. Among the local men Guy N. Steele won out in the distance events and H. L. Hobby in the accuracy contests.

The Forest and Stream Club organized in 1874 is the oldest club of its kind in the United States and recently held a "camp" for twelve days at the end of which came the tournament.

NORFOLK CHAPTER HOLDS CASTING TOURNAMENT

THE Norfolk Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, together with the Trap Shooters and Horseshoe Pitchers, held a very successful Carnival and Tournament at Yellow Banks Park, fourteen miles west of Norfolk, on Sunday, August 26.

When one considers that the Norfolk Casting Club is less than a year old the showing made is a splendid one.

Illinois Casting Club's Annual Tournament

TWENTY-FIVE casters appeared for the annual Club Tournament to contest for the Club medals.

Bennington cast a 99 12/15 score in the Dry Fly and won the Class A medal. Lane led the B casters with 99 6/15. Of all the distance casters, H. Chatt was the best, beating the club stars with an average of 252.4 feet. Bill Stanley made a long cast of 298 feet, one foot more than G. G. Chatt's best cast.

George Chatt captured the "A" Class trophy in the ½ oz. Accuracy with 99.3 while "B" Class honors went to Lane with 98.7.

Otto Peters, winner of second prize all-around Championship, Columbus, 1928.

In the ⅝ oz. Accuracy, Stanley, H. Chatt and Vong finished first in the top class with 99.6 and Stanley won the cast off.

Miller was high man in "B" Class with 99.1 and Stratton with 98.8 headed the "B" casters. Following are the twelve high scores in each event. Lack of space forbids our publishing more.

COLUMBUS—1928

Event No. 1

DISTANCE FLY

Name	*Total*	*Long Cast*
Chatt	365	123
Braddon	322	110
Behnen	320	107
Connelly	317	107
Reese	317	107
Olsen	316	106
Schwinn	304	103
Stanley	303	103
Zimmerman	297	103
Vong	288	98
Peters	286	97
Newcombe	285	100
Monger	282	96
Trimble	277	93
Crooks	271	91

Event No. 2

SALMON FLY

Name	Total	Long Cast
Braddon	416	141
Stanley	396	135
Chatt	395	132
Behnen	388	132
Trimble	388	132
Schwinn	388	130
Monger	372	129
Reese	360	125
Zimmerman	360	128
Leonard	358	120
Peters	357	125
Newcombe	356	121
Merrill	350	117
Buckwalter	344	119

Event No. 3

¼ OZ. DISTANCE BAIT

Name	Total	Long Cast
Peters	1037	232
Mathie	1027	221
Stanley	980	216
Monger	962	208
Sutter	945	206
Fogel	939	208
Herrett	934	199
Neu	913	198
McCarthy	910	198
Newcombe (one break)	860	227
Nelson	835	191
Vong	834	241
Braddon	818	218
Schwinn	801	181

Event No. 4

¼ OZ. ACCURACY BAIT

Name	Av.	Name	Av.
Braddon	99.4	Schwinn	98.8
Stanley	99.3	Reese	98.6
Monger	99.	Peters	98.6
Zimmerman	98.9	McCarthy	98.6
Newcombe	98.8	Nelson	98.6
Hurst	98.8	Palmer	98.5
Fogel	98.8	Crooks	98.4

Event No. 5

ACCURACY FLY—5¾ OZ. ROD

Name	Av.	Name	Av.
Merrill	99.12	Connelly	99.8
Herrett	99.12	Neu	99.8
Braddon	99.12	Reese	99.7
Stanley	99.11	Fogel	99.7
Peters	99.11	Olsen	99.6
Leonard	99.10	Trimble	99.6
Burlingame	99.9	Leach	99.5

CAST OFF

Braddon	99.8	Herrett	98.13
Merrill	99.4		

Event No. 6

½ OZ. DISTANCE

Name	Total	Long Cast
White	1407	290
Newcombe	1365	285
Peters	1268	276
Kinnear	1259	265
Braddon	1258	261
Moulton	1213	254
Chatt (one break)	1151	297
Neu	1100	229
Zimmerman	1097	247
Schwinn	1094	275
Sutter	1065	223
Stanley (one break)	1040	267
Foss (one break)	1017	266
Leonard (one break)	988	258

Event No. 7

⅝ OZ. DISTANCE

Name	Total	Long Cast
Trimble	1219	230
Braddon	1140	228
Foss	1084	223
Newcombe	1064	220
Kinnear	995	206
Peters	990	209
Olsen	972	202
White	966	201
Vong	964	214
Behnen	953	203
Reese	947	195
Burlingame	945	198
Sutter	945	200
Schwinn	941	196

Event No. 8

DRY FLY ACCURACY 5¾ OZ. ROD

Name	Av.	Name	Av.
Newcombe	99.5	Connelly	99.2
Schwinn	99.5	Reese	99.2
Stanley	99.5	Hurst	99.2
Mathie	99.5	Behnen	99.2
Chatt	99.3	Crooks	99.1
Trimble	99.3	Sutter	99.1
Vong	99.3	Merrill	99.1
Neu	99.3	Zimmerman	99.1
Nelson	99.3		

Event No. 9

DRY FLY ACCURACY (UNKNOWN DISTANCE) 5¾ OZ. ROD

Name	Av.	Name	Av.
Sutter	99.0	Vong	98.7
Merrill	99.0	Reese	98.7
Neu	99.0	Chatt	98.7
Hurst	98.9	Crooks	98.7
Olsen	98.8	Braddon	98.6
Peters	98.8	Behnen	98.6
Connelly	98.8	Schwinn	98.6

CAST OFF

Merrill	99.1	Sutter	98.3
Neu	98.9		

Event No. 10

½ OZ. ACCURACY BAIT

Name	Av.	Name	Av.
Neu	99.3	Chatt	98.8
Sutter	99.1	Hurst	98.8
Reese	99.1	Connelly	98.7
Leach	99.0	Braddon	98.7
Behnen	99.0	Fogel	98.6
Newcombe	99.0	Peters	98.6
Buckwalter	98.9	Zimmerman	98.6

Event No. 11

⅝ OZ. ACCURACY BAIT

Name	Av.	Name	Av.
Peters	99.7	Schwinn	99.4
Chatt	99.6	Behnen	99.3
Fogel	99.6	Herrett	99.3
Moulton	99.5	Braddon	99.3
Hurst	99.5	Zimmerman	99.3
Sutter	99.5	Burlingame	99.3
Stanley	99.4	Buckwalter	99.3
Reese	99.4		

Event No. 12

BUTTONS

99 Degree	Crooks
Braddon	Chatt
Stanley	Schwinn
Neu	Sutter
Reese	Behnen
Peters	Mathie
98 Degree	Nelson
Merrill	Buckwalter
Herrett	Vong
Leonard	Hurst
Burlingame	Mitchell
Connelly	Palmer
Neu	Newcombe
Olsen	Trimble
Leach	Zimmerman
	McCarthy

LADIES' EVENT

⅝ Oz. Accuracy Bait

	Demerits
Mrs. Hurst	6
Mrs. Reese	9
Mrs. Behnen	12
Mrs. Buckwalter	14
Mrs. Palmer	17
Mrs. Fogel	27
Mrs. Neary	41
Mrs. Merrill	43

PENNANT POINTS

Illinois Casting Club	43
Cleveland Casting Club	31
Buffalo Casting Club	24
Columbus Casting Club	24
Newark Casting Club	18
Chicago Fly Casting Club	10
Indianapolis Casting Club	8

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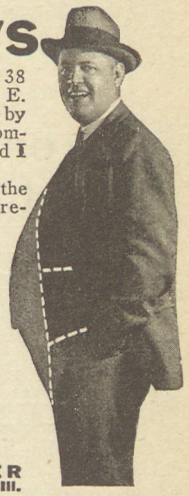

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Your Dog And Mine

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY — *Dog Editor,* OUTDOOR AMERICA

More on the Quality of Points

DURING my early days with dogs my predilections and circumstances caused me to become a professional trainer. I had a great fondness for all sorts of sporting dogs, something which I still and shall always have. No matter whether it was a beagle, rabbit or fox hound or spaniel that came under my observation, immediately my attention was arrested and I felt an abiding passion for each of them.

During the initiate part of my training career, I began to understand or rather discover things which, when I was an amateur, had never given me much serious thought. Probably I had handled successfully seventy-five dogs. In temperament and other characteristics, they were very much alike, enough so as to give me a false impression and cause me to regard the art of training as applicable in the same manner to all dogs.

If a dog was timid, a lot of petting and talking would cure it, I argued, because success had once come to me from such procedure with a certain dog. Never was I so ripe for a flop as when I judged everything from that slant of personal precedent.

At the time, the late great trainer, Ed Garr, was in the hey-day of his career as a trainer of high class shooting and field trial dogs. I met him at a trial on the Illinois prairies, then, later, in Tennessee; occasions which caused him to throw a good deal of material my way. I venerate Ed's memory so greatly that I never see his son, Roy, but that immediately I see his stalwart father before me, for like sire, like son, actual blood strains show in the boy's every movement.

When Ed found that I was in earnest about training, he expressed himself as pleased and immediately caused several dogs to be sent to me.

This was the way that the late Norman J. Colman, ex-lieutenant governor of Missouri and the first secretary of Agriculture under President Cleveland, came to ship his dogs to me, as well as Chas. A. Pratt, who engaged in a sort of dog partnership with George Gould. I relate this because it occasioned one of the first sources of my dog puzzlement, the study of which caused me to judge each dog as a separate individual and not treat all of them as alike.

All these dogs were big going chaps, great natural bevy dogs, and they could also certainly deliver the goods on singles, and such a combination in these days is a rara avis. What most I studied in them was the act of pointing. I credit these dogs, to this day, with teaching me more about the quality of a point than I ever taught them.

Ex-Governor Colman's string consisted of a slim, wiry, speedy setter, a son of California Bell Boy; Lad, a tremendously large liver and white pointer, a grandson of Rip Rap, and a sturdy little setter bitch, a grand-daughter of Marie's Sport. Mr. Pratt's string consisted of three pointers, very classy dogs, to wit: Tony Jingo, Lucky Strike and the ultimately incomparable freak, a tiny thirty-five pound pointer bitch Sis, deaf as a post, whose all-around equal I doubt that I have ever seen.

I remember well the shock I got from Ed Garr when he told me, preceding the arrival of this string, that the greatest detestation on the part of these owners, was a false pointing dog. It would be better that I cut their throats while in my hands than to let any of them go home to their owners and point falsely. Of course, Ed exaggerated in this. Nevertheless, in my youthful innocence, I gasped, for, up to that time, I had actually believed that false pointing was an indefinable sort of proof of an over-sensitive nose. No one will ever know the mental worries I experienced over these charges nor how I studied out means to prevent possible false pointing and, at the same time, actuate real tractability.

Colman's Bell Boy was a veritable high headed race horse, all nerves, a thoroughbred in every movement, yet without the necessary physique to carry on for long hours at the same tremendous gait. Lad, the giant Rip Rap pointer, was speedier than he looked, always did things as they should be done and was very dependable. The little setter out of Marie's Sport exhibited the trait of her Gleam blood. She went like sixty, found lots of birds, and was nearly tireless, but exceedingly fidgety on birds.

Ozark Ripley and his pointer, Hunter's Jingo Jim. In the Patenaude coverts of Old Quebec.

Tony Jingo and Lucky Strike, the two male pointers belonging to Mr. Pratt, were great dogs. They were always out to find birds and found them, however far they had to cast for them, and stuck as long as you wanted when on point. They had had experience before coming into my care. Sis, the little pointer, was a source of vexation and puzzlement on account of her extreme nervousness and deafness.

Just before the climax of this dog rodomontade occurred, Sis began to show things. She was three years old and looked like a whippet more than a pointer. Her slim tail came up right over her back in an egregious hound curl, and, when on the alert, she had a habit of carrying her thin, small ears erect, like a fox terrier. The only person amidst my environments who was convinced that Sis was a bird dog, was myself. She was nothing less than chain lightning in speed; no country was too big for her; no cover too heavy. She could find birds with amazing quickness and certainty, but she was so deaf, from birth, that she depended upon me for signs. I had to abandon the use of whistle or voice for control when I had her out. What she knew in the way of tractability, hunting, sticking on point and other matters, she had picked up herself. She followed us whenever she wanted, unless locked up in a room in my shanty, as no kennel could hold her. She did not point until long after her third year, so a handler can picture some of the painful times I had with her when she broke bounds and inserted herself into my program of teaching young dogs to point. Some of the grey in my hair was certainly caused by Sis' jumping in on a young dog's point and chasing the birds in every direction.

She actually caught three and, until the pointing instinct seized her, she was inspired by the idea that her object on earth was to attempt to catch every bird that came within range of her sight or her remarkable nose.

Governor Coleman, on account of his age —he was then eighty-five—decided to sell his string. This was the origin of the visit to my shanty of Martin Vorhees, at that time a well-known follower of trials and a lover of high class shooting dogs, who had come to look over the venerable sportsman's string.

Vorhees shot four days over Coleman's string and was immediately loud in his praise of the big pointer, Lad, and, though he bought the other two, they were for a friend. Lad attracted him in every way, his big, bold going, bird work and general bird ability. While the Marie's Sport bitch would have possibly been my choice, there was not enough difference between them in my opinion to question Vorhees' decision. The performance of the Bell Boy dog was always on a par with that of Lad, but he was not so rugged.

I felt quite happy that Mr. Vorhees had praised these dogs, and felt sure, from his conversation, that his selection of Lad had come from the quality of his point.

On a certain evening before his departure, he stated that he would like to see a dog make Lad extend himself. As he was a recognized authority, I listened carefully; "As it is," he said, "the two setters have been working so constantly with Lad that they are inclined to let him boss things a bit. I would so much like to see a dog, if one exists, that would make this dog hustle so that he wouldn't think the way he did everything was just right, and the easiest thing in the world. Then, though he is mighty fast, he might show a little more speed and dash."

Tony Jingo and Lucky Strike were instantly in my mind. He had never worked with them, as, unfortunately, they had been shipped home, to open the shooting season the day Mr. Vorhees arrived, and I told him I had no other dogs that would suit his purpose.

Then, suddenly, the door flew open and erratic Sis bounded onto my lap, and joy came to my heart, at the thought of the possible opportunity which the presence of the wiry little liver and white pointer suggested.

"Whose dub is that?" Before I had any explanation Vorhees robbed me of my exhilaration on the arrival of my beloved little freak.

"That's Mr. Pratt's little Jingo bitch, Sis. Bessie Nolan."

"Well, what's happened to Charley Pratt?" the big man commented in a humorous way. "I always regarded him as the best judge of a bird dog that I ever knew. That's the homeliest thing I ever saw and not worth wasting training money on!"

"'Homely,'" I lost all control of myself through loyalty to my favorite. "She may be homely and I can not tell how she'll handle tomorrow. But, at that, I believe she is the greatest natural bird dog in the world and tomorrow she will make your choice, Lad, look like a rank dub!

"'Homely,'" I continued angrily, "why, when she gets going and lands on birds, you will think she is the most gorgeous piece of dog flesh you ever saw!"

Mr. Vorhees smiled, said nothing, but his eyes flashed in amused incredulity. As for myself, I realized that I had never had Sis down on game with Lad, and had always locked her up in a room while I had the governor's dogs out, lest she spoil their work. Only recently had she shown signs of her greatness. She was an unknown quantity so far as a competitor with the big Rip Rap dog. Young as I was, I knew that estimates of two great dogs could only be corroborated by actual competition in the field. But I loved Sis. She was the companion of my heart. If she showed the brilliancy I had observed of late when down with those fine dogs, Tony Jingo and Lucky Strike, I had no reason to worry. Still, beginner in the game as I was, I was not unaware of her eccentricities and the possibility that she would conduct affairs according to her old system, if her nerves got headway, though she had begun to settle down nicely. What the presence of Mr. Vorhees in the field would do, I could only conjecture. But Sis, that warm, virile, loving creature, was my obsession. I would trust her to display wares that that old, experienced, liberal-minded savant had never witnessed.

"Well," after a time of thinking, the big visitor replied, "the homely bitch may surprise me, as you seem to be so fond of her. I hope she will. If she has the quality of that big dog in her pointing I will certainly take back what I said."

These words "quality of point" struck me forcibly and are the reasons for my here repeating these incidents, because they can be of so great value to others who have capable young pointers and setters in their possession. When I retired to my bunk, silently I prayed for the success of Sis. I liked Lad every way, but never before did I hope so much for a little, inferior-looking bitch to excel the best-trained pupil, in the eyes of my guest, I had so far produced.

Sis justified my faith in her. After that day, Vorhees was unstinted in his praise. He agreed that she was a marvel; speed, range, perfection at handling bevies or singles, endurance, bird sense. Poor old Lad was but a second rater in comparison with her. She had learned to speed without friction, snap into point right on her

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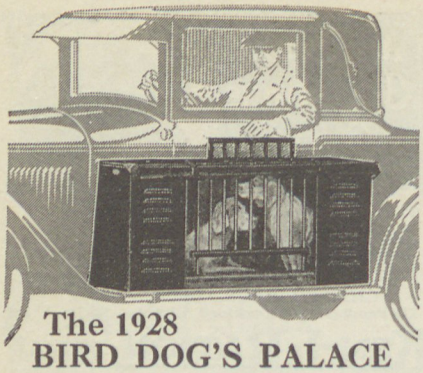

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Price $12.50 for the one-dog size and $15.00 for the two-dog size. Suitable for large pointers or setters as well as other breeds. And is adjustable to fit all cars. Immediate shipment. Manufactured by

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birds, certain — inexorably so — and she made quail lie on bare ground where it was seemingly impossible for other dogs. Above all, as she had discovered the entire process of becoming great by herself, she taught me never to be in haste with any slow prospect.

The night of Sis' easy victory over Lad, Vorhees and I sat silently together by the old rock fireplace in my cabin, neither uttering a sound, but with our eyes fixed in veneration upon the tireless, wonderful pointer bitch sleeping at our feet.

"She is the greatest performer on birds I have ever seen," Vorhees was forced to express himself. "Blood always tells. But, it's the quality of her points that attracted me most. She is incomparable at it. Poor old honest Lad is very ordinary when down with her."

Then I inserted my opinion: "Because she was deaf and was left to herself. If any fool man had tried to train Sis——"

"He would have made a nervous dub of her," my guest added.

The following day, in a driving sleet, in sedge water half up to her waist, greenbriar, dewberry, sawbriar and ragweed, the slim little bitch exceeded her program of the previous day. Then, the next day, I shipped her home to Mr. Pratt at Little Rock. The night of her arrival she was placed in a kennel yard, and tragically enough, after that no one ever saw or heard anything more of Sis.

Ask Ozark Ripley He Knows

DEW-CLAWS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

My springer spaniel pup (9 mo. old), has dew-claws on hind legs and I am wondering if it wouldn't be wise to remove them. Would it do to snip them off or would you advise letting a "vet" take them off at the joint?

Harry R. Throssell,
Yakima, Wash.

Dear Mr. Throssell:

Go ahead and cut the dew-claws off at once, and it will save your dog from suffering lots of misery later on. Cut them clean and close, and the dog will experience no bad after effects.

Very truly yours,
Ozark Ripley.

A TIMID SETTER

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have an eighteen months old setter bitch that is very timid. I did not get her until she was 16 months old. I have never abused or whipped her since I have owned her. She will lay flat on the ground when you go towards her or talk to her in a gruff voice. She is that way in field or at horn. Can you advise me how to cure her of this habit?

Sincerely yours,
W. C. Bragg,
Irvine, Ky.

Dear Mr. Bragg:

Keep your dog as much in the field as possible with you, treating her as kindly as possible, using no harsh words, but do not pet her too much, act often as if she were not about and you were paying no attention to her whatever. Keep her interested all the time on game as much as possible and she will come through OK.

Sincerely,
Ozark Ripley.

SORE EYES

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Please tell me what to do to cure the sore and mattering eyes of my water spaniel. The dog is about 6 or 7 years old and has had this eye trouble for about 2 or 3 years.

Your help will be appreciated both by the dog and myself.

Yours sincerely,
J. E. Belden,
Racine, Wis.

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Montcalm pheasants are plump, full bodied, vigorous, and excel in brilliancy of plumage. They are the kind that produce large uniform eggs of high hatchability.

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USE
OUTDOOR AMERICA'S
FREE KENNEL AND LIVE STOCK SERVICE BUREAU

Dear Mr. Belden:

Bathe your dog's eyes daily with a saturated solution of boracic acid. Until the eyes are well, keep him out of weed and grass patches. The small seeds often irritate spaniel's eyes; also, when grass and weeds are heavy with dew, a slight irritation is caused by it.

I would, however, examine the lids carefully and see if there are any ingrowing lashes or hairs. Often such a condition exists, and relief is obtained by an operation.

Sincerely,
Ozark Ripley.

TAPE WORM

Dear Ozark Ripley:

My male springer will be 11 months of age the 30th of the present month, he is very active, fine appearing—all in all has the marks of an exceptional dog. He generally has a good appetite. Will eat almost anything; in fact, many things he eats like paper, coke, grass, etc., I hardly approve of.

However, at times he refuses to eat food he formerly ate—such as dog biscuits, etc.; he also gets very irritable, does not want anyone to pet him—growls and snaps.

I have noticed recently he drags his rectum on the ground after a stool. On two occasions I examined his stool and found small white objects—very small and thin, possibly ⅛ to ¼ inch long.

Lately his wonderful long hair is becoming shaggy appearing and he sheds hair, whenever he lies down or shakes himself. His eyes in the morning have pus in the lower lids and his lower eyelids droop.

I will greatly appreciate anything you may suggest.

Yours very truly,
F. L. Koempel,
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Mr. Koempel:

Your dog is certainly afflicted with tape worm and you must rid him of it immediately with one of the standard remedies advertised in OUTDOOR AMERICA. Be sure to follow directions with any preparation because it is absolutely necessary for the dog to be starved, without any food, for twenty-four hours before he is given the remedy; otherwise, it will have no effect.

When you do this, keep him in a room or lot where he can have nothing whatever to eat and you will be more able to examine the fecal matter to see that he passes the worms. After this his coat will improve, as well as his general condition. You can clear up the eyes by bathing them twice a day with a saturated solution of boracic acid.

I would watch him carefully as I believe his irritability is caused entirely by the presence of worms and he will soon resume eating any food you give him, provided you do not keep him too much on the same diet.

Sincerely,
Ozark Ripley.

COMMANDS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Will you please outline the minimum number of commands that should be used in training a nine months old Springer Spaniel pup, the best words or phrases for each command, and the purpose of them?

I shall be most grateful to you for giving me a sort of working basis. Many of the commands, as found in some of the books, sound odd and impractical to me.

Cordially yours,
J. A. Bliss,
Sioux City, Iowa.

Dear Dr. Bliss:

Heel, Drop, Come In, Steady are sufficient commands with which to get along, without burdening your dog with more at present.

Wishing you success with your youngster.

Sincerely,
Ozark Ripley.

HOWLING AT TRAINS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a Springer Spaniel 3 years old. Recently he has started howling when a train whistle blows. Is there any way I can cure him or stop him from this annoying habit?

Very truly yours,
L. W. Biehler,
North Baltimore, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Biehler:

Your Springer is suffering from a nervous reaction somewhat similar to that of a dog that howls when music is played. A slight switching on the legs will probably cure him. You can do this without causing any injury or intense pain.

Very truly yours,
Ozark Ripley.

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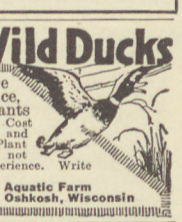

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THE STORY OF A STUFFED SHIRT

Or How Tom Denly Kept the Deer Out of His Turnip Patch

TOM DENLY lived on the Stony river trail, in the wilderness of northeastern Minnesota. He lived in a U. S. Ranger Station. Beside the cabin he had a garden patch. In the garden were tomatoes, turnips, and other such items of table provender. This was nice, because the market was a long way off. . . .

* * *

Everything was fine until the turnips came up. Then what happened? The deer came along and ate them. Tom Denly built a fence. The deer jumped over the fence. . . .

* * *

Then Tom Denly had an idea. He made a scarecrow—no, a scaredeer. This is a picture of it. He took some pants and a shirt and some worn out boots and stuffed them full of straw so that they looked something like a man. This kept the deer out of his turnip patch. . . .

* * *

There was no other way of doing it. He couldn't explain to the deer that the turnips were for his own use. So he had to scare them, without telling them anything. And to make a good job of it, he painted a star on the shirt of the scaredeer. Nobody knows what effect, if any, that part of it had on the deer. . . .

Stray travellers who passed that way looked in amazement on the ingenious device of Tom Denly, because they thought the stuffed shirt was put up for the purpose of keeping hunters out of the state game refuge, the boundary of which passed nearby. Knowing nothing about the trouble between the deer and the turnips, they thought Denly was foolishly trying to scare away the hunters and they made fun of the dummy because they thought it wouldn't work. . . .

* * *

Naturally, nobody would use the same tactics on men that they would use on deer. Not today. A few years ago—yes. The time is not long past when our game and fish laws were largely "stuffed shirts." They were blindly followed—or ignored—simply because they were laws. In those days sportsmen were treated somewhat as Tom Denly's deer.

* * *

Times have changed. The sportsmen not only know why the laws must be obeyed, but they are energetically working for even more stringent laws to further limit their own activities! They are so keenly aware of the situation, of the necessity of keeping the supply equal to the demand, that they are creating refuges right and left, raising game birds and game fish, until the sportsmen of America today are self governing, self supporting, and are their own most rigid policemen to boot.

* * *

What brought about this great change of viewpoint? A number of things combined to do it, and not the least of these has been the constant, ceaseless educational work of the Izaak Walton League of America.

* * *

The League has welded the sportsmen and outdoor people of America into a group which is determined to not only enjoy, but to perpetuate, its sport.

* * *

Thanks to the League, no longer are game laws considered as Bogey Men. They are recognized as embodiments of the spirit of cooperation and self-preservation among the sportsmen of America.

Izaak Walton League of America
INCORPORATED
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ALMOST A MILLION QUAIL

In round figures, this number of the prize game bird of the country fell before North Carolina hunters last season. More coveys have been reported recently than have been seen for years.

A census of bags for last season shows the following game taken in the State by licensed hunters: Quail, 981,980; deer, 4,510; wild turkeys, 6,110; doves, 170,070; ducks, 103,690; geese, 5,280; squirrels, 1,263,360; rabbits, 1,555,270.

Three-quarters of a million acres of land are in public and private refuges in North Carolina. Millions of dollars invested for sport.

For further information address the

Department of Conservation and Development
Raleigh, N. C.

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December, 1928, Issue Outdoor America

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Dogs

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Dogs

Hounds—Continued

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Dogs

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Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

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THE Ovr Unda Gun for trap or field. The greatest improvement in a sporting gun in a generation. Circular on request. Baker & Kimball, 38A South St., Boston, Mass. (4-1)

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MILLER single trigger selective $17.50, non-selective $14.00. Miller Single Trigger Mfrs., Millersburg, Pa. (3-1)

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ATTRACT Wild Ducks, Fish, Game, Fur-bearing Animals. Plant natural foods—40 varieties. Terrell's seeds grow. 32 years' experience. Let us tell you how you can do what hundreds of others are doing. Advice free. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 88 L Blk., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-2)

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WILD Rice seed from Land of Lakes. Ask for circulars. Minnesota Wild Rice Co., Laporte, Minnesota.

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Game, Birds and Animals

MOUNTAIN silver fox rabbits in great demand. Now is the time to start. A few breeding trios available now. Do not delay. Also Chinchillas, American Whites, Silver Fox, Blues, Havana Mink. Eligible for registration. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ten Thousand Lakes Fur Farms Corporation, P. O. Lake Elmo, Minn. (Highway No. 12, near St. Paul). Licensed breeders of Muskrat, Beaver, Mink, Raccoon. (11x28)

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Game, Birds and Animals—Cont'd

PHEASANTS. Chinese, Mongolian and our famous Chi-Mong crosses. Extra large, vigorous and colorful. Ideal breeding stock. Reared in Wisconsin's finest game country. Order eggs now for early delivery at a discount. Plain and bearded Japanese Silkie eggs. Everything guaranteed. Otto Beyer Game Farm, Portage, Wis. (3-2)

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FOR Sale: Mink, squirrels, raccoons, foxes, ferrets, muskrats, ginseng, rabbits, skunks, wolf puppies, opossums. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minnesota. (5-1)

FOR Sale: Genuine English call ducks. Small type. Old and young. Canada Geese, Pheasants and Jap Silkie Bantams. Earl Haswell, Tekamah, Nebr. (3-12)

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LIVE Muskrats. Ranch run, priced right. Booklet on pen and ranch raising, one dollar. Just out. Columbine Muskrat Farm Co., Denver, Colo. (3-12)

MINK. Interior Alaska and Northern. Pen raised. Blues and Silver Foxes. Finest quality. Booking orders for Spring delivery. Herculean Fur Farms, Comfrey, Minn. (8x28)

MUSKRATS for sale: Sex and live delivery guaranteed. Largest and best equipped ranch in Eastern Canada. Big Creek Muskrat Farms, Ltd., Port Rowan, Ontario, Canada. (3-2)

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Game, Birds and Animals—Cont'd

FOR Sale: Limited number ranch raised Mink, immediate shipment. A. M. Peterson, Hanover, Montana.

FOR Sale: California Valley Quail, Doves and rare pheasants. J. V. Patton, Hollister, California. (6-3)

MINK: Dark Alaskan and Northern ranch raised. Ready for delivery. Case & Taylor, Tomah, Wis. (3-12)

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PHEASANT breeding stock for sale. Goldens, Mongolians and Chinese Ringneck. Bracher Game Farm, Pilot Rock, Oregon. (3-12)

SALE: Jacks and Cottontail Rabbits. Mink, Muskrats, Racing Turtles. Webb, Protection, Kansas. (4-2)

CANADIAN Geese, young and mated pairs. William Harberts, Chickasha, Okla. (3-1)

HUDSON Bay and Alaskan Minks for sale. Ranch raised. Dewey Hess, Portage, Pa.

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DUCK Hunting Preserve for sale on Cooper River, South Carolina, three hundred and thirty acres Rice Field Plantation, perfect condition—millions of ducks, mostly Mallards in season from Dec. to Feby. inclusive. Four miles from Moncks Corner, S. C., on Coastal Highway, concrete all the way from New York, twenty-five miles by same highway from Charleston, S. C. Wonderful duck shooting, also quail, turkey and deer. Two small but complete brick houses. Water piped to houses from Artesian flowing wells. A paradise for three or four hunters. Price fifty thousand dollars. Easy terms. D. P. Dehon, Summerville, S. C. (3-2)

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KDKA, Pittsburgh	980	305.9 Also 25	Dec. 1, 1928
KFKX-KYW, Chicago	1000	299.8	Dec. 8, 1928
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